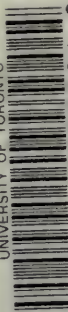


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Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 28.

Britain's Remembrancer.

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

PART I.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1880.

The Spenser Society.

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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue

For the First Year 1867-8.

1. The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1562.
2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

For the Second Year 1868-9.

3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part III. (Completing the volume.)*
5. Zepheria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

For the Third Year 1869-70.

- 6 The 'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΗΘΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (*circa*) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

Britain's Remembrancer.

(cId IdcXXVIII.)

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PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

CONTENTS.

Britain's Remembrancer *Containing A Narration* of the PLAGUE lately past ; A *Declaration* of the MISCHIEFS present ; And a *Prediction* of IVDGMENTS to come ; (If *Repentance* prevent not.) It is *Dedicated* (for the glory of God) to POSTERITIE ; and, to *These Times* (if they please) by GEO: WITHER.

IOB. 32. 8, 9, 10, 18, 21, 22. *Surely, there is a spirit in man ; but the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding. Great men are not alwayes wise, neither doe the aged alway understand judgement. Therefore, I say, heare me, and I will shew also my opinion. For, I am full of matter ; and the spirit within mee compelleth me. I will not accept the person of man, neither will I give flattering titles to man. For, I may not give flattering titles, lest my Maker take me away suddenly.*

Reade all, or cenfure not : For ; *He that answereth a matter before he heare it, it is shame and folly to him.* PROV. 18. 13.

Imprinted for *Great Britaine*, and are to be sold by JOHN GRISMOND in *Ivie-Lane*. CIO IOCXXVIII.

(Lowndes, p. 2965 ; Hazlitt, No. 19.)



clō lōcxxxviii.

Britain's Remembrancer.

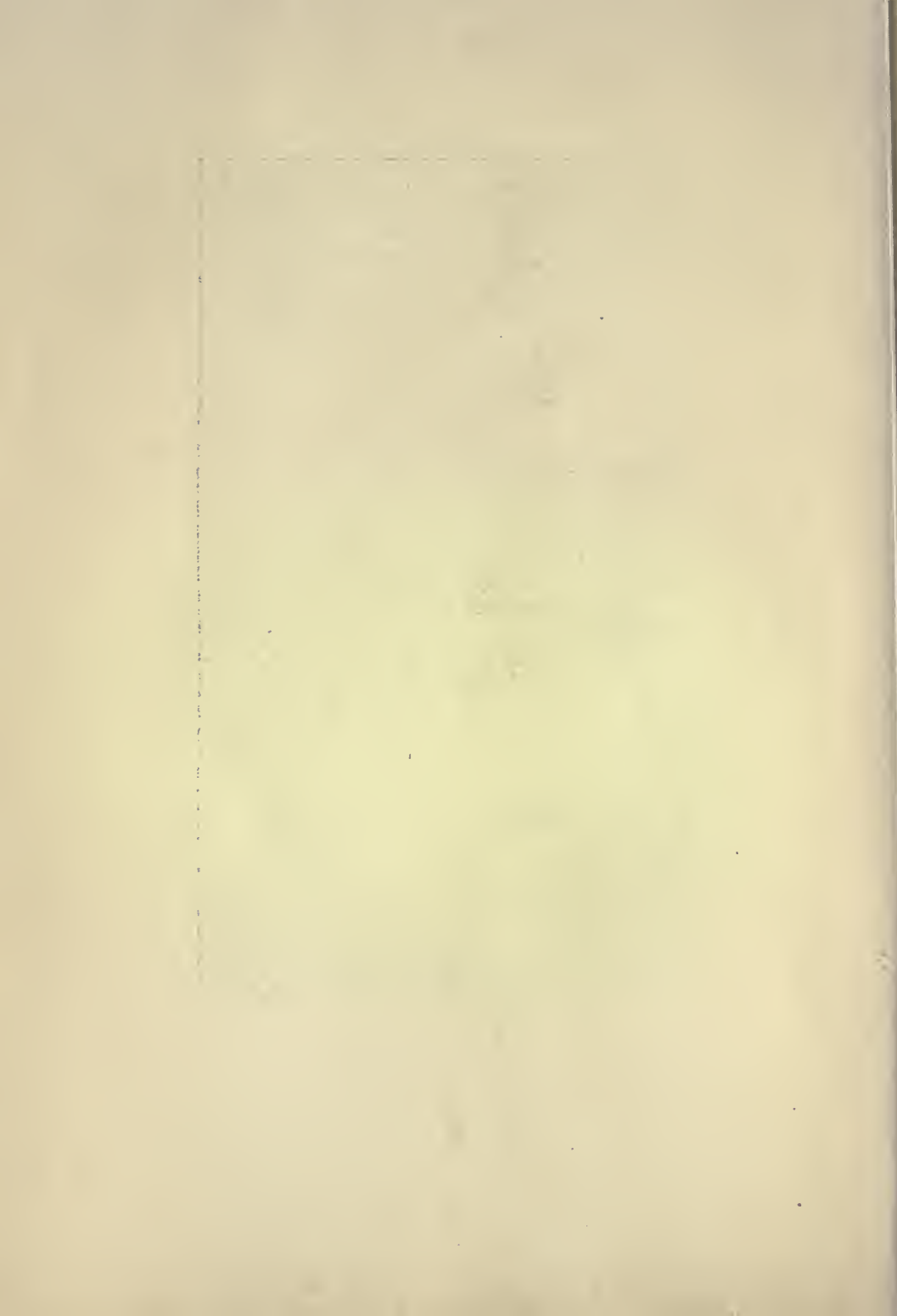
(LOWNDES, p. 2965 ; HAZLITT, No. 19.)

The meaning of the Title page.

BEhold ; and marke ; and mind, ye British Nations,
This dreadfull vision of my Contemplations.
Before the Throne of Heav'n, I saw, me thought,
This famous Island into question brought.
With better cares then those my Body beare,
I heard impartiall IUSTICE to declare
God's Benefits, our Thanklesnesse, and what
Small heed, his Love, or Iudgements here begat.
I view'd eternall MERCI E, how she strove
God's just deserved Vengeance to remove.
But, so encreast our Sinnes, and cry'd so loud,
That, at the last, I saw a dismall Cloud
Exceeding blacke, as from the Sea ascending,
And over all this Isle it selfe extending :
With such thicke foggie Vapours, that their steames
Seem'd, for a while, to darken MERCI ES beames.
Within this fearfull Cloud, I did behold
All Plagues and Punishments, that name I could.
And with a trembling heart, I fear'd each houre,
God would that Tempest on this Island poure.
Yet, better hopes appear'd : for, loe, the Rayes
Of MERCY pierc'd this Cloud, & made such waies
Quite through those Exhalations, that mine eye
Did this Inscription, thereupon espie ; (said,
BRITAIN E'S REMEMBRANCER : &, somewhat
These words (me thought) The Storme is, yet, delaid,
And if ye doe not penitence defer,
This CLOUD is only, a REMEMBRANCER.
But, if ye still affect impiety,
Expect, e're long, what this may signifie.
This having heard and seene, I thought, nor fit
Nor safe it were, for me to smother it :
And, therefore, both to others eyes, and cares,
Have offred, here, what unto mine appeares.
Iudge as ye please, ye Readers, this, or me :
Truth will be Truth, how e're it censur'd be,
GEO: WITHER.

VI





Britain's Remembrancer

Containing

A *Narration* of the PLAGVE lately past;
A *Declaration* of the MISCHIEFS present;
And a *Prediction* of IVDGMENTS to come;
(If *Repentance* prevent not.)

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Imprinted for *Great Britaine*, and are to be
fold by IOHN GRISMOND in
Ivic-Lane. c15 16cxxxviii.

TO
THE *KINGS* MOST
EXCELLENT
MAIESTIE.

Most Royall SIR :

B*Ecause I doubted who might first peruse,
These honest Raptures of my sleighted Muse ;
Observing in the quality of most,
To passe rash judgements (taken up) on trust ;
And, that according to the wits of those
Who censure first, the common Censure goes :
Perceiving, too, with what oblique aspect,
Some glaring Comets, on my Lines reflect ;
Awhile I pawsed, whether trust I might
My plaine-pace'd Measures to their partiall sight,
Who may upon them (e're you reade them) seize,
And comment on my Text, as they shall please,
Or sleight, or scoffe ; such men were knowne to me ;
And being loth, they first of all should be
My Iudges ; here, I offer to your eye
The prime perusall of this Poesie.*

*For, minding well what hopes I have of You ;
What course, my Fortunes urge me to pursue ;
What blurres, good Studies by those Fooles have got,
Who sleight desert, because they know it not ;
What freedome Nature gives to ev'y soule,
To speake just things, to Kings, without controule ;
How farre from noble, and from wise they be,
Who disallow the Muses should be free ;*

A 2

How

To the KING.

*How eas'd we are, when we our minds disclose ;
What profit from our honest boldnesse flowes ;
What Resolutions I have made mine owne,
And what good cause there is to make them knowne :
All this well weighing, with some Reasons moe
(Which usefull are for none but me to know)
I did not feare these Poems forth to bring,
To bide, at first, the censure of a King.
And loe, on milke white paper wings they flye,
Reade they that list, when you have laid them by.*

*But, S I R, I humbly pray you ; let not fall
Your Doome, till you have read, and read it all :
For, he that shall by fragments this peruse,
Will wrong himselfe, the Matter, and the Muse.
Although a tedious Worke it may appeare,
You shall not wholly lose your labour here.
For, though some heedlesse Courtiers censure may
That on this Booke your time were cast away,
I know it may your spirits recreate,
Without disturbing your affaires of State ;
And, with more usefull things acquaint your eares,
Then twenty hundred thousand tales of theirs.
You also know, that well it fits a King,
To heare such Messages, as now I bring.
And, that in doing so, to take some pleasure,
Great Monarchs thought it just to be at leasure.*

*Long since, I have elected you to be
Mœcenas, to my Muses, and to me,
And if my hopes in you shall be bereft me,
I have no other hopes in this kind left me ;
Nor any purpose, whatsoever come,
To seeke another Patron, in your roome.*

*Nor seeke I now, that I from you may gaine,
What, other times I covet for my paine.*

Nor

*Nor for because my heart hath any doubt,
That I shall need a Friend to beare me out
Against the fury or the fraud of those,
That openly, or secretly, oppose
Such Works; For, He that me to this doth call,
Shall save me harmlesse, or I meane to fall.
Not that I sleight your favour, speake I this;
(For deare and precious to my soule it is)
But rather, that the world may know and see,
How him I trust that hath inspired me.*

*(Though some suppose I may) I do not feare,
As many would, if in my case they were.
I doe not feare the World deprive me can
Of such a mind, as may become a Man;
(What ever outward miseries betide)
For, God will Meanes, or Fortitude provide.
I doe not feare (unlesse I merit blame)
That any one hath pow'r to worke my shame:
Since they who causlesly my Name shall spot,
Reproach themselves; but me disparage not.
And, sure I am, though many seeke to spight me,
That ev'ry Dog which barketh cannot bite me.
I oft have lookt on Death, without dismay,
When many thousands he hath swept away
On ev'ry side; and from him have not stirr'd
One foot, when he most terrible appear'd.
I know of Want the utmost discontents;
The cruelty of Close-imprisonments;
The bitterneffe of Slanders and Disgrace,
In private corners, and in publike place:
I have sustain'd already, whatsoever
Despight can adde, to wrong a good endeavor:
And, am become so hopelesse of procuring
True Peace, (but by a peaceable enduring)*

A 3

That,

To the KING.

*That, what remains to suffer shall be borne :
And, to repine at Fortune, I will scorne.*

*I doe not feare the frownes of mighty men,
Nor in Close-prison to be lodg'd agen :
For, Goods, Life, Freedome, Fame, and such as those,
Are things which I may often gaine or lose,
At others pleasures : and, o're much to prise
What Man may take, or give, I much despise.*

*I am not fearfull, as (I heare) are some,
What of the Times, now present, will become :
For, God to prosper them empling still,
I fearlesly attend upon his will ;
And am assur'd, by many Prefidents,
That like proceedings will have like events.*

*I doe not feare those Criticks of your Court,
That may my good intentions misreport ;
Or say it mis-beseemeth me to dare
With such bold language to salute your eare :
For, as I know your Greatnesse, I have knowne
What freedoms on the Muses are bestowne ;
And, that their Servants should not whine like those
Who are your daily Orators in prose.*

*I feare not any man that would abuse,
Or in her lawfull flights affront my Muse,
Because, perhaps, exceptions may be tooke
Against some passage in the following Booke.
For, she to none hath purposed abuse,
And, therefore, needs nor shelter, nor excuse.
And when she pleaseth, she hath meanes to fray
Those Buzzards, that would interrupt her way.
She dares not onely, Hobby-like, make wing
At Dorrs and Butterflies : but also spring
Those Fowles that have beene flowne at yet by none,
Ev'n those, whom our best Hawks turne taile upon.*

Not

*Not only at Crowes, Ravens, Dawes, and Kites,
 Rookes, Owles, or Cuckowes, dare she make her flights,
 At wily Magpies, or the Iay that vaunts
 In others Plumes; or, greedy Cormorants;
 Or those, who being of the Kastrell-kinde,
 Vnworthily aspire, and fan the winde
 For aerie Titles; or, the Birds men rate
 Above their value, for their idle prate.
 At Wag tailles, busie Titmise, or such like;
 But, with her pounces, them dares also strike
 That furnish Courtly Tables. As, our Gull,
 A bird much found among the Worshipfull.
 Our Dottrells, which are caught by imitation.
 Our Woodcocks, shadowing out that foolish Nation,
 Who hide their heads, and thinke secure they be,
 When they themselves their dangers doe not see.
 Our strutting Peacockes, whose harsh voice doth show,
 That some sharpe stormy windes will shortly blow.
 Our Herneshawes, slicing backward filth on those,
 Whose worths they dare not openly oppose.
 Our traitierous Mallards, which are fed and taught,
 To bring in other wilde-fooles, to be caught.
 Those Fowles, that in their over-daring pride,
 Forget their breed, and will be Eglifide.
 Our British Barnacles, that are a dish
 That can be termed neither flesh nor fish.
 Ev'n these, or any Fowle, she durst surprize,
 If they dare crosse her, when to check she flies.*

*Or, if that any one shall doe us wrong,
 Who for our mounting Falcons is too strong;
 I can unkennell such an eager packe
 Of deep-mouth'd Hounds, that they afraid shall make
 Our sternest Beasts of prey, and cunning'st Vermine,
 Ev'n from the Fox-fur, to the spotted Ermine.*

To the KING.

*In plainer termes ; if any shall oppose
My Muse, when in a lawfull path she goes,
She will not much be startled ; but, goe neare
To tell them what they would be loth to heare.
She's none of those that spew out railing Rimes ;
Against some publike persons of the Times,
Through spleene or envy ; then, for feare, or shame,
Divulge them to the world without a Name ;
Or hide their heads. Nor can those threats (that fright
Such Libellers) compell her not to write,
Vnlesse she please : for, she doth know her Warrants,
And sends her Messengers on lawfull arrants.
She utters Truth ; ev'n that, which well she knowes
Becomes her, at this present, to disclose.
That call'd she was, to make this Declaration,
She stands assured ; and of that vocation
Such testimonies hath, that I despise
His judgement who the pow'r thereof denies.
For, yours I doubt not, and if pleas'd you are,
For what mans censure living need I care ?
No such like pannick feare affrighteth her,
As that which doth her enemies deterre.
But, if she list, in spite of all the rage,
(And all the bitter malice of this age)
She dares reprove, and vexe the proudest of them,
Who her, and her endeavors doe contemne ;
And set (who e're they be) her markes on those
Who Vertue, in her honest course oppose.
Yea, them shee'll make, whom selfe-conceit besots,
Distrust, that we discry their secret'st plots,
And may at pleasure, lay to open view,
Both what they purpose, and what shall ensue
On their vaine Projects ; though when they begun them,
They placed many veiles, and maskes, upon them.*

S I R,

*S I R, no such Toyes as those doe make me fearfull,
Nor of their hate or favour am I carefull.
For shelter therefore, this I brought not hither,
Nor am I hopefull, or desirous either,
To compasse any private profit by it,
Or, to my person any praise, or quiet.
For, I can hope for nothing, till I seee,
The World, and my deservings better be.*

*And, howsoever I am, now and then,
As foolish in my hopes as other men;
Yet, at this present, (and at ev'ry season,
In which my oft weake eyes of Faith and Reason
Vndosed are) me thinks, those things, in which
The world appeares most glorious, and most rich;
Are no more worthy of my serious hopes,
Then Railes, Pot-guns, or the Schoole-boyes Tops.*

*If God will give me bread but for to day,
(And, but my foule vouchsafe me for a prey)
Twixt him and me, there shall be no conditions
For worldly honours, or for large possessions:
For, (as long since an Hebrew Prophet said,
When such like times, as these, had much dismayd
His fearfull Scribe) Is this a time for me
To seeke preferment, or made rich to be?
No, no; for, if these dayes continue such
As now they be, each Groome will have as much
As hath his Lord; and diffrence will be small
Betwixt the richest and the poor'st of all.*

*There are enough already, who desire
To riches, and high places to aspire.
There be great numbers, who will projects bring you,
And Bookes, and Tales; and Songs, it may be, sing you,
For, their owne profit: but, there want of those,
That would their honors, or their livings lose,*

A 5

Or

To the KING.

*Or hazard their preferments, to declare
Those Truths, that worthy of disclosing are.
Yet, that is all (Dread Sovereigne) I have fought,
In tendring you these Lines that I have brought.
And, that by my example, others may
Take heart to speake what they are bound to say.
I know, the ods is more then ten to three,
That for this boldnesse most will censure me
As mad or foolish : and, my best reward
Will be this comfort, that I boldly dar'd
To speake the needfull Truth, at such a time,
In which the bravest vertue seemes a crime.*

*I doe expect this wise-appearing age
Should at the freedome of my Poeme rage,
And, that some witty Scorners should abuse
With taunting Epithites, my honest Muse ;
As if she were produce'd by Chymistry,
Of Salt and Sulphur, without Mercury.
But, I am prooffe against their flashy stufte ;
And for their scornings I have scorne enough.*

*I looke our Politicians should defame
My Straines, by censuring them to be to blame,
Or over busie. But, my seeming folly
May make some Readers strive to be more holy,
Then heretofore : yea, some who thinke they know
Enough already ; shall more prudent grow
By This. And I am willing to be thought
A foole, that they more wisedome may be taught.*

*Yet, I confesse, that lately when I saw
This course, did hate, and wants upon me draw,
And that, without a Second, I was faine
The waight of all my troubles to sustaine ;
I halfe resolv'd, that I would speake no more
So plaine, against Abuse, as heretofore ;*

And

*And (thinking I had ventur'd well for one)
Did meane to leave the World her course to run :
Nay, from good words (although it was a paine)
I fully was resolv'd to refrain.*

*But, when I silence kept, my heart became
As hot within me, as a fiery flame,
Yea, like new wine, in vessels wanting vent,
My thoughts did swell my brest to be unpent ;
And, at the last, I empti'd with my quill
A veine, which did the following Volume fill ;
Supposing by the publike Presse to send it,
To them, for whose Remembrance I intend it.*

*But, they who keepe the passage, back did thrust it
Before perusall ; and, (belike) distrust it,
Because my name it cary'd, to be such
As might upon their friends too neerely touch.
For, some of them have said ; that were my writing
As true as that of holy Iohns inditing,
They would not licence it : so fearfull are
These guilty Times the voice of Truth to heare.*

*When therefore, I had this my Offring brought,
And laid it at their doore ; a while I thought
My selfe discharged : but, my Conscience said,
My worke was lost, and still my vow unpaid,
Till I had practis'd ev'ry likely way,
To tell the Message which I had to say.
And, since the common way it might not passe,
To bring it by your Gate, resolv'd I was.*

*My first determining of such a thing,
Did many severall doubts upon me bring.
One while I doubted, that those fooles who mock
At piety, would make a laughing-stock
Of this and me : and say (with some disdain)
That I would make my selfe a Prophetaine :*

And

To the KING.

*And puffed with selfe conceit, had penn'd a Story
For private ends, and for mine owne vaine glory.
Or, that with pride and arrogance deluded,
I had upon undecent things intruded.*

*Another while I doubted some would prate,
That these my Lines dishonored the State,
And on the Government aspersions laid;
As of their warnings oft the Iewes have said.*

*Sometime I feared, all my words would make
But few or none the better heed to take.
Because I reade, that many a Prophet spoke,
What, small effect within his life time tooke,
Except, in aggravating of abuses,
And leaving them the more without excuses.*

*Sometime againe, I feared lest if You
Referring this my Poem to their view
Who misconceive it may, (and trusting them
In censuring, who causelessly condemne
Men innocent) might, by that evill chance
Be wrong'd; and suffer for their ignorance.
Thus Kings are often injur'd: and, some perish
In their dislike, whom they are bound to cherish.*

*I saw, moreover, that my Foes, of late,
Had so much wronged me in my estate,
By needlesse charge, and causelesse hindring me,
From those due profits, which my Portion be;
That to recover them, (and to pursue
My lawfull right) I have no meanes but you,
And your just favour. Which, if I should misse;
(By giving to your care distast in this)
My adversaries would prevaile, I thought,
And, my disgrace, and ruine would be wrought.*

*These carnall doubts, and many other such,
Against my Reason did prevaile so much,*

That

*That I was half afraid to venture on
In that, which ought with courage to be done.
But, whilst I stagger'd, and began to stay,
Me thought, within me, somewhat thus did say.*

Bafe *Coward*; hath God's love so many dayes,
To thee appeared; and so many wayes?
Hast thou so often felt, what thou dost know,
From nothing, but the pow'r of God can flow?
Hath he so plainly told thee, with what wiles,
The foolish *world*, her selfe, and those beguiles
That harken to her? Hath he made thee see
How little harme, her spight can do to thee?
Nay, hath he pleased bin to bring unto thee,
Great profits, by those injuries men doe thee.
And, shall the feare but of a paltry scoffe,
From that which he appointeth, beat thee off?
Hath he so often kept thee from disgrace,
And fed and cloth'd thee, meerely of his grace,
That thou shouldst now distrust he will deceive thee,
And, when he sends thee on his *Message*, leave thee,
Without those necessities, which pertaine
To those who in his *Service* doe remaine?

Hath he no meanes to bring thee fit supplies,
But such as thine owne wisdom can devise?
Hath God destroy'd so many of thy *hopes*,
And dost thou build them still on carnall props?
Didst thou so many times, in secret, vow
Affiance in his promises? and, now
Hast thou no surer helps to trust unto,
Then *Kings* and *Princes*? And, as others doe
(Who have not thy experience) dost thou shrink
As soone as any outward *Stay* doth sinke?
Wouldst thou thy God displease, to keepe a friend,
Perhaps in vaine, for some poore temporall end?

Is't

To the KING.

Is't now a *Season* (when the *Lands* transgressions
Have shaken all) to settle thy *Possessions* ?

When all the Towne about thee is on fire,
Wouldst thou go build thy straw clad Cottage hyer ?

Well ; take thy course. Yet, know, if thou forbear
What now thy Conscience bids thee to declare,
Thy foolish *Hope* shall faile thee, ne're the lesse ;
Thy wrongfull suffering shall have no redresse ;
Thou shalt have greater wants then pinch thee yet ;
New sorrowes, and disgraces, thou shalt get
In stead of helpe ; and, which is worst of all,
A guilty *Conscience*, too, torment thee shall.

Then, be advised, and proceed to do
That lawfull *AET*, thy heart enclines unto ;
And, be thou sure, that God will make thee strong
Against the violence of ev'ry wrong.
Be stout ; and though all persons through the *Land*,
Ev'n *Prince* and *People* both, should thee withstand,
Their opposition nothing harme thee shall ;
But, thou shalt bide them like a brazen wall ;
And if thou suffer persecutions flame,
Thou shalt be but refined in the same.

*Such thoughts were whisper'd in me. And though some
May think them vaine suggestions, flowing from
Dislemper'd Fancy ; I dare boldly say,
They lye : And, I their motives doe obey.
All doubts, and feares, and stops, are broken through,
And loe (Dread Sov'raigne) I have brought to you
(In all humilitie) my selfe and these
My honest and my just REMEMBRANCES :
To passe, for those, to whom they appertaine ;
Or, here for my discharging to remaine.
God is already angry (I'me afraid)
Because this duty I so long delaid.*

And

*And, stand, or fall, now I have reacht thereto,
I would not, for the world, it were to do.*

*Good SIR, reject it not, although it bring
Appearances of some fantastlicke thing,
At first unfolding: for, those Mysteries
Which we most honor, and most highly prize,
Doe seeme to be but foolishnesse to some.
And, when our sin to any height is come,
It brings a height of folly, which oft makes
That course to seeme uncomely, that God takes
For our reproofe, (and chiefly) if it cary
The shew of any way not ordinary.
Which (out of doubt) is requisite, when sin
That's extraordinary breaketh in.*

*Beleeve not those, who reasons will invent,
To make this Volume seeme impertinent:
For, what is more of moment, then a story
Which mentioneth to God Almightyes glorie,
His Iudgements, and his Mercies? and doth show
Those things that may prevent our overthrow?
Sure, nothing is more worthy of regard:
And, though a foolish tale be sooner heard,
Yet, in respect thereof, the gloriousst things,
That stand upon record of earthly Kings,
Appeare to me as vaine, as large discourses
Of childish May games, and of Hobby-horses.*

*Give eare to none, I pray you, who shall seeke
To move, within your Highnesse, a dislike
To my unusuall boldnesse, or my phrase:
For, who doth listen to an honest cause
In these regardlesse times, unlesse it be
So dress'd, as if it seem'd to say; Come see
What's here to do. Men's wits are false asleepe;
And, if I doe not some strange rumbling keepe,*

(That

TO the KING.

*(That is not lookt for) they no heed will take,
Of what I say, how true so'e're I speake.*

*I know there be Occasions, Times, and Causes,
Which doe require soft words, and lowly Phrases:
And, then, like other men, I teach my Muse
To speake such language as my neighbours use.*

*But, there are also Times which will require,
That we should with our Numbers mingle fire:
And, then I vent bold words; that You, and They
Who come to heare them, take occasion may
To aske or to examine, what's the matter,
My Verse speakes tartly, when most Writers flatter.
For, by that meanes, you may experience'd grow
In many things which else you should not know.*

*My Lines are loyall, though they bold appeare:
And though, at first, they make some Readers feare
I want good manners; yet, when they are weigh'd,
It will be found that I have nothing said,
In manner, or in matter worthy blame,
If they alone shall judge me for the same,
Who know true Vertues language; and how free
From glozing termes, her Servants use to be.*

*Though bold I seeme to some, that Cowards are,
Yet, you I hope, shall finde, I neither dare
Things that or needlesse be, or desperate;
Or, that I covet to be wondred at
Among those fooles, who love to heare it said,
That they to breake their necks were not afraid.
For, as a Seaman, when the Mast he climbs,
Is safe enough, though he in danger seemes
To some beholders: So, although that Path,
In which I tread, a shew of perill hath
To those who see not what fast hold I take,
My standing will be firme, when theirs doth shake.*

And

*And, if I fall, I fall not by this Act,
But, by their malice, who dislike the Fa^{ct}.*

*Heed none I pray, that hath so little shame,
To say these times are not so much to blame
As I have made them seeme: for, worse they are
Then I have yet expressed them, by far.
And, much I feare, that they who most defend them,
Will make them to be worse, before they mend them.*

*Nor doubt you, Royall SIR, that from the story
Of your just raigne, or from your future glory,
It ought shall derogate, to heare it told,
Such evils, whilst you raigned, were contrould.
For, we doe reade, that Kings who pioust were,
Had wicked Subjects. And, beside, you are
So late enthroned, that your government
Could little in so small a time augment
Their being good or ill: But, you shall gaine
The greater glory, if you can restraine
(And keepe from growing worse) a time, become
So grossely wicked, and so troublesome.*

*If any other way my Verse be wronged,
By Readers ill advis'd, or evill tongued,
Vouchsafe to spare your censure, till you heare
What just replies to their Objections are.
Or, if that any to disparage this,
To you, shall of my life report amisse;
Reje^{ct} their scandals (for your owne deare sake)
And let them no impressions on you make.
For, evill tongues sometimes will set their slings
Vnjustly, on the sacred name of Kings;
Much more on mine. But, for my owne repute,
So carefull am I not to make this sute,
But for my Muses honor. For, in all
My outward actions, I dare boldly call*

Your

To the KING.

*Your strictest Lawes to censure me. And what
I am to God, it may be guessed at,
But rightly knowne, to none but him, and me.
And, though from outward scapes I stand not free,
Yet, let this Message her due merit win :
For, Gods most holy Prophets had their sin.
As in a Glasse, here may you, by reflection,
Behold (without the hazard of infection)
The horrid Pestilence in her true forme,
Which in your Kingdome did so lately storme ;
And is so soone forgotten, that I erre,
Vnlesse there needeth a REMEMBRANCER.*

*Hereby, succeeding Times, in such like terrors,
May learne to see and to prevent some errors.
Here, understand you may (without false gloze)
What heretofore your people did suppose
Of You : Their hopes before your Coronation,
And what hath beene since then their expectation,
Here, you may partly see, what you of them
May hope : what you should cherish or condemne.
Here, view you may (before too far they steale)
The sicknesses of Church and Commonweale :
What brings upon your Person, and the State,
Such care, and so much trouble as of late :
What marres your Counsels, and what undermines
Your most approved and most wise designs :
What makes your Armes your Vertues, & your Friends
So little helpfull to your pious ends :
What makes your Fleets returne without successe ;
What breedeth doubtings and unfetlednesse
In weighty matters ; and whence discord springs
Among the People, and twixt them and Kings.
And, if it well observed be, perchance,
What seemes to most a trifling circumstance,*

Shall

*Shall of it selfe informe, or else prepare
To signifie those things that weightiest are:
For, they who can my Muses reach discern
Shall find, that what most think doth but concerne
My person onely; may to that conduce,
Which serves to publike, and to private use.*

*Moreover, this Remembrancer doth show,
To what the folly of these times will grow;
And, what in future daies will surely fall
If we our courses long continue shall.*

*He, lastly doth declare the certaine way,
By which, ensuing harmes prevent we may;
Take off the skars, our passed sins have given,
And, make our present peace with earth and heaven.*

*Deare SIR; as you your honor do respect
For times to come: as you do now affect
Your present comforts, and those hopes that are
The pledges of that Crowne, you looke to weare,
(When you must leave that golden Crowne of thornes,
Which paines your head, as much as it adorne)
Give heed to these Remembrances: Command them
To passe, in spite of such as would withstand them.
Doe you reforme, according to your pow'rs.
In ev'ry quarter of this Ile of yours,
Give way to Reformation. In the Crimes,
And many crying sins, of these lowd times,
Be you no partner, by conniving at
Their Aëtors; or, discountenancing that
Which may disable them to tyrannize;
Who will to hide old sinnes, new faults devise.
And, doe not for some few reserve that eare,
Which should the suit of ev'ry Subject heare.*

*But, as you have beene, yet (and as I trust
You shall continue) be in all things just;*

And

To the KING.

*And as upright, as him it may besit,
Who doth in place of God Almighty sit;
That you and yours, may still in safety stand,
What plague soever fall upon the Land.*

*And, let not my Petition be condemn'd,
As over bold; or my advice contemn'd.
Because a man despised gives the same;
For, seldome hitherto, a Message came
From God, on such occasions, but some one
In outward show, scarce worthy thinking on,
Was made the Messenger. All heav'nly graces
Are not intail'd on men of highest places:
Nor is all that which ev'ry Prelate jayes,
To be believ'd as Gospell, now adayes.*

*God still (as heretofore) calls vulgar men
To speake his will to Princes, now and then:
Yea, to delude the World, or to deride
Her arrogant vaine glory, and her pride,
God checks her oft, by those of whom we see
She most of all disdaines reprov'd to be:
That, so, her loftinesse he may debase,
And to the lowly minded shew his grace.*

*It peradventure may be thought I come
With nothing else but gleanings, gathered from
The common Rumors, (which I faine would strow
Abroad againe, to publish what I know)
But, let men judge their pleasures: I am free
From those poore ends; and, so still hope to be.*

*In this, I mov'd not, of mine owne intent,
Nor am I, SIR, by any Mortall sent:
More strong is my Commission. And, what e're
It seemes to those who unacquainted are
With Gods Characters, and his Privie seale,
The Times to come shall openly reveale*

*What these perceive not ; and, it shall be seene,
That I have warrantably called beene.*

*Meane time my Conscience, knowes I have not run
With rashnesse into that which I have done ;
But, rather that I maugre mine owne will,
Was rouzed up, and spurred onward still,
In this performance ; when my Cowardice,
My Sloth, my Pleasure, or my Avarice,
Or worldly Policies, their baits did lay,
To tempt and draw my heart another way.
Yea, so untoward was I to conforme
My Will, this uncouth Action to performe,
That, many times I quite gave off to doe
What I had vowed, and set hand unto.*

*For, had not God by terrors, wants, distractions,
And crossing all those temporall hopes and actions
Which I attempted, since I first began
This taske : or, if he had not now and then
Among those lashes, mixed comfortings,
And apprehensions of diviner things
Then flesh and blood informeth (as, no doubt,
This Booke will prove to some who reade it out)
I neither should have knowne what I have told,
Nor dared in these times to be so bold.*

*For, when the World can tempt me for a day,
To cast such Meditations quite away,
(And plod, as others doe, in her affaires,)
My Courage, and my Comforts, it impaires.
And, if I happen then, to over-looke
Some passages in this ensuing Booke,
I wonder at their boldnesse, just as much,
As he, whose heart had never such a touch :
And, till by reading them, new fire I take,
My owne Expressions, me doe fearfull make.*

Yet,

To the KING.

*Yet, here are poore and slender things, to that
Which of these Times, time comming will relate :
For though my Fortune hath obscured me,
Yet in all matters might it fitting be
For me to speake my knowledge of those things
Which to my care and eye, Occasion brings,
So many sad relations I could make,
That every honest Readers heart would ake ;
And think this Nation foolish, (if not mad)
Or, that all Reason quite forsooke us had.
Yea, had I meanes to prove to ev'ry man,
What to my owne experience prove I can ;
Or were it meet, in publike to declare
All things which knowne, and unconsidered are ;
My Muse would make, perhaps ev'n those to grieve,
(And tremble too) who doe nor yet beleeve,
Nor care to know how desprately diseas'd
This Land is growne. How ever they are pleas'd
Who have distemper'd it ; to you I trust
I shall not be distastfull, that I must
Dilate my minde a little, in such wise,
That you may see how sicke your Kingdome lies.
For, that alone which fits me to disclose,
And what's already knowne to friends and foes
My Verse discouers. Yea what to conceale
More harmes, then profiteth your Commonweale,
Is here in part commemoriz'd, to show
That we consider not the things we know.
And, if I shall miscarie for declaring
These needfull Truths, (and, for this honest daring)
A rush I care not. For, I'de rather die
Alone, before those dayes of misery
That seeme to be approaching (and for saying
What (being heeded) might procure the slaying*

Of

*Of universall Plagues) then live and perish
With fooles, who doe themselves for slaughter nourish.*

*I am no Statesman, neither (by pretence
Of having gotten large intelligence)
Would I insinuate for more esteeme
Then I deserve; or, to deserve may seeme.
But, being set on such a middling height,
Where I (by God's permission) have the sight
Of many things (which they shall never see
Who far above, or far below me be)
What I observe, I ponder, and compare;
And, what I thinke may profit, I declare.*

*I therefore hope, what e're the person seeme,
The matter shall procure it selfe esteeme:
And, make this age to know, there's majesty
In simplest Truth; and such authority
As will command regard, though want it shall
Those glorious garbs which falshood jets withall.*

*I hope to see all Vertue shine in You;
And that your good example will renue
Decaying Piety. I likewise hope
That these Remembrances shall find no stop
By your appointment, nor by any pow'r
Which taketh her authority from your.
For, when it shall be seene, that you give way
To publish This: your people justly may,
(And will) affirme, that you are still the same
They hoped of you: that you also blame
As much as any, what disordered is;
And, that you seeke to mend what's found amisse:
Yea, they that else will storme and vex to see
My Lines, thus bold, will calme and quiet be.*

*However, I have said, and, I have done;
Let what God pleaseth follow therevpon.*

My

To the KING.

*My heart is fixed; and I up have taken
Those Resolutions, that will stand unshaken,
(I trust) though Earth should sinke, and all the Spheares
Come thundring downe in flames about my eares.*

*Which Hopes of mine, some will, perchance deride,
And foole themselves, to see my patience tride
By what they can inflict, (unlesse you slay
That rage, to which my Verse provoke them may)
But, see your Honour be not wronged by it,
And, let them doe their worst; for I desie it:
Because I know, what ere the spight of man,
Against this Poeme, speake or practise can,
It shall continue, when all those be rotten,
Or live with infamy, or dye forgotten,
Who shall oppose it. I moreover know,
That, dead, or living, I esteem'd shall grow,
For what they blame. That Genius tells me this,
Which never yet perswaded me amisse,
And, I beleeeve him: Else let me become
Of all as scorn'd, as I am now of some.
Yea, if they ever drive me to repent,
That honest minde with which I under-went
This Labour; Let the wishes of my Foes
Befall me, and let ev'ry one of those
Who either heare me nam'd in future ages,
Or shall perceive, I fail'd in my Presages,
Be bold to say, my heart was never right,
But, that I liv'd and di'de an HYPOCRITE*

Your Majesties most loyall Subject,

and most humble Servant

GEO: WITHER.

A Premonition.

STay *Reader*, and take a few lines by way of *prevention*: For, though in meere temporall endeavors, I observe with *Solomon*, that *The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill, but that time and chance commeth to all*; yet, I know every man is to prosecute likely meanes of convenient things. And, though *Ignorance* waxeth so arrogant, and *Art* so envious, that after much paines in some good performance, wee must otherwhile take as much more to prevent misconstructions (and thinke our selves well rewarded, if at last we may escape without a mischief) yet, since it is the common lot, I will beare it patiently, and seeke to avoyd as many inconveniences as I may.

It is impossible to prevent all: for, some out of meere malice practise the disparagement of every labour whereby the glory of God may seeme to bee advanced; and if on the *Worke* they cannot fasten their *Detractions*, then they will, to disable it, vilifie the person of the *Author*. This was the conspiracy of the *Jewes* against *Jeremy*, (*Come (said they) let us devise device against him, let us smite him with the tongue, and let us not give heed to any of his words.*) And this way also in so violent a manner have I beene persecuted, as if my Disgrace might advance the publike Honour.

Against my *MOTTO*, though (as I forespake) it redounded to their owne shame, so raged my Adversaries, that not content with my personal troubles, they sought the disparagement of that Booke, by a libellous answer thereunto: wherein, I was used as most writers of *Controversies*, in these dayes, use each other: To wit, they objected what I never thought,

B

and

A Premonition.

and then made replies to their owne devices : which being finished, was imprinted with an inscription falsly charging me, with labouring to stay the publication thereof ; and then also, it was very gloriously fixed on the gate of my lodging, as if it had been some bill of *Triumph*. But, it proved a ridiculous *Pamphlet*, and became more losse and disgrace unto the divulgers thereof, then I desired ; and, none thought the worfe of me or that *Booke* for those Invectives, save they onely, whose commendations would be more dishonor to me, then their dispraise.

Hereby, therefore, I seeke not so much to prevent the like injury to my person, as to remove those occasions of prejudice, which scandalous censures may raise in some other, who might else, perhaps, receive the more profit from this *REMEMBRANCE*: And what I will say to that purpose shall bee very briefe.

First (in regard my ayme in this *Poeme*, is chiefly God's glory, and the welfare of this *Church* and *Commonwealth*) I desire I may not be traduced, though I have here and there inferred some lighter expressions, then seeme at first view to become the gravity of the *Subject*: For, (considering the common vanity, and how tedious matters of most consequence are unto some eares) it is necessary, and by good authority warrantable, to make use of all indifferent meanes, to worke on humane infirmities, for our hearers profit.

Secondly, I request that wherein I differ from the vulgar Tenets, I may not rashly be reprov'd ; but that my affirmations, may with all their due circumstances, be first weigh'd : For, otherwhile there is just occasion to hyperbolize. And, as he that rectifying

A Premonition.

tifying a crooked staffe, bends it somewhat on the other side: so, in many cases, we are constrained to urge that which appeares over much on the right hand, before those who are too far on the left hand, will beleewe they are ought awry. Thus did the *Fathers* of the *Church* when they had to doe with some *Heretikes*, and have beene thereby mis-understood, and mis-censured by heedlesse Readers. In the same manner have my writings beene abused; yea, my hearers have beene so hasty, that had I not explained my selfe to be of their opinion, within some few lines after, doubtlesse they would have robbed me of my owne meaning. But, they who well heed what I affirme or deny, will finde (I hope) that I keepe a midling path betwixt extreames.

If any conceive (as I heare they doe) that I did unwisely to remaine in *London* during the great *Mortality*, here memorized, let them peruse the third *Canto*, and they shall there see, what *Motives* and what warrant I had for so doing. I think it will satisfie them; for, so well it satisfied me, that (whatsoever others may imagine) I know it had beene better I should have perished in that *sicknesse*, then to have had a heart disobedient to such *motions*.

If any taxe me for inferring so many Lines concerning my owne thoughts and resolutions; let them consider what use some Readers may make by application to themselves; by having my inward conflicts for their examples; and by seeing also what necessities there were for me to strengthen my selfe, both against the world, and against my owne facilities, (in my hazardous undertakings) by expostulating with my heart, what my conscience could say, for it selfe. Let them, I say, consider what in this kinde is confi-

B 2

derable,

A Premonition.

derable, and then, perhaps, those personall relations will not seeme impertinent.

If question be made, by what authority, I took on me to write this *Ilands REMEMBRANCER*: in the fifth *Canto*, and in some other places of this Book, they shall finde mention of my *Commission*; And if they be not thereby perswaded, that I have a good *Authority*, it will be through their ignorance, and no fault of mine. Those *Mercies* and *Judgements* of God's which I memorize, are such as this *Kingdome* is generally witnesse of. The *Sins* I reprove, are none but those which were, and are notoriously committed: I have reprehended them in such manner, as God's holy *Word*, and the universall law of *Nature* hath warranted in all ages. I have foretold what shall come upon such Transgressors, according to the predictions of the *Prophets*. I have assured, upon *Repentance*, those blessings which God himselfe hath promised. I have confirmed all my owne Resolutions by the divine *Covenant*, and that working of the blessed *Spirit*, which I have a feeling of in my own heart: And, if in these things I be deceived, I know not who hath power to make me confident of any thing in this life.

If any dislike my personating God (as in the first *Canto*) let them search, and they shall finde it usuall not onely in Christian *Poems*, but also in the holy *Text*. And if we introduce him according to his *Attributes*, and speaking according to what in his written word he hath already spoken, it may be justified. If my personating *Mercy* and *Iustice*, or my creating of other *Objects* representative, or my *Method*, or my *Phrase*, or any such like, seeme offensive; my *Muse* hath apologized for her selfe, as much as I thinke needfull,

A Premonition.

needfull, in many places of this Booke as occasion is offered, especially in the second, fifth, and eighth *Canto's*.

If the *Poeme* seeme too large, or the particulars to be over tediously insisted vpon; consider, in how many impertinent and trifling discourses and actions the best of us doe consume farre more houres then the perusall of this requires minutes, and yet thinke it no tediousnesse: and let them call to minde how many huge Volumes this age imprints and reades, which are foolish, if not wicked: let them remember also, that our whole life is little enough to be employed in the meditation of what is here recorded. Let them be perswaded likewise, that I have not written this for those who have no need thereof, or to show my owne wit or compendiousnesse, but to warn and instruct the ignorant; to whom I should more often speake in vaine, if I did not otherwhile by repetitions and circumlocutions, stirre up their affections, and beat into their understandings, the knowledge and feeling of those things which I deliver. Yea, let them know, that I know those expressions will bee both pleasing and profitable to some, which they imagine to be needlesse, and superabundant; and that I had rather twenty nice *Criticks* should censure mee for a word here and there superfluous, then that one of those other should want that which might explaine my meanings to their capacities, and so make frustrate all my labour to those who have most need of it, and for whom it was chiefly intended.

If you find any thing which may seeme spoken out of due *Time*; blame not mee altogether; for, it is above two yeares since I laboured to get this *Booke* printed, and it hath cost me more mony, more pains,

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and

A Premonition.

and much more time to publish it, then to compose it: For, I was faine to imprint every sheet thereof with my owne hand, because I could not get allowance to doe it publikely: so unwilling are we of *Remembrancers* in this kind.

If you find ought else that may be doubted of, or for which I may seeme reprovabie, or needing advice; let me christianly and charitably receive intelligence thereof: And if I make not a reasonable defence, I will humbly acknowledge and give the best satisfaction for my errors, that I am able. So, I commit you to the blessing of God, and to the perusall of this *REMEMBRANCER*, if you please.

Geo: Wither.

BRITTAN'S REMEMBRANCER.

Canto the first.

*Our Author first with G O D begins ;
 Describes his anger for our sinnes ;
 Of all his Iudgements muster makes ;
 Declares how Mercy undertakes
 The pleading of this Kingdome's Cause,
 To bring God's wrath unto a pause ;
 And (for the common Reader) futes
 High things, with lowly Attributes.*

*Then, steps into a praisefull straine
 Of CHARLES his new-beginning Reigne ;
 Emplores that well succeed he may,
 And, for his weale makes Mercy pray.*

*He Iustice also, introduces,
 Complaining on our grosse abuses,
 Who proveth so, our sinfull Nation
 To merit utter Desolation,
 That all Gods Plagues had us enclosed,
 If Mercy had not interposed.
 But, after pleading of the Case,
 With Iustice, Mercy doth embrace,
 Who (that our sinnes may punish't be)
 To send the Pestilence agree ;
 Their other Plagues a while suspending,
 To prove how that will worke amending.*

ONE Storm is past, & though some clouds appear,
 A peacefull ayre becalmes our Hemispheare.
 That frighting Angell whose devouring blade,
 Among the People such a havock made,

B 4

Is

Is now departed, and hath tooke from hence
His pois'ned Arrowes of the *Pestilence*.
God smoothes his brow ; and lo, we now obtaine
The cheerfull brightnesse of his face againe.
Oh boundlesse *Mercy* ! what a change is this !
And what a joy unto my heart it is !
Run quickly *Muse*, to cary thy *Oblation* ;
And, (twixt that *Angell*, and the *Congregation*)
Some sweet perfume to our *Preserver* burne,
Before that bloody *Messenger* returne.

Let all affaires keepe off, and give thee way ;
For, though my fairest outward *Fortunes* lay
This houre at spoyle, I would not be advis'd
To speake for them, till I had sacrific'd ;
Nor will I, to the world, one line allow,
Till I have made performance of my *Vow*.

Most awfull *Pow'r*, by whom hath formed bin
The Globe of Heav'n and Earth, and all therein ;
Thou *Alpha*, and *Omega* of my Songs,
To whom all glory, and all fame belongs ;
To thee, thrice holy and Almighty King,
Of *Judgement*, and of *Mercy*, now I sing.
Thou hast unclos'd my lips, and I will raise
My thankfull voice in setting out thy praise :
Thou hast preserv'd thy Children in the flame,
And we ascribe the glory to thy *Name* :
Thou saved hast thy people from their crimes ;
And, here, I publish unto future Times,
What I have seene. Oh ! let my *Poeme* be
A sanctified *Sacrifice* to thee.
Accept this poore *Oblation* I prefer ;
These drams of *Incense*, and these drops of *Mirr*,
(Which fired in Afflictions Flame, perfume
Thy sacred *Altars*) gratioufly assume ;

And

And give my Lines a date to last as long
As there are speakers of an *English* tongue ;
That Children, yet unborne, may reade the Story
Which now I sing, to thy perpetuall glory.

And, harke ye *People* : harken you, I pray,
That were preserv'd with me to see this day ;
And listen you that shall be brought upon
This *Stage* of action, when our *Scène* is done :
Come harken all ; and let no foule refraine
To heare ; nor let it heare my words in vaine.
For, from the Slaughter-house of *Death*, and from
The habitations of the *Dead* I come.
I am escaped from the greedy Iawes
Of *Hell*, and from the furious *Lions* pawes ;
With sorrowes I have lodged ; and I have
Experience in the horrors of the *Grave* ;
In those discomforts which, by day, assaile ;
And those black terrors which, by night, prevaile :
Despaire, with her grim Furies, I have seene ;
Spectator of Gods *Iustice* I have beene ;
And, passing through Gods *Iudgements*, had a fight
Of those his *Mercies* which are infinite :
And here, I tell the world what I observed ;
For, to this purpose is my foule preserved.

That fatall *Yeare*, in which the forward *Spring*
Became an *Autumne* to our peacefull *King* ;
When *James* his Crowne and Scepter did forgoe,
That *Charles* (of whom this Kingdome hopeth so)
Might shew, when he did weare his Diadem,
How worthily we plac'd our hopes on him.
Yea, when within the compasse of one houre,
Two *Kings* both had, and had not, regall pow'r :
Ev'n then, by *Thames* faire Banks, I did reside,
Where her sweet waters washeth ev'ry *Tide*

B 5

The

The spacious verge of that well peopled *Towne*,
Which with most princely Pallaces doth crowne
Her goodly *streame*, and at her *Ports* and *Keyes*,
Take in the wealth of Kingdomes and of Seas.

Our *soueraigne Citie*, then I did espie
Vpon the couch of soft security ;
And, how with Peace and Plenty being fed,
She toyed like a wanton, on her bed.
I saw her drest in all that rich attire,
Which doth inflame her *Lovers* with desire ;
And how her idle Children, ev'ry day,
Sate downe to eate, and drinke, and rose to play.
For, she was growne insensible of cares ;
She had almost forgotten, sighes, and teares ;
And all this *Iland* in her cup of *Pleasure*,
With her had quaffed (so much out of measure)
Till they grew drunke together through excesse,
And wilde and giddy in their drunkenesse.

They had almost forgotten him, from whom
Their ease and their prosperity did come.
'They spent their houres in laughter and in song,
And grew regardlesse of the poore mans wrong.
They alwayes clothed went in soft array ;
They fed themselues with dainties, day by day ;
And, that no outward meanes of pleasure might
Be wanting to accomplish their delight,
Those iollities, wherein they did appeare,
Were further'd by the season of the yeare.

The *windes* then breathed on them wholsome aire
The *Groves*, their summer clothings did repaire ;
The fruitfull *Fields* with fresh greene gownes were
Which *Flora* curiously embroydered had : (clad,
The pleasant *Gardens* their choyce plaints displaid,
Their *Orchard* with gay blossomes were arraid ;

The

The winged *Chorifiers* did sweetly sing,
 And with choice Musicke welcome in the *Spring* :
 Their *streets* with matchlesse bravery did shine ;
 Their *Parlers* many beauties did enshrine :
 Their costly *Bowres* with rarities were hung,
 And alwayes filled with a merry throng.
 Of nought but sports & triumphs were their dreams
 Wealth, health & honor, were their studied theames
 No noisome *Plagues*, within their Gates were found,
 Of Grones, their dwellings did but rarely found ;
 Nor was there any storme or danger feared :
 For, in this *Hemisphere* so bright appeared
 New *CHARLES-his-waine*, that funlike he did chafe
 All fogs of discontentment from each place.
 And, all those clouds of griefe, expelled farre,
 VVhich rose at setting of our *IACOB-Starre*.

But, oh how trustlesse are those lying shoves
 Of happinesse, on which most men repose
 Their greatest confidence? And from our sight
 How swiftly did these pleasures take their flight
 For, whether he, who from his heav'nly *sphere*
 Beholdeth all our thoughts, and actions here,
 Did with a searching eye, examine more
 Our courses at that present then before :
 Or, whether hee our carelesnesse had eyde,
 Or our hypocrisie, or else our pride,
 Or our impiety ; or whether he
 Did in this *Iland*, or this *Kingdome* see
 Our old Idolatries come creeping in ;
 Or, whether he some new devised sinne
 Descride to sprout among us here ; yea, whether
 It were some one of these, or all together,
 Or what it was, I know not : But it prov'd
 A *crying sinne* ; and so extreemly moov'd

Gods

God's gentleneffe, that angry he became ;
 His browes were bended, and his eyes did flame.
 Me thought I sawe it so : and (though I were
 Afraid within his prefence to appeare)
 My Soule was rais'd above her common station ;
 Where what enfues I view'd be *Contemplation*.

There is a spacious *Round* which bravely reares
 Her *Arch* above the top of all the *Spheares*,
 Vntill her bright *Circumference* doth rise
 Above the reach of Mans, or Angels eyes ;
 Conveying through the Bodies christalline
 Those Rayes which on our lower Globe doe shine ;
 And, all the great and lesser *Orbes*, doe lye
 Within the compasse of that *Canopy*.

In this large Roome of State is fixt a Throne,
 From whence the wise *Creator* looks upon
 His workmanship ; and thence doth heare and see,
 All sounds, all places, and all things that be.
 Here sate the *King of Gods* ; and from about
 His eye lids, so much terror sparkled out,
 That ev'ry circle of the Heav'ns it shooke,
 And all the World did tremble at his looke ;
 The prospect of the *Skie*, that earst was cleare,
 Did with a lowring countenance appeare :
 The troubled *Ayre*, before his prefence fled ;
 The *Earth* into her bosome shrunk her head ;
 The *Deeps* did roare ; the *Heights* did stand amaz'd ;
 The *Moone* and *Stars* upon each other gaz'd ;
 The *Sun* did stand unmoved in his path ;
 The Hoast of Heav'n was frighted at his wrath ;
 And with a voice which made all Creatures quake,
 To this effect, the great E T E R N A L L spake.

*Are we a G O D ? and is there pow'r in us
 To startle all our whole Creation thus ?*

And

*And yet, are we despis'd, as if these Pow'rs
Were either lesser growne, or none of ours?
Are we, that with our gentlest breath can blow
All things to nothing, still abused so?
Hath our long suffering hardned so our Foes,
That now our Godhead into question growes?
Nay (which is worse) have we compassion showne,
Till we are quite neglected of our owne?*

*Is this the Land whom we have lov'd so long,
And, in our love, elected from among
The Heathen Iles (and at the first was hur'd
Into the utmost corner of the world)
That we might raise the glory of her name,
To equall Kingdomes of the greatest fame?
Is this that Iland, which our love did place
(Within our bosome) in the safe embrace
Of great Oceanus? and, garden like
Did wharfe about (within her watry Dike)
With mighty Rocks, and Cliffes, whose tops were higher,
Then any foming Billow dares aspire?*

*Is this the Kingdome, which our hand hath made
The Schoole and Shop, of ev'ry Art, and Trade?
The Cornucopia of all needfull plenties?
The Storehouse, and the Cloffet of our dainties?
Our Jewell house, and Palace-royall, where
The fairest of our Loves maintained are?*

*Is this the Country which our bounty served
With store of bread, when many Lands were starved?
And whom we have preserved from the spoiles
Of Foes abroad, and from domesticke broyles?
Are theirs the Cities, which doe weare the Flag
Of Peace, while Rochel, Heidleberg, and Prague
And all the Christian world engaged are,
In some offensive, or defensive warre?*

Are

*Are their's the Cities, to whose fleets were showne,
The pathlesse wayes through many seas unknowne?
Whose wealthy Merchants have encreast their trade
From ev'ry Port and Creek, that we have made?
Whose vessels have, by our protection, gone
Past both the Tropicks, and through every Zone,
And made their petty Villages, become
Acquainted with more worlds, then ancient Rome?*

*Is this that people unto whom we gave,
More lovely Bodies, then most Nations have?
And in whose minds (of our especiall grace)
We did the best approved temper p'ace?
Is this that People, whom we did restore
To humane shape, when as the scarlet whore
Had with her charmed Cup of poisoned wine,
Transform'd them into Asses, Apes and swine?
Did we in persecution heare their cries?
Take off, the scales of blindnesse from their eyes?
Wincke at their follies, when they most offended?
Forbeare the punishments that were intended?
From diverse Plagues inflicted them release?
Make Europe stand and wonder at their peace?
Yea, save them from the malice of their Foe,
When all were like to perish at a blow?
And, grace and favour undeserved shew,
When they their owne destruction did pursue?*

*Have we, these threescore yeares and upwards blest
Their Kingdomes from those troubles that infect
Most other States? And (when their soules had been
Nigh famisht else) did we provide a Queene,
(A Maiden Queene, with vertues masculine)
To nurse them up in holy Discipline?
Did we provide, when she her course had run,
A King who favor'd, what her hand begun?*

And

*And now another, who doth both restore
 Those hopes they lost in him, and promise more ?
 Did we but here, of late, when they had lost
 Their Prince (that now is King) when they almost
 Despair'd of his returne, for evermore,
 When he remained on th' Iberian shore ?
 Did we accept their vowes ? observe their teares ?
 Compassionate their jealousies and feares ?
 And send their Darling home, when few did know
 Whereon to build a hope it should be so ?
 Yea, when throughout the world no other pow'r,
 Could such a work have compassed but our ?
 Have we endured their forwardnesse so long ?
 Forgiven and forgotten so much wrong ?
 Sought after them, when they had us forsaken ?
 So oft, their counterfeite Repentance taken ?
 So many times apparant made unto them,
 What mischiefs their owne foolish projects doe them ?
 Yea, did we freely fundry blessings daigne
 Vnaskt, which other Lands could not obtaine
 By labors, vowes, and prayers ? And have they thus,
 For all these benefits requitted us ?
 Is that their vowed thankfulnessse ? Are these
 The fruits of all their zealous promises ?
 Is this their Piety ? Goe, draw together
 Thy Forces, Vengeance : quickly march them thither
 With all our Armies ; and consume them so,
 That we may never more displeased grow
 At their unkindenesse ; or be cheated by
 The fained weepings of Hypocrisie.*

No sooner had he spoken, but, behold,
 An *Host* (which he doth alway keepe enrol'd,
 To execute his wrath) did straight appeare
 And in his awfull presence mustred were.

So

So many *Troups*, did round about him throng,
 That, all the world with *Plagues*, was overhung :
 For not a *Judgement* is there, which hath name,
 But, thither to attend his *Will* it came.

Sterne visag'd *WAR* (whose very look doth strike)
 Came driving on his Charret, *Iehu* like ;
 Arm'd and beset with holberts, bills, and glaves,
 Bowes, arrowes, pikes, pole-axes, darting staves,
 Guns, balls of fire, and ev'ry thing that furthers
 The worke of *Defolation*, *Wounds*, and *Murthers*.
 His prime companions, *Theft* and *Rapine* were,
 With all those *Vices* which most cruell are.
 And at their heeles pursued all those *Bands*
 Of raging mischiefes, that afflict the *Lands*
 On which he falls. This is that roring *Fiend*
 Who Lawes, and Leagues, doth into pieces rend.
 This is that bloody *Tyrant*, who o're turnes
 The goodl'est *Monuments*, and spoiles and burnes
 The fairest Dwellings. This is he that razes
 Renowned Cities, and the strongest places.
 This is that sacreligious Theefe, who spares
 Nor *Hospitall* nor *Temple* ; neither heares
 The suits or cries of aged or of young ;
 Nor is regardfull of men weake or strong.
 The Suckling from his Mothers breast he snatcheth
 And braines it in her sight : The Wife he catcheth
 Ev'n from her Husbands bed ; and Virgins from
 Their Lovers armes, his Strumpets to become.
 A fertile Soile he makes a Wilderneffe,
 And Wolves, and Beares, and Foxes, to possesse
 Those places, wherein Arts did once abound ;
 And where have dwelled Nations most renown'd.
 However, he's an instrument of God's ;
 And usually, the last of all those rods

Which

Which on a thankelesse Kingdome he doth lay,
 Before he finally remove away
 The meanes of *Grace*. Next him, came sneaking in
 Leane *Famine*, with bare bones, and parched skinne ;
 With deep funke eyes, with talons over-growne ;
 With hungry teeth that would have crackt a stone ;
 And, close behind her, and at either hand,
 Such Troups did wait, as are at her command.

The crawling *Caterpillers*, waftfull *Flyes*,
 The skipping *Locust* (that in winter dies)
Floods, Frosts, & Mildewes, Blastings, Windes, & Stormes,
Drough, rav'nous Fowles, & Vermine, Weedes, & Wormes :
Sloth, Evill busdandry, and such as those,
 Which make a scarfenesse where most plenty grows.

This is that hungry *Houfwife*, who first found
 The searching out for meat from under ground ;
 To dig up Roots; to reliish well the tast
 Of stinking Gallick, and of bitter Mast.
 She taught poore people how to fill their mawes,
 With Bramble-berries, Hedge-picks, Hips, & Hawes.
 Twas she who finding on the sandy shore
 A heape of *Oysters* (all bedaubed o're)
 First fought within those dirty shels for meat,
 Else we had never dar'd of them to eate ;
 Nor thought, nor hoped, that so foule a dish
 Could bring to table such a dainty fish.

Twas she that learn'd the *Spaniards* how to dresse
 Their *Frogs* ; the *Frenchman* how to cooke a messe
 Of spumy *Mushromes* ; *Germans* how to make
 A dinner or a supper on a *Snake* ;
Italians on the slimy *Snaile* to feed ;
 Our *Irishmen* to live upon a weed
 That growes in Marshes. And I dare to say,
 That, but for her, we scarce had heard this day

Of

Of *Caveär*, and twenty fuch like bables,
VVhich *Gluttony* now fets upon our Tables.

The broyling of old shooes, was her device ;
And fo was eating Cartion, Rats, and Mice.
Thofe dainty pallats which could relifh nought
But what was fet farre off, and dearly bought,
She fo hath dieted, that they could feed
On mouldy fcraps ; and beg them too for need.

This *Hag*, hath Townes and Cities famifhed.
VVith humane flefh, fhe hungry men hath fed :
She forc't them hath to fuck their horfes blood :
To feed on Pigeons dung (in ftead of food)
And dearly purchafe it. Yea, fome conftained
To drinke their Vrine, when they drought fufained.
Nay, this is that unequall'd cruell-one,
VVho urg'd a *Mother*, once, to kill her *Sonne*,
And make unnaturally that curfed wombe
VVhich gave him being, to be made his tombe.
Ev'n this is *She*, God fhield us from her cheere,
And grant her *Plagueship* never fettle here.

The *Peftilence*, moreover, thither brought
Her feared forces, and employment fought.
This is that Nimble *Fury*, who did flay
Her three and twenty thoufand in one day ;
And in th' *Affirian* Camp, to death did fmite,
Almoft two hundred thoufand in one night.
Betwixt an evening and a morning tide,
From ev'ry houfe a foule fhe did divide
Throughout the Land of *Ægypt* ; and could mark
Their eldeft-borne, although the night were dark.
In little fpace, fhe quite hath overthrowne
Great Cities, and difpeopled many a Towne.
She from each other makes acquaintance run,
Before that any injuries be done ;

And

And of the pois'ning-*Art* hath found the height,
For, she knowes how to poison by conceit.

A *Mantle* wrought with purple spots she wore,
Emboss with many a *Blaine*, and many a *Sore*.
She had a raving *Voice*, a frantick *Look*,
A noysome *Breath*, and in her hand she shooke
A venom'd speare, which, where it toucheth, fills
The veines with poison, and distracts, and kills.

Within her *Regiment* are all Difeases,
And ev'ry Torment which the Body seizes ;
Gouts, *Collicks*, *Lethargies*, and *Apoplexies*,
Obstruction, which the spleene, or stomack vexes ;
The *Pox* of ev'ry kinde, *Rheumes*, *aches*, *Stiches*,
Quick-killing *Pleurisies*, and *Scabs*, and *Itches* ;
The *Burning-Fever*, who deserveth well
The place of her *Lieutenant-Colonell* ;
Consumptions, *Gangreaves*, *Coughs*, and *Squinancies*,
The *Falling-evill*, *Cramps*, and *Lunacies*,
(VVith other such Difeases, many moe
Then I am able by their names to know)
Besides those maladies the Sea procures,
As, sloath-bred *Scurvies*, and mad *Calentures* ;
And all those other Griefes, and Sorrowes, which
Those Sickneses doe bring on poore and rich.

But, of that *Hoast* which here is mentioned,
The maine *Battalion* was both rang'd and led
By that slye *Prince*, (ev'n that malicious one)
VVhich in the ayrie Region hath his throne.
To further his designs, he brought in *Lyes*,
Extortion, *Bribing*, *Fraud*, and *Perjuries* ;
VVith many thousand stratagems beside,
VVhose dangerous effects are often tride.
All ravenous *Beasts*, (or rather those of whom
Such Beasts are Emblemes) in his troupes did come.

To

To worke his mischiefs (with amaze and wonder)
He furnisht was with Lightnings, Winds, & Thunder ;
Prodigious apparitions, and those fights
Wherewith mens troubled fancies he affrights ;
And, thither did (for foule assaults) repaire
His two black Twins, *Presumption* and *Despaire*.
Attended by those manifold *Temptations*,
Wherewith he maketh sure the reprobations
Of all obdurate sinners ; whom in wrath
Our God, deservedly rejected hath.

These greedy *Spoilers*, hungry for a prey,
Stood ready, Gods commandings to obey :
Who having view'd their well prepared *Bands*,
(And ponting out his finger to these *Lands*)
Said ; *Goe ye Plagues*. And (had he not beene staid)
Lay waste, that sinfull *Realme*, he would have said.

And yet, it seems, these dreadfull shews were rather
The threatnings of a wife and loving *Father*,
(To bring his Children to a filiall feare)
Then such a wrath as doth in Foes appeare.
For, neither *Chance*, nor *Time*, nor *New-desert*,
Was interposed on the guilty part :
But, God's owne goodnesse brought the means about
That stopt our *Doome*, before his words were out.

And thus it was. The great *Almighty One*
Hath evermore attending on his throne
Two royall Daughters. One of them is she
That's called *Iustice* ; and her Emblemes be
An equall *Ballance*, and a flaming *Blade*,
To weigh the *Good* their due, and fright the *Bad* :
And, both with hand and eye she threatens those,
That her uprightnesse, any way oppose.

The other for her *Hieroglyphick*, weares
A *Box of Balme*, and in her bosome beares

A

A sucking *Lambe*, (which meek and harmles creature
Doth somewhat intimate her gentle nature)
Betwixt her beauteous breasts, a true *Compassion*
Erecteth her perpetuall habitation ;
And, such a lovely sweet aspect hath she,
Thats if *Wrath* saw her, *Wrath* in love would be.
We call her *Clemency*. She often makes
Our peace with God, and his displeasure flakes.

This *Princeesse*, marking well with what intent
Her *Lord* would those great *Armies* forth have sent ;
And finding, by that wrath she saw in him,
What *Defolations* would have followed them ;
With teares of pitie, to his throne she ran,
To kisse and to embrace his feet began ;
And (whilst his halfe spoke sentence God delaid)
These words, the faire-well spoken *Virgin* said.

*Deare, oh deare Father ! wherefore frowns't thou so ?
What fearfull thing art thou about to doe ?
Hold (I beseech thee hold) thou backe the doome,
Which from thy lips is now about to come ;
And hear (Dread Sov'raign) heare thy Handmaid speak
A word or two, before thy Iustice wreake
Deserved vengeance on that wretched place
Which hath so fallen from thy wonted Grace.*

*Look Father ; looke upon me : it is I,
Thy best-beloved Daughter CLEMENCIE :
Tis I whom thou forgettest. I am she
Who in thy bosome lay, belov'd of thee
Before all worlds ; and had a sov'raignty
O're all thy creatures from eternity.
Tis I, at whose intreaty thou wert moved
To send thine onely Sonne, thy best-beloved
(For Mans redemption) to assume the nature,
The forme, and frailties, of a sinfull creature.*

Tis

*Tis I that have presumed to become
 A sutor now, to stay thy heavy doome :
 And, why should I be doubtfull to make triall
 Of thy regard, or fearfull of deniall ?*

*In Iudgement, thou hast promised, oh Lord !
 To thinke on Me (ev'n in thy written word)
 Yea, Heav'n and Earth have often heard thee say,
 Thou never wouldst, for ever, cast away
 Thy Loving-Mercy ; and, I know, thou must
 And wilt, be found in all thy sayings, just.*

*But, then, to what intents, doe These appeare ?
 Why are thy dreadfull Armies mustred here ?
 VVhat favour is it possible to show,
 VVhere such a Rabblement as this, shall goe ?
 VVhy may not Pitie shew her selfe as well
 VVithin the bottome of the lowest Hell
 As where these revell ? Doubtlesse, these rude Bands
 VVill spare nor Lawes nor Temples in those Lands
 To which thou send them shalt ; but, from each place
 Root out (with ev'ry present meanes of Grace)
 All outward helps of present knowing thee,
 If equall to their hate, their pow'r may be.*

*And, what if then their breathlesse fury shall
 Leave some few trifles which are temporall ?
 For what will they reserve them, but to breed
 A race of Infidels ? a wicked seed,
 For them to prey upon ? a Brood, to whom
 The Blessings left Damnation shall become.*

*Thou hast upon that Iland (I confesse)
 Bestowed Favours, great and numberlesse.
 I know that they may justly blush for shame,
 To heare how grossely they abuse thy Name ;
 Yea, they now are, and have a long time bin,
 Growne out of measure sinfull in their sin.*

Yet

*Yet, if thou look upon them, thou shalt see
Some there, who bend not unto Baal their knee ;
Some left, who for thine honour firme have stood ;
Some, who have garments washed in the blood
Of thy unspotted Lamb : and some, which beare
Those marks, that Seales of thy free pardon are.*

*Oh ! let not them enclos'd with Sinners be,
Nor swallowed up with such who know not thee.
But, for the sakes of those forbear thou, rather,
The Tares, untill thy Harvest thou shalt gather :
So, by those Follies which in them abound,
Thy Goodnesse shall the farther be renown'd.*

*If, therefore, thou this Kingdome shouldst not spare,
Because, repleat with sin her dwellings are,
What Nation is there, or what Habitation,
That merits not perpetuall reprobation ?
Where wilt thou finde a People, under Heav'n,
Which hath not ev'ry way occasion giv'n
Of thy displeasure ? Or, what Man is there
That in thy fight could justifi'd appeare,
If thou shouldst mark him with a frowning eye ?
And, what a pretty Nothing, then were I,
If no man lived, that amisse had done,
For me, to exercise my pity on ?
Nay, if Transgression had but finite been,
How should thy Mercies infinite. be seene ?*

*Though on this Field which thou hast plow'd & sown
With purest Wheat) some wicked-ones have throwne
Their Tares, by night ; yet, somewhat it hath borne
For which it may be cald thy Field of Corne.
Thy Fence is yet about it ; and there stands
A Fort, and Wine-presse, builded by thy hands.
There are thy Sacraments, thy Word divine.
There, is the Schoole of Christian Discipline.*

There

*There, may the meanes of Grace be kept in store
For those who will hereafter prize them more.
Thy poore afflicted Servants, thither may
From forraine persecutions flye away ;
And sheltred in a Storme, there safely tary,
As in a Fortresse, or a Sanctuary.
But, whither shall they flye when that lyes wast ?
Where shall thy sacred Oracles be plac'd ?
Or Whither with her Sonne that Woman goe,
Who by the Dragon is pursued so ?*

*I know that if thou please thou canst provide
A place for her, securely to abide,
Amid the Westernne wildernesse (and where
Scarce glimmerings of thy favours yet appeare)
By moulding out the Heathen Salvages
To be a people far surpassing these.
This, Lord, thou couldst effect ; and make of them
Thy people, whom these most of all contemne.
And, since this Nation, in their wealthy peace,
Have sent out Colonies, but to encrease
Their private gaine : since they faire shewes have made
Of publishing thy Gospell, when the Trade
For cursed lucre (as the Times reveale)
Was chiefeſt founder of their fained zeale :
Since they in that, and other things, pretend
Religion, when tis farthest from their end :
Thou didst but right, if thou shouldst force their seed
To settle on some barbarous Coast for need ;
And, there, thy Truth, to those, with sorrow preach,
Whom they neglected, in their weale, to teach.*

*But, since it were no more for thee to doe,
This Land to save, and call anoether too,
Then one such worke so compasse ; why I pray
Shouldst thou remove their Candlestick away ?*

Why

*Why maiſt not Thou, who all compaſſion art,
Thy people, rather, by thy pow'r convert,
Then quite deſtroy them? wherefore ſhouldſt thou not
Their errors forth of thy remembrance blot,
As heretofore? And alwayes praized be
For that abundant Love, which is in thee?*

*Why ſhould their Foes and thine, with jeering ſay,
Now, now we ſee our long-expected Day?
Why wilt thou give them cauſe to domineere?
Ev'n thoſe, who love not thee, to laugh, and ſleere
At their deſtruction, who, thy Truth profeſt,
(If not unfainedly) in ſhew, at leaſt.
Though they have ill-deſerv'd, why ſhould the ſhame
Of their offences fall upon thy Name?
And, thy Blaſphemers (by thy Peoples fall)
Aſſume the boldneſſe on themſelves, to call
Thy Goſpel into queſtion? Or, thereby,
Their ſhameleſſe falſhoods ſeeke to juſtifie?
Why ſhould the wicked, take occaſion from
Theſe Plagues, to ſay; Where is their God become?
Where is their pow'r, on which they did reſpoſe?
Where is their Faith? where are the hopes of thoſe
Their ſervices? Oh! for thine owne deare ſake,
(However they deſerve) compaſſion take.
Deare S I R, have pittie: and, as often, thou
Haſt granted my requeſt, vouchſafe it now.
Yea, to thoſe many thouſands, heretofore,
From thy abundance, adde one favour more.*

By theſe, and other Motives (breathed from
A zealous breaſt) the heav'ns are overcome.
His love of us, doth ſo our *Sampſon* wound,
That, he hath taught us, how he may be bound.
Yea, *Holy-writ* informeth us, that He,
By ſuch like *Charmings*, will compelled be.

C

And

And, now they so prevailed, that the rage
Of our great God, they partly did aswage.
Which *MERCY* by his looke, had quickly heeded ;
And taking that advantage, thus proceeded.

*Oh ! what a comfort is it, to behold
Thine Eye speak Mercy, and thy Brow unfold
A reconcilment ! Now, 't seeme to see
Thy gracious face, to shine againe on me.
I finde it is the jealousie of Love,
(And no effect of hatred) which doth move
Thy wronged Patience : and, that when thou hidest
Thy presence in an angry Cloud, or chidest,
It is not alwayes in consuming wrath,
(To punish, as the fault deserved hath)
But, that thy frightening Iudgements might prevaile,
To worke amendment, when thy Love doth faile.
That people, whom so much thou didst affect,
How canst thou have a purpose to reject,
So long as in their Confinde doth remaine
That Number, which thy Vengeance doth restraine ?
Who can beleve that thou defraid'st such cost,
To purchase what, thou meanest shall be lost ?
Or, labour to erect them, didst bestow,
For nothing else, but them away so throw ?
VVhy should I thinke, thy endlesse goodnesse, had
So little care, to save what thou hast made,
That Sathans Hate, should for their Desolation,
Out-worke thy Love, in working their Salvation ?
Or, that the boundlesnesse of Mans transgression,
Could over-match thine Infinite Compassion ?*

*It may not be beleved ; Or, that this
Pretended warre, for finall ruine is.
Since, if in summoning thy Iudgements, now,
Thou hadst propos'd their utter overthrow,*

Thou

*Thou wouldst not have discovered an affection,
By still continuing them, in thy protection,
As yet thou dost: Nor daily send unto them
Love-tokens, (as if kindnesse, thou wouldst doe them
VVhich they should never know of) nor, make show
Of having left them, when tis nothing so.*

*Thus have I seene, on earth, a Lover use
His Best-beloved, when she did abuse
His true affection. Though he seeme unkinde,
That her unkindnesse she may thereby finde;
Yea, though he faine some outward disrespects,
Yet, in his heart, so truly he affects,
That, whatsoever good, he can, he does her:
By meanes unseene, to her lost vertues, wooes her:
For her well-doing, takes a thousand cares:
Of her ill-doing, hath ten thousand feares:
Wakes not, but thoughts of her, in waking, keepes;
Sleeps not, but dreameth of her, when he sleepes.
Not ceasing to endeavour, till he see
Some sparkes of lost affection kindled be.
And, as her over-sights she doth deplore,
So, he his love discovers, more and more;
Vntill the fire, that was a long time hid,
Breake forth, and flame as high as e're it did.*

*I never knew thee, yet, to ruinate
A wicked Kingdome, or a sinfull State,
Professing thee; but, thou didst first withdraw
From those Offenders, thy abused Law.*

*And, as in Christian Realmes, the temp'rall Sword
Cuts off no Preacher of thy blessed Word,
(For any Crime committed) untill he
Of Holy-orders, first degraded be:
So, thou (most frequently) dost first remove
The Seales of Grace, and Pledges of thy Love,*

C 2

Before

*Before thou give up Lands into their pow'r,
Who them, and theirs, shall finally devour:
For, till thy holy things, be fetched from
Their Coast, such Desolation shall not come.*

*Those, they retaine. And, if conclude I shall
From hope of any blessing temporall,
That yet thou lovest them (and dost intend
Their Land, with future favours, to befriend)
That King which thou hast now on them bestowne,
Some token of thy Clemency hath showne.
For, if man may by good externall signes,
Conjecture whereunto his heart inclines:
If Thou, to whom all secrets open be,
See'st that in him, which mortalls hope they see;
And hast not mockt that People, for their sinne,
With shewes of things that have not reall bin:
(As Lord forbid) No Kingdome hath a Prince,
Whose infant yeares, gave better evidence,
That with an earthly Crowne he should inherit,
A plentious portion of thy sacred Spirit.*

*None liveth now, on whom the gen'rall eye
Did so much gaze, and so few scapes espy.
Few private men were in their youth so free
From all those vanities, which frequent be
In these rude times (he having meanes to doe
His pleasure, and, perhaps, strong temptings too)
Who seemed of those knowledges, more faine
That might informe him, to obey, and raigne?
How well those crossings was he thought to beare,
Which in the times of his subjection were?
And, with how brave a temper to neglect,
To be aveng'd of wrongs and disrespect?
What Sonne, did in his Fathers life time, show
A filiall feare and love, united so?*

Or

*Or, which of all thy Vice-royes didst thou see
 Appeare more zealously devout then he?
 Thou knowest which: But, if they doe not erre
 Who, things by probability, inferre,
 It might be said, The world had not his peere
 In all those vertues, that are mention'd here.
 And should confessed be, ev'n of his foe,
 They had not flattred who affirmed so:
 Since, what was of his worth, at home conceived,
 All Europe for a verity received.*

*And loe; now by thy Grace he sitteth on
 The seat of Rule, and in his Fathers Throne;
 VVho giveth signes of truer love to thee?
 Or of more conscience, of his Charge, then He?
 VVhat Monarke, in appearance, better preacheth
 By good Examples, what thy Precepts teacheth?
 Or which of all his reverend Prelacy,
 In shewes of true religious constancie,
 Outgoes or equals him? Oh! if so cleare
 His vertues prove, as yet they doe appeare,
 How glorious will they grow? And what a light
 VVill he become, when he ascends the height
 Of his great Orbe? And, oh! what pitty 'twere
 His minde should ever fall below that spheare
 Of Grace which he hath climb'd! or, that thy Love
 Should wanting be, to keepe him still above!*

*How grievous would it be, that his beginning
 (So hopefull, and such love and honour winning)
 Should faile that expectation, which it hath?
 And, make thee shut thy favour up, in wrath?
 Let not oh God! let not the sins of others
 Nor any fog (which Vertues glorie smothers)
 Ascending from his frailties, make obscure
 His rising honor, which yet seemeth pure.*

C 3

If

*If ought, in him, be wanting of that worth
Which to the publike view is blazed forth,
Forgive, and perfect him, that he may grow,
To be in deed, what he appeares in show.
Yea, Lord (as farre as humane frailty can
Permit the same) make him, ev'n such a Man
As now that Kingdome needs; and spare that Nation
For him, which else deserveth Desolation.*

*If he be what he seemeth; Thou (I know)
Wilt save his Land from utter overthrow.
Thou, in the life-time of a pious King,
Wert never yet, accustomed to bring
Destruction: For, thou shewedst him compassion,
Who did but once, well act humiliation;
Ev'n wicked Ahab; and within his Times
Thou wouldst not punish (no not) his owne Crimes.
Oh! be as mercifull, as thou hast bin;
And let this King, thy favours triumph in.
Let that exceeding Grace already shew'd him,
(Ev'n that wherewith thy Spirit hath indu'd him)
Be Pledges of some greater Gifts, with which
Thou shalt in future times, his heart enrich.
His brest inflame thou, with a sacred fire;
Teach him to aske, and give him his desire:
Grant him thy Wisdome, and thy Righteousnesse,
The wrongs of all his People to redresse.
Let him the Widow, and the Orphane save,
Relieving all, that need of succour have:
And, let his Mountaines, and each lesser Hill,
His humbler Dales, with peace, and plenty fill.
As he was honor'd in his Preservation,
So, let him glory still in thy Salvation.
As he persisteth to relie on thee;
So, let him sure of thy protection be.*

Be

*Be thou his onely joy. Be thou I pray
 His Triumph on his Coronation-day.
 Crowne thou his head with purified gold :
 Make strong his Scepter, and his Throne uphold,
 To be renowned by thy Grace divine,
 As long as either Sunne, or Moone shall shine.*
*Since thou to rule thine Isr'el dost appoint him,
 Let thy most holy Spirit, Lord, anoint him.
 Make thou a league with him, as thou hast done
 With David, and adopt him for thy Sonne.
 To thee, Thou art my Father, let him say,
 My God, my Rocke of safety, and my stay.
 Throughout those Lāds, where thou to raign shall place him
 With Title, of thy First-begotten, grace him.
 And, let his Kingdomes harbor none of them,
 Who shall deny him to be their Supreme.
 So guard, and so enclose him with thine Arme,
 The Man of Sinne, may never doe him harme.
 To him, his Adversaries all subject,
 And, prosper none that him shall disaffect.
 Lead thou his Armies, when his Warre beginnes ;
 Make thou his Peace, when he the Battle winnes.
 Let still thy Truth, and Love, with him abide ;
 Let in thy Name, his name be glorifi'd.
 Doe thou the Seas into his pow'r deliver ;
 Make thou his right hand reach beyond the River ;
 And, plant so strongly on the Banks of Rhyne,
 Those fruitfull Branches of his Fathers Vine, X
 (Whom late the salvage Bore (with tripled pow'r)
 Hath rooted up, with purpose to devoure)
 That they may spread their Clusters, far and nigh ;
 And fill, and top, the Germane Empery.
 Yea, minde thou, Lord, the scornes and defamations,
 Which they have borne among their neighboring nations :*

C 4

And

*And, please to comfort them, and make them glad,
According to the sorrowes they have had.
To them, so sanctifie their great affliction,
That it may bring their vertues to perfection ;
And, fit them for some place, in which they shall
Helpe reare againe, decaying Sions wall.*

*Oh ! keep for them, a favour still in store ;
Preserve them in thy League, for evermore ;
Blesse thou that Race, which is or shall be given :
As lasting make it, as the dayes of heav'n :
And, if thy Lawes or Iudgements, they forsake,
Or, if thy League, or Covenant, they breake,
With Rods, let them, in mercie, be corrected ;
But, never fall, for aye, to be rejected.*

*The like for this new Monark, I emlore :
In him, encrease thy Graces, more, and more.
Make him a Blessing, for all Christendome :
Make him, a Patterne, for all Times to come :
Make him, in ev'ry happy course persevere ;
And, let him live, for ever and for ever.*

*His Royall Robe, he hath but new put on ;
And, I my prayers have but new begun.
Oh let me to thy Majestie prefer
These few Petitions, in particular :
And place them where, they may both day and night,
Stand, evermore, unfolded in thy sight.*

*First, teach him, to confider, how and why,
Thou hast enthron'd him on a seat so high,
And, so to think on his great charge ; and trust,
As one who knowes he come to reckning must :
For, honors if by thee they be not blest,
Make wisest men as brutish as a beast.
Teach him to minde, how great the favour was,
When thou, of thy meere motion, and thy Grace,*

Didst

*Didst from so many millions chuse out him,
To weare this Kingdomes fourefold Diadem :
And, make thy Servants, favour'd in his sight,
As thou hast made of him, thy Favorite.*

*Teach him, the fittest meanes to take away
(And let none murmur at his just delay)
Those Groves, and those Hill-Altars in the Land,
Which suffred are untill his dayes to stand :
And, give him wisedome, wisely to foresee,
That Wheat from Chaffe, may well distinguish'd be.
For, some will, else, bring Truth into suspition,
Condemne good Discipline, for Superstition ;
And with faire shewes, of Piety, beguile,
That underhand they may encroach, the while,
On Gods Inheritance ; and from her teare
Those outward Ornaments his Bride doth weare
Oh ! let him purge from Church and Commonweale,
Those inflammations of corrupted zeale,
And indigested humors, which doe spread
Distempers through the Stomacke, paine the Head :
And, by prepos't'rous courses, raise a storme
To rend that Body, which it would reforme.*

*Let him, his Reformatiions, first begin,
Like David, with himselfe : and search within
The closet of his heart, what he can finde,
Which may annoy him there, in any kinde :
And let him thence expell it, though it were,
As deare unto him as his eye bals are.*

*His Household, let him next enquire into,
And, well informed be, what there they doe ;
That, so he may expect thy Comming-day
With heart upright, and in a perfect way.
Let him in no prophanenesse take delight,
Nor brook a wicked person in his sight,*

C 5

Let

*Let no Blasphemer in his presence tarry ;
 Nor they that falshoods, to and fro, doe carry.
 Let him acquaintance with all such refraine ;
 The lowly cherish ; haughty windes restraine ;
 Enquire for them that vertuously excell,
 And take in honest men with him to dwell.
 No such Projector, who doth put in vse
 Great Injuries, to mend a small abuse ;
 Nor such, who in reforming, doe no other
 But rob one Knave, to helpe enrich another ;
 And prove themselves, when tryall doth besall,
 To be, perhaps, the veriest Knaves of all.*

*Let him be curst with no base Officer,
 Who doth before true Honor, Gold prefer ;
 And, to enrich his Chest, a little more,
 Would in his Reputation, make him poore :
 Or with some needlesse Treasure, to supply him,
 Lose him more Love, then all his Lands can buy him.
 Let no man of his daily bread partake,
 VVho at thy holy Boord shall him forsake ;
 And, lay thou open their dissimulation,
 Who shall approve of Na'mans Toleration.*

*Keepe from his Counsells, though their wit excels,
 All Hypocrites, and all Achitophels.
 Yea, let thy Wisdome, his discretion blesse,
 From Rehoboams childish wilfulnesse,
 VVho left his ancient Princes good directions,
 To follow his young Nobles raw projections.
 Or, if he like their Counsels, and receive them,
 Harme let them bring to none but those who gave them :
 And, if to him some dammage they procure,
 Let present losse his future peace procure.*

*Make him perceive that humane Policy
 Is Hand-maid to religious Honesty ;*

And

*And that, the man who doth foundations lay
On Iustice, (and proves constant in his way)
Shall make the Politician ; and make vaine
His underminings without feare, or paine.
For, as a Fowler seldome doth surprize
That wary Bird, which can her selfe suffice,
With what thy hand provideth in the fields,
Or, what the Forrest, for her diet yeelds :
So, sleights of Policy (although, perchance,
They seeme, a while, to worke some hinderance)
Can disadvantage none, but those, who leaving
The pathes of Vertue, and themselves deceiving
With some false hopes (which were before them laid)
Made them the meanes, whereby they were betrayd.*

*Make him as precious in his Peoples eyes
As their owne blood. Far higher let them prize
His honor then their fortunes ; and let him,
Be ev'ry way as tender over them.
Yea, let the mutuall love, betwixt them bred,
Vnite them as the Body, and the Head.
For, such a blessed Vnion doth procure
More safety then foure Kingdomes can assure ;
Commands mens hearts, their fortunes, and their lives,
Is chiefe of all his chiefe Prerogatives ;
And shall more comfort, and more profit doe him,
Then all those fruitlesse claimes can bring unto him ;
Whereto, perchance, they urge him will, who shall
Pretend his honor, when they seeke his fall.*

*Such men in Princes Courts were ever found,
But, thou their lewd Projections wilt confound ;
And, when their vaine devises bring on them,
Confusion, who this reall Truth contemne ;
When such mens foolish counsels, shall have brought
Those mischiefs on them which their hands have wrought:
(Yea,*

*(Yea, when oppress'd, with feares and discontent,
They shall, too late, perhaps, their course repent)
Then, they in heart shall forced be to say,
That, what they sleighted was the safest way.*

*Blesse him from those, who censure his Intent,
His Counsels, or his Actions by events :
And sawcily, his Iudges dare appeare
On ev'ry fland'rous Rumor they shall heare.
Preserve him from those Minions (who do raise
Their credits by another mans dispraise)
That Machivillian crew, who to endear
Their base immerits, fill the royall eare
With tales, and false reports, concerning those
Who their misdoings legally oppose :
They, who growne great with rapine, and made strong,
With wealth extorted to the publike wrong,
Still add (to cover what misdone hath bin)
New wrongs ; and make new partners in their sin,
In hope their number keep them shall unshent :
And, silence and condemne the Innocent.*

*Make him abhor such Apes, and such Baboones,
As Parasites, and impudent Buffoones :
Such, as would make their Princes glad with lies :
Such, as with filthy tales of ribaldries,
With scurrile songs, with unbecoming jests,
And stufte which ev'ry civill eare detests,
Abuse Kings Chambers. Let all those who buy
Their Offices (which is lay Simony)
Have alwayes his dislike ; and not recover
His good esteeme againe, till they give over
Their evill gotten places. Let all such
Who for the seats of Iudgement, do as much,
Appeare to him as men who are detested
Of hainous crimes ; and ever be suspected*

Of

*Of some Corruption : for, it may be thought,
That money must be made of what is bought.*

*Let him the causes of Abuse discern ;
Let him the cure of ev'ry mischief learne ;
Let him of what he knoweth, practice make ;
Let all his People, his example take.
Give them repentance for their passed crimes ;
Assist them by thy grace, in future times ;
And send thy Holy-Spirit through their Lands,
To keep them in the way of thy Commands.
So, thou in their Devotions wilt be pleas'd,
So all thine anger will be quite appeas'd ;
So, King and People, praise thee shall together ;
And, then, thou need'st not send these Armies thither.*

Thus *MERCIE* spake ; & more she would have
(For, she could everlastingly have paid) (said
To this effect. But, *JUSTICE* having spy'd
Gods eye to marke, how she seem'd satisf'd ;
(And looking somewhat sternly, to betoken
That *MERCIE* in her injury had spoken)
Thus interrupted her. *Faire Sister, stay ;
And, doe not think to beare my right away
With smoothed words. Thou art an Advocate
Well knowne to be the most importunate
That ever pleaded : and, thou hast a trick
With these moist eyes, beyond all Rhetorick.
So that, unlesse I make it still appeare,
What grosse offenders all thy Clients are,
A Bill of mine (how just soe're the case)
Would seldome in this great Star-chamber passe.
No place, no persons, are so dissolute,
But if they whine to thee, thou make'st sute
On their behalves. Thou wert Soliciter
For King Manasses (that Idolater*

And

*And gotst his pardon. Thou hast Proctresse bin
For Ieroboam (who made Isr'el sin)
That hand recuring which he did extend,
The Messenger of God, to apprehend.*

*Thou art for any who in thee beleeves,
Though Traytors, Strumpets, Murtherers, or Theeves.
Thou prayd'st for Nineveh; yea thou hast prayd
For Sodome; and my hand had fure beene slaid
When I consum'd them, if there had beene, then,
In five great Cities, but tenne righteous men.*

*I never yet could get a verdict past
On any Sinner, but thou crost it hast,
Vpon the least repentance. And if ever
To serve an Execution I endeavor,
Thou, still, one meanes or other dost procure,
To mitigate the strictest forfeiture.*

*Thee, for delaying Iudgements, I prefer
Ev'n farre before the Courts at Westminster.
And, if I longer these thy dealings beare,
Thou here wilt use me, as they use me there:
For, lately I surveyed it; and saw
Their Chauncery had halfe devour'd their Law.*

*Sweet Lady call to minde, there is a due
Pertaining equally to me and you.
As nothing without M E R C I E should be done;
So I V S T I C E should not be encroacht upon.
I claime a Daughters part, and I desire
To keepe mine owne inheritance intire.
I, for your sake, huge Armies, often save,
When they had, else, beene rotting in the grave.
I suffer you to wipe more sinnes away
Then twice tenne thousand millions in a day.
There's none whom I doe punish for his crimes,
But I doe scarre him first, a thousand times*

(At

*(At your entreaty) when, if I had pleased,
I might so many times his life have seized.
Yea, & should none have injur'd, though I had
Of all the World, long since, a Bone-fire made.*

*For, what effect hath your Compassion wrought?
What Offerings, to Gods Altars, now are brought
By my long sparing them? Nay, have they not
Him, and his awfull pow'r, the more forgot?
What did I say? forgot him? if they had
V's'd him and his Indulgence but so bad,
Thou might'st have spoken for them; and I could
Have left thy supplications uncontroll'd,
But, they have aggravated their neglect,
With such base villanies, such disrespect,
And such contempt of Him, of Thee, and Mee,
That if we beare it, we shall scorn'd be.*

*They so presumptuous are, that well I know,
Were but a petty-Justice used so,
He would not brooke it: But, so rough appeare,
That all the sin-professing houses neare,
Of Reformation would be much in doubt;
And feare they should not buy his Anger out,
Though they presented him with coyne and wares;
And brib'd his Clarke, with whom, tis thought he shares.
I will not therefore palliate their despight;
I will not be debarred of my right;
I will not make my selfe a publike scorne;
Nor will I longer beare what I have borne.*

*Here with (as if she thought it were in vaine,
For Vengeance, unto M E R C I E to complaine)
She rais'd her eyes; she fixed them upon
The Throne of heav'n, and Him that sate thereon:
Then bowed thrice; and, then to her complaint,
She thus proceeded like an Angry Saint.*

Great

Great IVDGE of all the world, just, wise, and holy;
 Who sin abhorrest, and correctest folly:
 Who drivest all uncleannesse from thy sight,
 And feared art, ev'n of the most upright:
 Consider well my Cause, and let thou not
 Thy JUSTICE in thy MERCIE be forgot,
 As well as this my sister, so am I
 United unto thee essentially
 Before all Time; and there is cause for me
 To boast thy favour, full as much as she.
 For, to maintaine thy Iustice (and approve
 That sacred, never violated Love
 Thou bearest me) great Monarkies have drunk
 Thy cup of wrath; and into ruine sunk.
 For their contempt of me, thou hast rejected
 The Nation, of all Nations, most affected.
 Once, thou the Globe of Earth didst wholly drowne;
 From Heav'n thou threw'st the sinfull Angels downe:
 And (which is more) thy Best beloved dy'd,
 That my displeasure might be satisf'd.

But, let no former favour me availe,
 If now of Reason on my side I faile.
 I never did a Vengeance, yet pursue
 Before it was requir'd by double due.
 I never plagued any in despight,
 Nor in the death of sinners took delight.
 Why therefore thus is my proceeding staid?
 And thy just wrath so suddenly alaid?
 Hath Mercy their offences veiled so,
 That thou beholdest not what faults they do?
 And wilt thou still continue thy compassion
 To this unthankfull and forgetfull Nation?
 What are they, but a most corrupted breed?
 A wicked, a perverse, ingratefull seed?

A

*A people for instruction so untoward,
So stubborn in their courses, and so froward, (them,
That neither threats, nor plagues, nor love can mend
And therefore Desolation must attend them.*

*Me they have injured, past all compare;
They flout me to my face; they me out dare
Ev'n on my Iudgement-seats; they truth deny,
Although they know, their hearers know they lye.
They use my Titles, and my Offices,
But as a meanes to rob, or to oppresse
The poorer sort: and he that wrong sustaines
Is sure of more, if he for right complaines.
Search thou their streets, their Markets, & their Courts;
Note where the greatest multitude resorts,
And if thou finde a man among them, there,
That hath of Truth or Iudgements any care,
Him let thine Angell save. But thou shalt see
That nothing else from heele to head they be,
But swellings, wounds, and sores: that they are wholly
Oregrowne with leprosy of noysome folly;
And that, among them, there abideth none,
Whose path is right and perfect, no not one.*

*Their studies, are in cheating trickes, and shifts.
Their practice, is to compass bribes, and gifts.
Their silver is but drops. Their wine impure.
Their finest gold, will not the touch endure.
The poore oppresse the poore. The Childe assumes
An Elders place. The basest Groome presumes
Before the Noble. Women take on them
Mens habits, and subjection doe contemne.
Men grow effeminate. Age dotes, Youth raves,
The begger's proud. The rich man, basely craves.
The neighbour of his neighbour goes in danger;
The brother to the brother growes a stranger.*

There

*There is no kin, but Coufnage. Few professe
 Affection, Amity, or Friendlineffe,
 But to deceive. If men each other greet,
 With shewes of wondrous friendship, when they meet,
 They doe but practise kindly to betray;
 And jeere, and scoffe, when they depart away:
 They labour, and they study, lyes to make:
 To grow more wicked, serious paines they take:
 Wolves are as mercifull: Their Dogs as holy:
 Vertue, they count a Foole: Religion, folly:
 Their Lawes are but their nets, and ginses, to take
 Those whom they hate, and seeke their prey to make:
 The patronage of Truth, none standeth for:
 The way of Piety, they doe abhor:
 They meet unseene, the harmlesse to deceive:
 They hatch the Cocatrice: They sloely weave
 The Spiders web; and, when in bed they are,
 They lye and study plots of mischief there.*

*And, why thus fares it? but, because they see
 That (how unjust so'e're their Courtes be)
 They prosper in their wickednesse, and thrive,
 Whilst they who honor thee afflicted live.
 If any man reprove their damned way,
 They persecute, and slander him, and say;
 Come, let us smite him with our tongue, that he,
 And his reproofes, may unregarded be.
 They desprately resolve a wicked Course;
 And, ev'ry day proceed from bad, to worse.
 Themselves they sooth in evill: and professe
 In publike manner, Trades of wickednesse.
 They impudently boast of their Transgressions,
 And madly, glory in their great Oppressions.
 Yea, some so farre have over-gone the Devils
 In shamelesnesse, that they make bragge of evils*

Which

*Which they committed not (as if they fear'd
That else they had not lewd enough appear'd)
Whereas, they from themselves would strive to flie,
If they could see their owne deformity.*

*For, what remaineth to be termed ill
Which they are guiltlesse of, in act, or will?
They, gall unto the hungry prosper'd have:
They, vineger unto the thirstie gave:
With brutish fiercenesse they themselves aray:
Unsatisfied in their lust are they;
And neither earth nor heav'n escapes the wrongs
Of their injurious and blasphemous tongues.
With ev'ry member, they dishonor Thee,
No part of them from wickednesse is free:
Their Eyes, are wandring after vanitie,
And leere about, advantages to spye.
Their Eares are deafe to goodnesse; but most prone
To heare a slander told of any one:
And have an itching after ev'ry thing,
Which, newes of sensualitie, may bring.
Their brazen Foreheads, without shame appeare:
Their Teeth are sharper then a sword or speare:
Their Lips, as keenly cut, as Razors doe;
And, under them, is Adders poison too.
Their Mouthes with bitter cursings, over-flow:
Their oily Tongues, contention daily sow:
In Heart, they Falshood before Truth, preferre:
Their Throats, are like a gaping Sepulcher:
Foule belchings from their Stomacks doe arise,
Ev'n filthie speeches, and ranke blasphemies.
Their Hands (their right hands) lawlesse gifts receive:
With Bribes, their Fingers, they defiled have.
Their Feet, are swift in executing ill,
And, run the blood of innocents to spill.*

They

*They are corrupt in ev'ry Facultie ;
In Vnderstanding, Will, and Memorie ;
Yea, their most specious works of pietie
Are little else, but meere hypocrisie.*

*All stain'd with Murthers, Thefts, Adulteries,
And other unrepented Villanies
Thy House they enter, as if they were cleare,
Or, thither came, but to out-brave thee there.
There, they display their pride : there, they contemne
Thy Messengers ; or, sit and censure them.
There, they disturbe thy Children in their pray'rs,
By tatling of impertinent affaires.
The many roving lookes, they throw about,
Doe prove them, far more wanton, than devout.
And, say, they bring devotion for a fit :
Alas ! what pleasure canst thou take in it ?
Or, what doe they but mocke thee, when they pray,
Vnlesse their wickednesse they cast away ?
What profits it, to kneele sometime an houre ?
To fast a day ? to look demure, or soure ?
To raise the hands aloft ? the brest to strike ?
To shake the head, or hang it Bulrush like ?
And, all that while to have no thought of thee ;
But on base projects, musing, there, to be ?*

*I many such enormities might name,
Wherein this People have beene much to blame.
And, shall they still, thy gentlenesse contemne ?
Wilt thou forbear, for this, to punish them ?
Shall such devotion be regarded more,
Then if they brought the hyring of a whore ?
Or sacrific'd a Dog ? Nay, though they had
Of farre fet Calamus an Offering made,
Or, incense brought from Sheba ; doe they think
The smoke of that, shall take away the stink*

Of

*Of their corruption? shall this wicked Throng,
 (Who partners are in ev'rie kind of wrong,
 And Reformation hate) still spared be
 Because they can a little prate of thee?
 Make zealous outward shewes; and preach thy word,
 Whose pow'r they have deny'd? (if not abhorr'd.)*

*Let me consume them rather. For, Compassion
 So often hath prevailed for this Nation,
 That, all my threatnings are no whit regarded,
 Thy Pittie is with disrespect rewarded;
 Thy Blowes doe nothing soften them: but, more
 Hard hearted, rather, make them then before.
 They neither know nor seeke thee. They scarce daigne
 So much as thoughts of thee to entertaine.
 Or if they doe; yet, thou in kindnesse, hast
 So frequently, their errors over past
 With gentle stripes; that they conjecture, now
 That thou art like to them, and dost allow
 Their wicked courses. For, Is there (say they)
 In God, or sight, or knowledge of our way?
 Doth he behold? or care what things we doe?
 Will he take vengeance? Tush, it is not so.
 Such fables were devis'd in times of old,
 And of strange judgements, stories have beene told;
 But, who hath seene them? or, when will appeare
 That Day of Doome, whereof so oft we heare?
 Sure never. For the world doth still remaine
 The same it was; and these are feares in vaine.*

*Oh! what will this increase unto, if thus
 Thou suffer them to make a scorne of us?
 Where is thy feare, if thou a Master be?
 Why, (if a God) should they not honour thee?
 What meanes thy long long-suffring? and, what way
 To worke amendment wilt thou next assay?*

Thou

*Thou hast already mov'd them to repent,
 By Threats, Gifts, Precepts, and by Punishment.
 To stop their wickednesse, thou Flouds, and Drought,
 Frosts, Fires, and Tempests, hast upon them brought.
 Distempers, Frights, and (many times of late)
 Distrusts, and hazzards of the publike State.
 With ev'ry kind of Sicknesse, thou hast try'd them ;
 With Pestilence, and Famine, mortisf'd them :
 With Slaughters thou hast foild them ; and betwixt
 Each Plague, thou Mercy still hast intermixt ;
 Yet, all in vaine. Oh ! rise, and suffer me
 On all at once avenged now to be.
 Plucke from thy bosome, thy fure striking-hand,
 And, let it fall so heavy on that Land,
 That, all their Follies may their merit have,
 And, they be put to silence in the grave.*

*Permit them not unplagued to persevere,
 Blaspheming thus, thy Name and thee for ever.
 But, let me ev'ry Plague upon them cast,
 Which thou, for such as they, prepared hast.
 Let them perceive, that they have lov'd and served
 Those gods, by whom they cannot be preserved.
 Let me transport from their polluted Coast,
 Those Holy-things, whereof they vainly boast :
 And, let not their prophanenesse be protected
 By that, which they so much have disrespected.*

*For, why shouldst thou forbear this people more
 Than many other Nations heretofore ?
 Since they for their example those have had
 The lesse excusable their faults are made.
 Yea, though their wickednesse were but the same,
 Yet, they are worthy of a greater blame.*

*What are they better then the stubborne Iewes ?
 Wherein, doe they thy blessings lesse abuse ?*

What

*What have their Temples, of more worth in them
Then, Shilo, Bethel, or Ierufalem,
That we should spare their many steepled Towres,
Not rather making them the Neasts, and Bowres
Of noysome Vermine, and such fatal Fowles,
As croking Ravens, and loud screeching Owles?
Why shouldst thou not, as low this Ile decline,
As Milke and Hony-flowing Palestine?
What have they more deserved of thy pittie
Then Sion, thy so much beloved Citty?
Or, wherefore should their Seed be thought upon
More kindly, then the bratts of Babylon?
Why should their Common wealth, more prized be,
Then those great Monarchies destroy'd by me
In former ages, whose transcendent Fate,
Each Time succeeding, hath admired at?
Yea, since the World thou didst for sinning, drowne,
Why should such mercy to this Land be shown?*

*If thou a pious King to them hast given,
What loseth he, if thou from thence to Heav'n
Translate him shalt? From earthly Crownes, to weare
Those wreathes of Glory that immortall are?
And from a froward People, to have place
With Angells, and there triumph in thy grace?
If any man be found observing thee,
To him what discontentment can it be
To view my hand prevailing over those
Who me in my proceedings did oppose?
And see those Tyrants ruin'd, who have long
Committed violence, and offred wrong
To him, and his? what harme hath he I pray,
To passe through all that sorrow in one day,
And in thy blessed presence to appeare,
Who else might here have lingred many a yeare?*

Of

*Of what can he complaine, if being borne
Above the reach of ev'ry future scorne,
Within thy heav'nly Mansion, he possesse
A perfect, and an endlesse happinesse?*

*Why may not I V S T I C E glorifie thy Name,
As well as M E R C Y can extoll the same?
Why should thy former favours, being lost,
Oblige thee to defray a future cost
On Prodigals, and Vnthrifts, who had rather
Live Swineherds, than returne to thee their Father?
Why may not that reproach diverted be,
Which irreligious men will cast on thee
Although thou spare not hypocrites; and them
Who are the causers that thy Foes blaspheme?
What disadvantage can their fall effect
To thy pure honour? or, to thine elect,
Which may not be prevented (if thou please)
Although thou be not mercifull to these?*

*Sure, none at all: and, therefore, I will stay
My hand no longer; but breake off delay.
Thy Sword and Ballance, are with me in trust;
To punish Sin, I know it to be just;
They both arraigned, and condemned are;
My warrants, in thy written Word appeare:
Their crimes, for Vengeance, loudly crying be:
Thy Iudgements, ready mustred are, by thee:
Thine eye doth speake unto me to be gone;
And, loe; I flye to see thy pleasure done.*

*As when a Mother on a sudden hearing
Her babe to shrieke, (and some disaster fearing
That may befall the childe) starts up and flies
To see the reason of her Infants cries:
So quick, was I V S T I C E; & e're now, had brought
Her work, to something; and, this Land, to nought.*
But

But, to prevent her purpose, *M E R C I E* cast
 Her arme about that angry *Virgins* waste ;
 Look'd sadly on her ; hung about her ; kist her,
 And (weeping in her bosome) said, *Sweet Sister*,
I pray thee, doe not thus impatient grow,
Nor prosecute deserved Vengeance, so.
Thou art most beautifull ; sincerely just ;
Most perfectly upright in all thou dost ;
For which thine excellency, and perfection,
I love thee with an excellent affection.
And though thou frownest ; yet thy frownings be
So lovely, that I cannot part from thee.

What though some Worldlings offer thee disgraces,
Shall they (Sweet heart) make loathed my embraces ?
Shall thou, and I, (who nearer are then twinnes)
Fall out, or be divorced by their sinnes ?
Oh never let it said, or mutt' red be,
That we in any thing can disagree. °
For what's more lovely, or more sweet then this,
That we each other may embrace and kisse ?
And by our mutuall workings, and agreeings,
Bring all Gods Creatures to their perfect beings.

Beleeve me (Deare) Heav'n doth not comprehend
That pleasure, which this pleasure doth transcend :
Nor is our Father better pleas'd in us,
Then when he sees our armes entwined, thus.
For should we jarre, the world would be undone,
And Heav'n, and Earth, into a Chaos runne.
What profit can it bring, or what content,
To see a Kingdome miserably rent,
With manifold afflictions ? what great good
To us redoundeth by the death, or blood
Of any man ? what honour can we have ?
What praise, from those that in the silent grave

D

Lie

*Lye raked up in ruines dead and rotten ?
Or in the Land where all things are forgotten ?
Seeke not thy Glory by their Overthrow,
That are pursued by too strong a Foe,
And over-match'd already ; thinke upon
The pow'rfull hate of that malicious One.
Remember they were framed of the dust ;
And that to Clay againe returne they must.
When they are dead they passe away for ever,
Ev'n as that vapour which returneth never.
Oh ; make them not the Butt of thy displeasure,
Nor Give them of Gods wrath the fullest measure.
I grant this Realme is sinfull ; But, what hath
That Realme, or people equalling thy wrath ?
T'is honourable, when we stoope below
Our selves ; that love or favour we may show ;
Or to correct, with purpose to amend :
But if with such we Foe-like should contend,
It would appeare, as if some Empery
Did arme it selfe, to combat with a Fly.
When we correction, or forgivenesse daigne,
We may correct them, or forgive againe :
But in destroying quite, our selves we wound,
And to our Infinitenesse, set a bound ;
For IVSTICE neither MERCY can have place,
In subjects, which we totally deface.
We must not seeke for purity divine
In dust and ashes ; till we first refine
From earthly drosse the gold that we desire,
By using of the Bellowes and the Fire.
For till we purge it, what (alas) is good,
Or what can holy be in Flesh and Blood ?
Who looks that Figs on Thistles should be borne,
Or that sweet Grapes should grow upon a Thorne ?*

It

*It cannot be. As therefore heretofore
God promised, (that he would never more
Contend with man) let us resolve the same ;
And by some other meanes, their wildenesse tame.*

*Keepe, yet a while, this Army where it is ;
And let us try to mend what is amisse,
(As erst we did) by sending jointly thither,
Our Favours, and Corrections, both together :
And if they profit not, there is a Day
In which thine Indignation shall have way.*

*As when a Father, who, in heat of wrath
To give a son correction purpos'd hath,
Enraged is, untill his lovely wife
Doth interpose her selfe with friendly strife ;
But (pleased in the sweetnesse of her speech,
Who to forgive the Child doth him beseech)
Doth lay aside his whole displeasure, then,
And turne his anger into smiles agen ;
So, I V S T I C E was by M E R C Y wrought upon :
And she that would with so much haste be gone,
Forgot her speed ; Her louing Sister ey'd
With calmer lookes ; and thus to her reply'd.*

*Thou, and thy charmings have prevail'd upon me,
And to abate mine anger thou hast wonne me.
I therefore will not cast my plagues on all,
But on worst Livers, onely, let them fall.
Nay, nay, quoth M E R C I E, thou must favour show
To most of them, or thou wilt overthrow
The lawes of Destiny ; and crost will be
What God did from eternity decree.
For, some of these have not fulfilled yet
Their sinnes, nor made their number up complete.
Some, that are wandring in the wayes of folly,
Shall be regenerated, and made holy.*

D 2

Some

*Of them some have morality, that may
Be helpfull to Gods children, in their way ;
Some, must be left, as were the Cana'nites,
To exercise the faithfull Isr'elites ;
Yea some, have in their loynes a generation
Vnborne, which must make up the blessed Nation.
And till that seed bud forth, those trees must stand,
Although they grow but to annoy the Land.*

*It seemes (quoth I V S T I C E) I must then abide,
(However they offend) unsatisfi'd.
Unsatisfi'd (said M E R C I E) Is it that,
Sweet Sister which your zeale hath aimed at ?
Then, looke you there. And with that word, her eye
She plac'd on him, who sits in Majesty,
At Gods right hand. Behold that Lambe (quoth she)
By him thou fully satisfi'd shalt be.
He poore was made, that he their debt might pay ;
He base became, to take their shame away ;
He entred bond, their freedome to procure ;
He dangers try'd, their safeties to assure ;
He scorned was, their honor to advance ;
He seem'd a foole, to helpe their ignorance ;
He sin was made, their errors to conceale ;
He wounded was, that he their wounds might heale ;
He thirsted, that their thirst might have an end ;
He wept, that joy their sorrow might attend ;
He lost his blood, that they their blood might save ;
He dy'd, that they eternall life might have.
Nor canst thou any for their sins condemne,
(Since he hath over-paid the price for them)
If by partic'lar faith they shall apply
That pardon, which he granteth gen'rally.
And lest to that whole Kingdome thou deny it,
For want of application, I apply it.*

Why

*V*Why then (said *I V S T I C E*) *I* may quite difmiffe
This boast of Plagues which here affembled is.
*N*ot so, replied *M E R C I E*: *F*or no curse
*I*s greater, nor is any mischief worfe
*T*hen want of due correction: *A*nd if *ʒ*
*S*hould yeeld to that, it were not Clemency,
*B*ut cruell dealing; and my love no other
*T*hen is the kindnesse of that cockring mother,
*W*ho spares the rod (out of her pure affection)
*A*nd sends unto the Gallowes for correction:
*A*s if she thought her children apt for learning,
*I*f they could take a hanging for a warning.

I seeme to crosse thy workings, and thou mine,
*T*o those that neither know my wayes, nor thine:
*B*ut, as the motions in a Clocke doe tend
*A*nd move together to one purpos'd end,
*A*lthough their wheelles contrary courses goe,
*A*nd force the even ballance to and fro.
*E*v'n so, although it may to some appeare,
*T*hat our proceedings much repugnant are;
*Y*et in our disagreecings, we agree,
*A*nd helpfull to our chiefe designe they be.

We therefore, from Gods Army will select
*O*ne Regiment, this people to correct.
*N*ot his that is the Generall: for, he
*R*esisteth us if he prevailing be.
*N*or Famine; *F*or, (unlesse permit we shall
*T*hat she devoure, untill we starve up all)
*S*he most unequally consumes the poore,
*A*nd makes the rich to be enriched more.
*N*or will we send the Sword; for, that makes way
*F*or ev'ry plague to follow; yea, doth lay
*A*ll open to confusion; and bestowes
*T*he pow'r of God oft times upon his foes.

D 3

But

*But, we to punish them, will send from hence,
The dreadfull, and impartiall PESTILENCE.
For, she doth neither Rich, nor Poore preferre;
The foolish, and the wise, are one to her:
Nor eloquence, nor beauty, nor complexion,
Prevailes with her; Nor Hatred, nor Affection.
She seizeth All alike; she visiteth
The Palace, as the Cottage; and with death,
Or else with sicknesse, strikes at each degree,
Vnlesse our Superfedeas, granted be.*

*By meanes of her, in any State, or City,
Thou maist avenge, and I may show my pittie
With little noise; and both at once, fulfill
Our wishes, and accomplish all our will.
For, where a noysome weed is seene to sprout,
She shall, at thy appointment, weed it out.
Or if a plant, or bud, or flow'r we see,
That's ripe for Heav'n, and may impaired be
By standing longer; we the same will gather;
To make a precious Posie for our Father.
And, as thou hast thy purpose, by their fall.
Or smart, whom she or wound, or slaughter shall:
Right so have I: For, if they wicked are
Whom she removes; the better shall they fare,
Whose Conversations truly honest be;
And from oppression live the longer free.
If righteous men this Judgements prey become,
It is appointed to secure them from
Some greater Plague, which must (perhaps) be sent
To scourge this Kingdome, ere it will repent;
Or (peradventure) that my hand may take them
From Earth, the Citizens of Heav'n to make them:
And some, who never else on God had thought,
Shall, (by her whip) unto his love be brought.*

This

This pleased well, and *IUSTICE* did agree
 With *MERCY*, that it should allowed be:
 And, for the swift fulfilling of their minde,
 The *PESTILENCE*, by warrant, was assign'd
Great Brittan to invade; and limited
 Where to begin the *Plague*; how far to spread;
 How many she should wound; how many slay;
 How many grieve; how many fright away;
 How long abide; and when her terme was done,
 On what conditions (then) she must be gone.
 Moreover left her stroke should not amend us,
 Gods *Hoast of Plagues* had warrant to attend us;
 That if the *Pestilence* could not prevaile,
 Another might our wicked Land assaile;
 And then another, till we did repent,
 Or were consumed in our chastisement.

The *Prince of Darknes*, (though he could not gaine
 Permission, fully to unloose his Chaine)
 His usuall pow'r obtain'd to worke despite
 On some offenders, and to use the sleight
 Of Lying-wonders: or by strong temptation
 To feize upon the Sonnes of *Reprobation*:
 Yea many times to buffet (for correction)
 Ev'n those that have the seales of *Gods election*.

Dearth was commanded, that (to make us feare
 A *Scarcenefse*) she should scatter here, and there,
 A *Floud*, or *Tempest*; and at sometime bring
 A *droughty Summer*, or a *frosty Spring*,
 Or *Mel-dewes*, to remember us, from whom
 The blessings of a plenteous yeare doe come.

Warre, (who had quite forgotten us almost)
 Injoyned was to sit upon our *Coast*;
 To saile about our *Shore*, to view our *Forts*,
 To visit all our *Havens*, and our *Ports*:

D 4

And

And with her dreadfull sounds, to rouze and keepe
This Kingdome, from *securities* dead sleepe.
But was commanded, not to feize a hoofe
Of what was our till God hath made a prooffe
How mollifi'd our stony hearts will be ;
What fruits of true repentance he shall see ;
What change will be effected in this Land,
By his correcting us with his owne hand ;
And what oblations of true thanks and love,
We render will upon this *Plague* remove.

Wherein, if we doe faile his expectation,
We shall be made a miserable *Nation*.
The *Sea* that now doth close us, like a wall,
Shall be a Sea of terror ; and it shall
Let in our foes upon us, or which flouds
O're-flow our borders, and devoure our goods.
Our wealthy *Traffiques*, and that forraine Trade,
(Whereby so proud, and wanton we are made)
Cut off shall be, and faile in ev'ry Coast.
Our num'rous *Fleets* (whereof so much we boast,
(And, in whose pow'r and multitude, I feare
Our trust, and hopes too much repofed are)
By Stormes, and Piracies, that shall pursue them,
Or want of meanes, and trading to renew them,
Shall waste away unheeded ; till we see
Our harmes beyond our meanes of curing be.
Our *Houses* shall by strangers be possessed ;
Our goodly *Temples*, which, (as yet) are blessed
With Gods true worship, shall be raz'd, or burned,
Or into dennes of theevery be turned.
Throughout those champain fields, & Forrests, where
We hunted for our pleasure ; we by Feare
Shall hunted be : and made a prey for them
Whom we (perhaps) did most of all contemne.

Our

Our *People*, (on whose numbers we presume)
 Shall by degrees be less'n'd, and consume.
 Our *Nation* (late renowned through the World)
 Shall be unvalu'd, as old rubbish, hurl'd
 In some by-corner, and quite round about us
 Our Foes, our Neighbors, & our Friends shal flout us.
 Our *Peace*, shall make us but effeminate.
 Our *Riches*, and our plentiful estate,
 Shall but enrich our enemies ; and we
 (That of our *King* so glad, and hopefull be)
 Shall (for our sinnes, perchance) be quite deprived
 Of those great comforts, which we have conceived
 For, either God may give an ill successe
 To his best Counsells, for our frowardnesse ;
 Or leave us some distrustings in our heart,
 To make us censure in an evill part
 His gracious purposes ; or give a pow'r
 To some ill-willers of his peace, and our,
 To sow the seeds of Discord, and divide
 Our hearts, which now so lovingly are ty'd :
 Or let some *Politician* worke upon
 His Goodnesse ; and so cunningly goe on,
 That he shall never finde, how he, and his
 Are injured, till all things are amisse :
Which God forbid ; yea, grant (O Lord) that I
In these surposals may not prophecie ;
As (out of doubt I shall) if any sin
(That may procure it) we continue in.

Yea, though our *Projects* may a while possesse
 Our hearts with flatt'ring hopes of good successe ;
 Though in affaires of *VVarre*, and in our *Fights*
 We thrive a while, as did the *Benjamites* ;
 Although a league with *Baalam* we began ;
 And *Berodach* the sonne of *Baladan*

D 5

Had

Had sent us presents ; and though he shall seeme
 To have our health and welfare in esteeme ;
 Though to his *Lords* the treasures we declare,
 Which in Gods *Temple* here among us are :
 Yea, though we gave those *holy things*, to buy
 His love, and *Babylonish* amity :
 It should but linger us along, till they
 (Who seeke our overthrow) their snares doe lay ;
 Vntill they have enlarg'd their growing pow'rs,
 And by their *Policy*, befooled ours ;
 Or, till our finnes, or our securities
 Have made us objects for their Tyrannies,
 And, there enthrall'd us, where long since were hung
 On willow trees, untuned, and unstrung,
 The Harpes of *Syon* ; and where Men contemne
 The heav'nly Sonnets of *Ierusalem*.

Ev'n this shall be our lot, and worfe then this
 If we continue still to doe amisse,
 Or bring not forth the fruits of Penitence,
 When God hath scourg'd us by the *Pestilence*.
 But, if that stirre us to repenting shall,
 He will not onely back againe recall
 That raging *Plague*, to which he gave such pow'r
 Within our peopled Cities to devoure :
 But, he will also on this *Realme* bestow
 New benefits, for entertaining so,
 With lowlineffe, his fatherly correction ;
 And yeelding him our filial affection.

Then, ev'ry one beneath his Vine shall sit
 Without disturbance ; and with pleasure eate
 The profit of his labors. Men shall goe
 In safety through the Kingdome, to, and fro.
 Their Land they shall enjoy in peace ; and weare
 The warmest fleeces, that their flockes do beare.

No

No fannes of *Belial*, shall from them divert
 Their *Princes* favour (in the smallest part)
 Nor shall Seditions Lovers draw from him
 Their loyalties, by misinforming them ;
 But God that blessed *union* shall maintaine,
 Which ought 'twixt *King* and *People* to remaine.

He, then, will multiply the fruits encrease ;
 Preserve our plenty, sanctifie our peace :
 And guide by Land and Sea, our preparations
 Of lawfull *warre*, to seize upon those *Nations*
 That are our foes, and his. Which, that He may
 Vouchsafe unto us ; let us ev'ry day
 Produce of thankfulness some new effect :
 Let us observe (with ev'ry due respect)
 The progresse of that *Plague* sent lately hither ;
 How *CLEMENCY* & *JUSTICE* came together ;
 Relating to each other what we saw
 To kindle love, or keepe our soules in awe ;
 And so record it, that (should we be rotten)
 It may be still preserved unforgotten.
 For, that we might his honour forth declare,
 We both created, and preserved were.
 To such a purpose, I doe thus employ
 That scorned Faculty, which I enjoy ;
 And (for the compassing of my intention)
 Have off'red up the best of my invention ;
 And what that is (to those, who doe regard
 Such paines) the following *Canto*es have declar'd.

*Behold (O Lord) my purposes from heav'n ;
 Accept of me the gift that thou hast given.
 Permit not those, who spite or malice me,
 To interrupt my Muse in praising thee.
 Let none of those, who finde that I neglect
 The way to wealth, which they too much affect,*

Conceive

*Conceive, that I my Time have spent in vaine,
 Because their Studies yeeld them greater gaine;
 Let them perceive, though this endeavour brings
 Nor Riches, Honours, nor esteeme of Kings;
 But rather wafts my Fortunes, and doth more
 Increase my charge, and troubles, then before;
 Let them (I say) conceive, and also know
 That I am highly pleas'd, it should be so;
 And would not change the blessing of my Fate
 With those, whom they doe hold more fortunate.
 And let not that, which I have here comprised,
 Become (through my unworthinesse) despised;
 But grant it such a moderate respect,
 That I may see my labours take effect
 For their encouragements, who shall apply
 To such good ends, their gift of Poësie;
 And let all those, who shall peruse my Story,
 Receive some profit, and give thee, the glory.*

The second Canto.

*Our Muse defends her lowly stile;
 And (having shrowne aside a while)
 Tells, how the Plague first entred here;
 What meanes to stay it practis'd were.
 Some vulgar Tenets are disputed;
 Some rectified, some refuted.*

*She from the Nature, and the Cause,
 Of that Disease, conclusions drawes;
 Declareth how it runnes and creepes,
 And what uncertaine paths it keepes:
 How long strict orders usefull stood;*

The

*The fruit of Christian neighbourhood ;
And many other things, betwixt
These mentiond, are intermixt.*

*She sheweth (also) meanes assured
By which, this mischief may be cured ;
How to apply that meanes ; how those
Who use it, should themselves compose ;
How violent the Plague did grow ;
Who from it might, or might not goe ;
How much t'was feared ; how men fled ;
How ill, in flying, many sped ;
And lastly (as occasion moves)
She grieves, she counsells, and reproveth.*

L Et no fantastique *Reader* now condemne
Our homely *Muse*, for stooping unto them,
In plaine expressions, and in words, that show
We love not, in affected paths, to goe.
For, to be understood, is language used ;
And speech to other ends as much abused.
Lines, therefore, over-darke, or over-trimm'd,
Are like a *Picture* with a Visour limm'd ;
Or like *Pomanders* of a curious sent,
Within a painted Box that hath no vent ;
Or like *Peach-kernels*, which, (to get them forth)
Require more cracking, then the fruit is worth.
Let no man guesse, my *Measures* framed be,
That wiser men, my little wit may see ;
Or that I doe not hold the matter good,
Which is not more admir'd then understood :
For, chiefly, such a *Subject* I desire,
And such a plaine *Expression*, to acquire,
That ev'ry one my meaning may discern ;
And they be taught, that have most need to learne.

It

It is the usefull matter of my Rimes
Shall make them live. Words alter as the Times :
And sooneſt their fantaſtique Rhetoriques,
Who trim their *Poefies* with ſchooleboy-tricks.
That, which this age affects, as grave, and wiſe,
The following generation may deſpiſe.
Greenes phraſe, and *Lillie's* language were in faſhion,
And had among the wits much commendation ;
But now, another garbe of ſpeech, with us
Is priſ'd ; and theirs is thought ridiculous ;
As ours (perchance) will be, whē Time (who changeth
Things changeable) the preſent phraſe eſtrangeth.

Let no man therefore dreame, I will beſtow
My precious Time in what will vary ſo ;
Since that, which, with moſt eaſe I ſhall produce,
May have (for ought I know) the longeſt uſe.
Let no man thinke, I'lle racke my memory
For pen-and-inkehorne-termes, to finiſhe
My blunt invention ; trimming it, as they
Who make rich clothes but for Saint *George* his day ;
When they may better cheape a ſuite provide,
To fit that feaſt, and many dayes beſide.

Nor let unlearned *Cenſurers* ſuppoſe
Our *Muſe* a courſe unwarrantable goes,
In framing *Objects representative*,
Which may imprint, or in the ſoule revive,
True feelings of that wrath or love, which we
In God almighty, by Faiths eyes doe ſee.
For, though his holy *Spirit*, when he will,
Can eaſily the ſoules of mortals fill
With heav'nly knowledges, by wayes unſeene ;
Yet, he himſelfe hath ſometime pleaſed beene
By outward objects to employ the ſenſes,
In reaching to the ſoule, ſome excellencies

Con-

Conceal'd before. Yea, many times he suites
His Deity in our poore attributes ;
And (that our weaknesse he may work upon)
Our usuall speech, and passions, he puts on.

If so ; then we, that have no other way
Our hidden apprehensions to conuey
From Man to Man, but by the quaint creation
Of some *Ideaes* in our contemplation ;
That so the senses may become inclin'd
To give some information to the mind :
Then we (I say) whose fluid memories
Would else let goe our ayrie fantasies,
May such a liberty with warrant use.
And I (no doubt) my selfe may well excuse,
If other while things bodileffe I cloath
With mortall bodies ; and doe give them both
Our speeches, and our gestures. For, by this,
A dull affection often quickned is.
Nor thus to doe, are *Poets* onely moved
But, these are straines *Prophetically*, approved.

To say, that God is angry ; or that he
Will of our wickednesse avenged be ;
Moves little : but, to paint his fury, so
That Men the dreadfulnesse thereof may know,
As if they saw it : or his love to make
So pleading of our cause, as if it spake
(Within our hearing) with such earnestnesse,
As friends would plead for friends in their distresse ;
Doth much incite the *Reader* to attention,
And rouseth up the dullest apprehension.

Me thinks, I doe, (as with mine eye) behold
The reall sight of all that I have told :
Yea, that which I my selfe described here,
Doth touch mine heart with reverence, and feare.

I

I have perpetuall Visions of that rout
 Of *Plagues*, and *Judgements*, which doe rove about
 To punish us. And, from that dreadfull *hoast*
 I see (me thinkes) how to invade our Coast,
 The *Plague* march'd hither, like a *Regiment*
 That is for services of moment sent
 From some great *Armie*. And, when I can bend
 My troubled spirits truly to attend
 Gods *Judgements*, and his *Mercies*, as they goe
 Their daily progresse ; I can reach unto
 Much pleasing thoughts ; and oftentimes foresee,
 What his intents, and their events will be :
For, when Mans heart is filled with his Feare,
The secrets of the Lord to him appeare.

Oh ! what rich treasures doth my soule possesse,
 When I doe contemplate the blessednesse,
 The Wisedome, and the Way of God most high ?
 How farre above my selfe rais'd up am I ?
 How little want I, that the world can give ?
 What *heights* ascend I ? what huge *depths* I dive ?
 How much contemne I dangers here below ?
 How certaine of Gods favours can I grow ?
 And with what sweetnesse is my brest inspired,
 When (by the heat of *Contemplation* fired)
 I sit lock'd up within a lonely roome,
 Where nothing to disturbe my thoughts may come :
 And where may enter neither sight, nor Notion
 Of any thing, but what may stirre Devotion ?

Sure, were it not, that I am cloth'd about
 With flesh, that doth compell me to come out ;
 Or, knew I not the Christian Mans estate
 Extended further, then to contemplate ;
 Or saw not them unthankfully precise,
 Who Gods externall blessings quite despise ;

Or

Or fear'd I not, I never should have union
With God, unleſſe I were in ſome communion
Of *Saints* on earth ; whom I might ſharers make
Of thoſe ſweet thoughts of him, which I partake ;
Or, if I doubted not, I might with *Lot*,
Vpon the daughters of my braine begot,
Commit ſome ſpirituall inceſt, had I none
To ſpend the ſeed of my full *Soule* upon :
Or, if I found it not unnaturall,
To leape out of the world, till God did call ;
And that fantaſtique wayes of ſelfe-contenting
Are but the certaine paths to ſelfe-tormenting ;
If all theſe things I knew not ; I could bide
Shut up, until my fleſh were Mummy-fi'd ;
And (though the world ſhould woo me) would diſdain
(For ever) to uncloſe my doore againe.
For though (when I come forth) I loſe agen
My *Raptures* ; and have thoughts like other men ;
Be cauſe my nat'rall frailties, and the fog
Of earthly Vanities, my ſoule doth clog :
Yea, though I can as hardly keepe thoſe firings
Vnquench'd abroad, which are (in my retirings
Inflamed in me ;) as a naked Man
Retaine that heat upon a Mountaine can,
Which in a cloſe warme chamber he retaineth :
Yet (for my comfort) ſomewhat ſtill remaineth :
And in my recollections I poſſeſſe
More happineſſe, then I can well expreſſe.
I view contentments, which I cannot meaſure ;
I have ſome taſtings of immortall pleaſure ;
I glimmerings have of hidden *mysteries* ;
My ſoule on glorious things doth fix her eyes ;
And though ſome whited walls (who did attempt
To bring my *Muſe* and Me, unto contempt)

Endevor

Endeavour still (with shewes of Pietie)
 My best-approved paines to vilifie :
 I can with scorne of their base envy, raise
 My thoughts above their ignorant dispraise :
 And pittie their dull sottishnesse, who prize
 Their shadowes better, then realities.
 For I have search'd their folly, and espy'd
 That they have drown'd their wisdom in their pride ;
 Yea, by their partiall dealings, I now see
 They judge mens merits, as their titles be :
 And I have gotten those brave things in chafe,
 That shall advantage me, by my disgrace.

When, therefore, by my selfe I am enclosed,
 And for an heav'nly *rapture*, well disposed ;
 I doe not grudge mine enemies to spue
 Their slanders on my name ; or to pursue
 My labours with reproach ; nor prey to make
 On all my fortunes : But all well can take.
 I doe not then repine, although I see
 That Fooles ennobled, Knaves enriched be,
 And honest men unheeded : but I bide
 As pleased, as I am at *Whitfontide*,
 To see faire *Nymphs* in Country Townes rejected,
 And fluttish *Milkmaids* by the Clownes elected
 For *Ladies of the May*. And if I chance
 Where any of those *Hobby horses* prance ;
 I can in sport, or courtesie, bestow
 Those termes upon them, which I doe not owe.

For when on Contemplations wings I flye,
 I then o're looke the highest *Vanity*.
 I see how base those fooleries doe show,
 Which are admired, while I creepe below :
 And by the brightnesse of a two-fold light
 (Reflecting from Gods word to cleare my fight)

Faiths

Faiths objects to her eyes, much plainer are,
 Then those which to my outward sight appeare.
 My towring *Soule* is winged up, as if
 She over-flew the top of *Tenariffe*,
 Or some far higher Mountaine ; where we may
 All actions of this lower World survey.
 I am above the touch of malice borne ;
 I am beyond the reach of ev'ry scorne ;
 And could——But what mean I ? this seems a *strain*
 Impertinent. Sweet *Muse*, come downe againe ;
 Soare not so high. For in these lofty flights
 The Fooles below, doe thinke our *Eagles*, Kites.
 The world, to flout such *Raptures* now is prone ;
 I will enjoy them (therefore) all alone :
 Of their unhallow'd censuring take heed,
 And in my former purpose, thus proceed.

When (as you heard before) the *Court of Heav'n*
 Commission to the *Pestilence* had given
 To scourge our finnes, and signed her directions :
 She tooke vp all her boxes of *Infections*,
 Her *Carbuncles*, her *Sores*, her *Spots*, her *Blaines*,
 And ev'ry other thing which appertaines
 To her contagious practices ; and all
 Her followers she did about her call ;
 Appoint them to their places, and their times.
 Direct them to the Persons, and the Crimes
 They should correct, and how they should advance
 Her maine *Designement* in each circumstance.

Then, on she marched ; not as doth a Foe
 Proclaiming Warre, before he strikes the blow ;
 But like an Enemy, who doth surprise
 Vpon the first advantage he espies.
 For (passing through the streets of many a Towne
 Disguised like a *Fever*) she, (unknowne)

Stole

Stole into *London* ; and did lurke about
 The well fill'd Suburbs ; spreading there (no doubt)
 Infection unperceiv'd, in many a place
 Before the bleare-ey'd *Searchers*, knew her face ;
 And since they knew her, they have bribed beene
 A thousand times, to let her passe unseene.

But at the length, she was discover'd at
 A *Frenchmans* house without the *Bishopsgate*.
 To intimate (perhaps) that such as be
 Our spirituall *Watchmen*, should the more foresee
 That they with discipline made strong the *Ward*,
 Which God appointed hath for them to guard ;
 And chiefly, at this present, to have care,
 Left now, while we, and *France* united are
 In bodily commerce ; they bring unto us
 Those *Plagues* which may eternally undoe us.
 For, such like *Pestilences* soone begin ;
 And (ere we be aware) will enter in,
 Vnlesse our *Bishops*, both betimes, and late,
 Be diligent and watchfull at their *Gate*.

As soone, as e're the *Women-spyes* descry'd,
 This Foe about the City to reside ;
 There was a loud *All arme*. The Countymen
 Began to wish themselves at home agen.
 The *Citizens* were gen'rally appall'd ;
 The *Senators* themselves to Counsell call'd ;
 And all (who might advise in such a case)
 Asssembled in their Common meeting place ;
 Where, what discretion publicly was used ;
 What was admitted of, and what refused ;
 What policies, and stratagems invented ;
 That mischiefs, comming on, might be prevented,
 I cannot say : For I had never wit,
 Nor wealth enough, to sit in Counsell, yet.

But

But if to judge of things it lawfull were
 By their events; the propositions there
 Were such as these. Most thought the surest play
 To save their persons, was, to runne away;
 But lest some higher pow'r might then forbid it,
 They did not publish that, before they did it.
 Some urged, that the *Scavenger* should keepe
 The streets more cleane, and oft the channell sweep;
 Some thought it fit, (and these no harme did thinke)
 That ev'ry morning we should eate, and drinke.
 Some (to allay the heat) did hold it meet
 To sprinkle water often in the street.
 Some did a little further nat'rallize,
 And these unto the *Ayre* would sacrifice
 (In evening fires) pure Frankincense or Myrrhe,
 Sweet herbes, or odoriferous Iuniper;
 Or (for default of those) Pitch, Rosin, Tarre,
 And such perfumings as lesse costly are.
 For if the Héart and Liver of a Fish
 (Burnt by young *Tobit* in a Chafindish)
 A Spirit from his chamber could expell;
 They hoped these might purge ill ayres, as well.

Some others (not contented herewithall)
 Did into consultation also call
 The *Priests* of *Æsculapius*, and *Apollo*;
 And held it fit their grave advice to follow:
 Nor without cause. For, from the wise *Physitian*
 We best shall know this Enemies condition.
 And some there were of those, who did advise
 Not onely to assume those remedies
 Which Art prescrib'd; but also therewithall
 Observed what was Metaphysicall.
 Yea, some sincerely, and religiously
 Vpon the soules infection had an eye,

As

As well as on the bodies : and these went
 The surest way that sicknesse to prevent.
 But there were others, who derided these,
 And talked heath'nishly of this disease.
 They prated much of *Humours, Inclinations,*
Conjunctions, planetary Constellations ;
 Of nat'rall causes, unbeleev'd fictions ;
Impostures, Fables, and meere contradictions
 In that *Philosophy*, which they professe :
 VVhich fill'd mens mindes with much unfetlednesse.

Yet in their disagreeings, they agree'd
 On that which might their common profit breed.
 One had a rare *Perfume* of speciall note ;
 Another had a precious *Antidote*,
 VVhich at *Constantinople* had been tride
 VVhen there two thousand on a day have di'de.
 A third, preferr'd a *Mixture* in a bag,
 Of whose large vertues he did largely brag,
 And said, the same they doe in Plague times, weare
 At *Rome*, (and so I think when he was there.)
 A fourth, by *Diets*, safety did assure.
 A fifth, by *Drinkes*, the Pestilence would cure.
 A sixth of *Cordials*, and *Elixars* prates ;
 And some of *Treades*, and of *Mithridates*.

To offer up a portion of the blood
 (To save the rest) for some, it seem'd good.
 For other some to purge : for all to take
 Such meanes as might their purfes heavie make,
 They to the rich prescrib'd *Preservatives*
 On costly termes : and, to prolong the lives
 Of poorer men, their consciences abated
 The value much : For, health, to them was rated
 At some few handfuls of that herbe or grasse,
 Which to be gotten, for the gathering was.

This

This being knowne, the *Senators* dismisſe
 Thoſe men ; and by advice it ordered is,
 That ſome *Inſtructions* ſhall be publiſhed,
 To further what was gravely counſelled.
 Moreover, that their *diſcipline* might cary
 Some likenefſe to proceedings *military*,
 A band of *Halberts*, muſtred was, to guard
 The people from the *Plague*, in ev'ry *Ward*.
 And, if they found, by ſerious inquiſition,
 (Or, had but any probable ſuſpition)
 Where lodg'd it was (although but for a night)
 That *Hoſt*, exiled was from publike fight ;
 Cloſe priſ'ner him they kept both night and day,
 As one that elſe their Citie might betray.
 And, to compell that his unwelcome *Guest*
 Should keepe within ; his doore was *croſt*, and *bleſt* :
 And many *VVatchmen*, ſtrengthned by command,
 Did round about his dwelling, armed ſtand.

I doe not thus expreſſe, or mention this,
 As if I thought thoſe *Orders* were amiſſe :
 But, that I might, hereby, the better ſhow
 What miſeries, attended on this *Foe* ;
 And, that this *Malady*, on us did ceaze,
 With circumſtances, worſe then the *Difeaſe*.
 My *Muſe* inſpires not me ſo fooliſhly,
 That I all naturall cauſes doe deny.
 I doe not thinke, but to this *Peſtilence*,
 The *Conſtellations*, by their influence
 Might ſomewhat adde : and that corrupted *ayre*,
 Might helpe our healthy being to impaire.
 I hold that *Diets*, *Meats*, *Complexions*, *Paffions*,
 With ſuch as theſe, and all their *mitigations*,
 May helpe or hinder much in ſuch diſeaſes
 As we endeavor ſhall ; and as God pleaſes.

Nor

Nor doe I flout the wisedome, or the paine
 Of those who fought this mischiefe to restraine.
 Nor blame I their much diligence, or care ;
 But praise it ; and could wish it doubled were ;
 With some such observations, as would make
 Their practices, the more succeffe to take ;
 And that their naturall meanes had hallowed bin,
 With so much *Faith*, and penitence, for sin,
 As might have brought more workes of Piety,
 To sanctifie their outward *Policy*.

For, those dull *Naturalists*, who think, this *Foe*,
 Doth by meere nat'rall causes, come or goe,
 Are much deceiv'd. Yea, in their hearts, they say,
There is no God, how over gloze they may :
 And as their cogitations are unholy,
 So is their seeming wisedome, fottish folly.

They are the base *Conjunctions*, and *Aspects*
 Of *Sin*, that this our Climate, so infects ;
 And neither *Constellations*, nor the *Weather* :
 For, then we had beene pois'ned all together,
 By this *Contagion* ; and had breath'd the longer
 Or shorter while as nature had beene stronger,
 Or weaker in us Nothing had beene free,
 But birds and beasts had dy'd as well as we ;
 And this Disease had seiz'd on ev'ry Creature
 Or more or lesse, as it partakes our nature.

It was no noysome *Ayre*, no *Sewre*, or *Stinke*,
 Which brought this *Death*, as most among us thinke,
 For, then those places where ill smells abound,
 Had more infections at that time beene found,
 Then we perceive they were ; yea, this *Disease*,
 On ev'ry person delicate, would seize,
 Without exception. And where Savours ill
 Still bide, the *Plague* should there continue still :

For

Then, if they brought the same, they sure feed it,
And, keepe it alwayes there, as well as breed it.
Which *God forbid* ; and teach us to discern
His providence, and what thereby to learne.

Vaine thoughts have also they, who credit can
That, this *Infirmity*, at first, began,
By meanes of populoufnesse. For, were it so ;
Some Courts and Allies, many yeares agoe,
Had been infected : And, these places, where
Throng'd up together, greatest numbers are ;
From *Visitation*, had not free remained,
When open Streets, and Borroughs have complained.

And, let them not beleewe their fallacy,
Because great *Cities*, have most frequently,
This fearfull *Sicknesse*, or, afflicted be,
When little Townes and Villages, are free.
For, as there is in great and popular places,
More sin, and more abundance of Gods graces :
So, it is just, that thither should be sent
The greater measure of his Chastisement,
That so, their eminence, might shew abroad,
As well the *Iustice*, as the *Love* of God ;
Whose *Judgements* being laid on Townes obscure,
Might small respect, and lesse effect procure.

As ignorant as these, I reckon those,
Who this Disease, infectious doe suppose
To ev'ry one : and, them, who credit not
That *Sicknesse*, by infection may be got :
For, these opinions can have no defence ;
Since both will false be found, in common sense.

For, if we say, this *Plague* infects not any,
How commeth it, we daily see so many
Consum'd beneath one rooffe in little space ?
How comes it, that it creeps from place to place,

E

So

So orderly, as oftentimes we see,
 In some close Lane or Street? How may it be
 That twenty Villages (far distant from
 Infected places) tainted should become
 Within some few dayes after their arriving
 Who in contagious places had their living?
 None being there, before they came, infected,
 Nor any such disease neare-hand suspected?
 How comes all this, unlesse the *Maladie*,
 Hath in it selfe, as had the *Leprosie*,
 A spreading Nature, and envenom'd that
 Which of her poison can participate?

Beleeve it; as the *Violet*, or *Rose*,
 (With pure and pleasing sweetnesse) where it growes
 Perfumes the Aire, and sendeth Odours out,
 Which keepe a certaine distance there-about;
 And, more or lesse, affect the *Passers-by*,
 As they have more or lesse capacity
 In smelling them; Or, as the calmed aire,
 Is either, more or lesse, corrupt or faire:
 Right so, this *Plague*, ev'n naturally affects
 A space of Aire about it; and infects,
 (At such or such a distance) ev'ry one,
 As he hath weaknesse, to worke upon:
 Unlesse, that her malignitie be staid
 By naturall meanes, or powre Divine alaid.

And yet, a false Position make they shall
 Who thence infer, the *Plague* infecteth all,
 Who breathe her tainted Aire. For, how did they
 Escape it then, who long time, night and day
 In places of infection were detain'd?
 And in the bosome of this *Pest* remain'd,
 Ev'n where they often had their eares and eyes,
 Affronted, by the sad aspect, and cries,

Of

Of *Death* and Dying men? How scaped he
 That in the *Church*, obliged was to be
 Among infectious people; and to speake
 Till tired were his lungs; and spirits weake?
 Ev'n when the peoples, thronging, and their heat
 Did vapour up their breathings, and their sweat
 For him to swallow? What preserv'd the *Clarkes*,
 The *Sextons*, *Searchers*, *Keepers*, and those *Sharks*,
 The shamelesse *Bearers*? (who were nigh become,
 A rout too bad, to picke out hangmen, from?)

How scap't the *Surgeon*, that oft puts his head
 Within the steame of an Infectious bed,
 And, ev'ry day doth handle, fearch, and dresse,
 Those Biles, that over-flow with rottennesse?
 Or (which is more) how scapt those *Babes*, the *Pest*,
 That were not only weake, but suckt the brest
 Of Mothers deadly sicke, when they did weare
 Those noisome *Blaines*, that most infectious are?
 This often chanceth. Yea, this hath beene seene
 When on the very brest, the fore hath beene.
 Nay, I have heard (by credible relation)
 That neare to *Stratford-bow*, this *Visitation*,
 A little infant was preserv'd alive,
 Who suckt on the dying breasts of five.

How this may be I know not; If I shall
 Conclude with some, this *Plague* hath powre on al:
 Nor can I finde a reason how it flinted,
 Or how our totall ruine was prevented.
 For, when it was at height; and when appear'd,
 Most causes, that Infection should be fear'd;
 Then, no man was confined, as before:
 No *Bill*, or *Crosse*, was fixt on any doore;
 We visited the *Sicke*; we shunned neither
 The place nor person; but met all together.

E 2

Yet

Yet, then, and (let us marke it) not till then,
 This *Plague*, her fury did abate agen ;
 And constantly abate, though most refused
 To keepe such *Orders*, as at first were used,
 Which manifesteth well, that (howfoe're
 Malignant in it selfe, the *Pest* appeare)
 Gods hand restraines it ; many a man protecting
 Immediately : some, mediately directing
 To such, or such a meanes of preservation,
 That they might honour him in their salvation ;
 And, as he striketh some, that men might feare
 His *Iustice* : So, he other some doth spare,
 That they might love his *Mercies* ; and perceive
 That he can at his pleasure take, and leave.

For, if God saved none ; some *Atheists*, would not
 Make doubt, perhaps, to publish that he could not ;
 And, scarce one man would be so neighbourly,
 To helpe his brother in this malady.

Which Charity to further (and to shew
 How safely, men their *Callings* may pursue
 In ev'ry danger) we have had, this yeare,
 Of Gods great *Providence*, faire token, here.
 For, 'tis observ'd, that he hath few destroy'd
 Who were in this mortality employ'd
 About those *Offices*, which have to us
 (In common sence) appear'd most dangerous.

Few *Sextons*, and few *Surgeons* have miscari'd,
 Who in their callings at this want have tary'd.
 And of those *Market-folks*, who at our need
 Brought in provisions, this weake place to feed,
 I cannot heare of one, who did become
 Infected ; or, who brought infection home.
 Ev'n in that *Parish* where I did abide,
 (And where nigh halfe a thousand weekly dy'd)

Not

Not one of all that number perished,
That were the common *Bearers of the Dead*.
But, though from midnight, till the break of day,
They did infectious Carkasses convey
From sickly Dwellings, to those *Pits of Death*,
Which breathed out a most contagious breath,
With life and health, their service, God rewarded ;
Ev'n though the most of them nought else regarded,
But that base gaine which might their want supply,
Or feed them in some wicked vanity.

How then, can we, that of this favour heare,
From any lawful action flye through feare ?
Or doubt of Gods protection, when we make
A dangerous attempt, for conscience sake ?
And know, beside, that what we strive to do,
We are both called, and oblig'd unto ?

Moreover, since the latter sort here named,
Are (for the greater part) in life defamed ;
Such, who their needfull *Offices* abused ;
Such, who nor outward meanes, nor inward used ;
To keep their healths (but, grew the bolder in
The practices of ev'ry kind of sin)
Such, whom Gods *Judgements* stupified more,
And made far harder hearted, then before.
Since those (I say) of such condition were,
And yet preserved in their *Callings*, here :
For what good use I pray can we suppose
Those men were so preserved ; but that those
Who truly seeke Gods glory in their stay,
Might have the more assurance in their way ?
And know, that if to such God please to give
This mortall life, they shall much rather live ;
Or else (which is far better) if they dye,
Obtaine a life, with immortality.

E 3

Some

Some *Wifeman-wo ud-be*, now, perhaps, will prate
 That this is *Claphamnisme*: And, that the *State*
 (In her good policies to stop the breach
 Of this great *Plague*) is wrong'd by what I teach?
 But, rather they injurious are to me
 Who so affirme; and vaine their cavils be.
 For, though to shew the powre Divine the more,
 Our *Muse* declares, by what is gone before,
 That Gods owne hand, our *Citie* did preserve,
 When we scarce *Meanes*, or *Order*, did observe.
 Let no man gather thence, that we maintaine,
 All *Meanes*, or Civil *Orders* to be vaine.
 For, of selfe-murther that man guiltie dies,
 Who, meanes of health doth wilfully despise.
 Yea, doubtlesse, there belongs a curse to them,
 That orderly proceedings doe contemne.

And, whereas we our *Orders* did transgresse,
 It was necessitie, not wilfulnesse,
 That urged it; because, our common woe,
 Did farre beyond the powre of *Order*, goe.
 At rising of the *Floud* we made a *Bay*;
 But, at the height, it carri'd all away.
 In humane Policie, we saw no hope.
 But, as the stones and Timbers which doe stop
 A *Breach* at first; when all is drowned o're,
 Doe nothing else, but make the waters rore:
 So, when our Sicknesse, and our Poverty,
 Had greater wants than we could well supply,
 Strict *Orders* did but more enrage our griefe,
 And, hinder in accomplishing releefe.
 Had ev'ry house been lockt which we suppos'd
 To stand infected, few had beene unclos'd,
 Yea, our first *Orders* had we still observ'd,
 The healthie Households would not halfe have serv'd

To

To keepe the Sicke. And who should then have heeded
 Our private cares? Or got us what we needed?
 As long as from each other we refrain'd,
 We greater sorowes ev'ry day sustain'd:
 Yea, whilst for none, but for our selves we car'd,
 Our brethren perisht, and the worse we far'd.

This made us from our *Policies* appeale,
 And meete in *Love*, each others wounds to heale.
 This, made vs from our civill *Orders* flie,
 To make more practise of our *Charitie*.
 And hereunto, perhaps, compell'd were we,
 By meere necessitie, to let us see
 Experiments, of that unmatched good,
 Which floweth from a Christian *Neighbourhood*:
 And learne what publike, and what private ease
 It bringeth in a generall Disease:
 And how it may a *Common wealth* sustaine
 When carnall *Wisdome*, and *Selfe-love* are vaine.
 Or, we perchance from vulgar helps were driven,
 Lest Overmuch assurance might be given
 To outward meanes: Or, lest we us'd them so,
 As if Gods powre were chained thereunto.
 Or else, it was permitted, to declare
 That fruitlesse all our best endeavours are
 Without his blessing: That, no creatures have
 A Vertue to preserve till he will save:
 That, his immediate powre must countermand,
 When any *Plague* hath got an upper hand:
 And, that, such *Mercy* showne in such distresse,
 Might binde us to the greater thankfulness.

But, lest what here precedeth hath not showne
 My purpose fully; be it also knowne,
 That to restraine, or spurre the PESTILENCE,
 There is both supernat'ral *Providence*

E 4

And

And *Causes naturall*. The first of these
 Can worke without the later, if it please.
 The later cannot any thing effect,
 But, as the former shall the same direct.
 And, though in ev'ry sicknesse, thus it is,
 Yet, such hid properties are found in this,
 Such oppositions in the *Naturall Causes*,
 Such knots, and riddles; that it much amazes
 The naturall man: because he seldome findes
 (As he perceives in griefes of other kindes)
 The *Causes* and *Effects* agree together;
 For, there is much uncertainty in either.

On some, this *Plague* doth steale insensibly,
 Their muddy nature, stirring secretly
 To their destruction. Some, it striketh fo,
 As if a mortall hand had with a blow
 Arrested them; and on their flesh hath seene
 A palmes impreffion, to appearance, beene.

One man is faint, weake, sickly, full of feare,
 And drawes his breath where strongst infections are,
 Yet scapes with life. Another man is young,
 Light-hearted, healthy, stout, well-temper'd strong,
 And lives in wholesome ayre, yet gets a fit
 Of this *Land-Calenture*, and dies of it;
 Some are tormented by it, till we see
 Their veines and sinewes almost broken be,
 The very soule distracted, sense bereft,
 And scarce the smallest hope of scaping left,
 Yet soone recover. Other some, againe
 Fall suddenly; or feele so little paine
 When they are seized, that they breathlesse lye,
 E're any dying *Symptomes*, we espy.
 On some, an endlesse drowfinesse doth creepe:
 Some others, cannot get one winke of sleepe.

This

This, useth ev'ry day preservatives,
 Yet dies : another taketh none, yet lives.
 Ev'n thus vncertainly this *Sicknesse* playes ;
 Spares, wounds, and killeth, many sev'rall wayes.

From this experience, let us not conclude,
 As many doe among the multitude,
 Who misconceiving (to no small offence)
 The doctrine of *Eternall Providence*,
 (Who from the truth of sober knowledge wandering,
 And Gods *Decrees*, and *Justice* also flandering)
 Doe so necessitate the *Fate* of man,
 That, whatsoever he endeavour can,
 His paines is lost ; and that foredoom'd, he must
 At this or that set moment turne to dust :
 And that no industry, no innocence,
 No wilfull carelesnesse, or foule offence,
 Nor any humane actions helpfull be
 To life or death, but meerly Gods *Decree*.

Ev'n such there be. And, howsoever they
 Preach *Faith*, or *Workes*, in show, yet, they deny
 The pow'r of both ; and secretly maintaine,
 (By consequence at least) that meanes are vaine.
 For, they affirme that ev'ry thing men doe,
 They are by God predestinated to
 Before all worlds ; So, that our pow'r, or will,
 Affecteth ; nor effecteth good, or ill ;
 And that we are by doome inevitable
 In ev'ry kind of action made unable.

Which *Tenet*, seemeth rather to arise
 From those, who write of heathnish *Destinies*,
 Then from a Christian. For, though true it be,
 That, God Almighty, all things doth foresee,
 And order so, and so dispose of things,
 That, to perfection his owne worke he brings,

E 5

In

In spight of *Satan*, and of every deed
 That may from his malignant brood proceed :
 Yet, they have Actions naturally their owne,
 Which God permits. He likewise hath bestowne
 On us that are his children, grace, and powres,
 Good Actions to performe, which we call ours
 By Gods free gift. Moreover, he doth please
 To promise blisse, or threaten plagues, for these,
 According to their natures ; that each one
 May heed the better, what is to be done :
 Be stirred up to put good workes in use,
 Or else be left at last without excuse.

For, though I am assured we possesse,
 By Nature, no inherent Righteousnesse ;
 I, naithelasse beleve that ev'ry one
 (Whose being, first, from *Adams* loines begun)
 Received since our Univerfall fall
 One *Talent*, at the least, to worke withall,
 With so much powre of working also, that
 We may and should with God cooperate.
 As *Adam* all men did of life deprive ;
 Ev'n so by *Christ*, were all men made alive :
 Yea, ev'n as *Moses* did not let remaine
 One hoofe in *Ægypt* which did appertaine
 To *Isr'ell* ; So beleve I that not one
 Was left unransom'd by Gods only Sonne :
 But that all through the sea of blood did come,
 As well those other who doe wander from
 Truths path in this lifes wildernesse ; as they
 Who come within the Land of Promise may.

And, though like him, who impudently, laid
 Injustice to his *Masters* charge, and said ;
 He reaped where he sow'd not, though, I say ;
 There want not some among us, at this day,

Who

Who like to him, doe most unthankfully
 This grace of God in IESVS CHRIST deny ;
 (Affirming, that he some injoyes unto
 Much more, than he did give them power to)
 Our *Maker* unto ev'ry soule that lives,
 So much by vertue of *Christs* Passion gives,
 That whosoever falleth, falls not by
 Anothers, but his owne iniquitie ;
 And, by his actuall crimes, makes unforgiven
 That *Debt originall* which was made even
 By his *Redeemer*, who, that, backe will have,
 (If we abuse it) which at first he gave.

Who ev'r wants powre to doe what God doth bid,
 Lost in himselfe, that powre as *Adam* did :
 Yet, we that have it, neither had that powre,
 Nor keepe it can, by any strength of our ;
 But by his holy *Spirit*, who hath taught
 That path of life wherein to walke we ought.
 And, this is such a *Mystery*, that some
 Which thinke they see, are blinde therein become.

Our guiltie Soules and Bodies were bereft
 Of all good Faculties, and had not left
 So much as *Will*, much lesse the powre to doe
 What soule or Bodies health conduced to.
 Their guilt *Christ* from them tooke ; and by his might
 Depraved Nature so much sets to right,
 That unto ev'ry Soule, he gives the will
 Which *Adam* had, of chusing good or ill.
 And then both Life and Death, he doth propose
 Before them so, that either may be chose.

To them, whom in his *Church* he doth afford
 To live past Child-hood, He doth by his *Word*
 (And by no other meanes) this tender make.
 With Infants, and with Heathens, he may take

emoS

Some other course. But, surely, when, or how
He that effects ; concernes not us to know.

When God doth make this tender (which is then
When he doth please, and no man knoweth when)
If any Soule by *Sathans* guile doth chuse,
What Gods good *Spirit* moves her to refuse,
She, then, to put in action doth begin
The haynous and impardonable sin
Against the *Holy Ghost* (which fearfull crime
Is made apparant to the world, in time,
Or more or lesse, by outward actions here,
As God shall please to let the same appeare)
And, after this refusall, ev'ry thing,
Which doth encrease of grace, to others, bring,
Doth make her grow more senselesse of her state,
Or else enrage, or make her desperate.
And, her *freewill*, in *Adam* lost before,
Is lost againe, by her, for evermore.

But, if she chuseth as the Spirit moveth,
The Lord, this Soule, without repenting loveth ;
In her, preserving such affections still,
And such a portion of her first *Freewill*,
That though the frailties of her flesh doe seeme
To choake them often, in the worldes esteeme ;
(And sometime in her owne) yet she for ever
Doth in her motion towards God persevere,
Till she arive in him. Nor doth she cease
Of pious workes, her number to encrease :
But labours for assurance in election,
By reaching ev'ry day at more perfection.

And, far is it from God to take away
The guerdon of our *Faith* ; or to denay
What he did by his *Covenant*, ordaine,
To be the wages of our Christian paine :

Or

Or to command us what should profit nought ;
Or, to neglect the workes that we have wrought.

For, since God heeds those things that are so small,
As birds alightings, and as haire that fall ;
Makes use of ev'ry circumstance, and chaines
(To further those maine ends which he ordaines)
Ten thousand little trifling things together ;
Not one omitting, none displacing neither,
Which may be pertinent his ends to further,
Or to effect them, in their timely *Order*.
How could so fond a crotchet be devised,
That God our serioust actions hath despised ?
Or, that by his *Foreknowledge*, or *Decree*,
Our deeds should all annihilated be ?
Or, that he should so oft incite us to
What he had giv'n to man, no pow'r to doe ?

I dare not venture upon their distractions,
Who search the order of *Eternall actions* ;
Nor doe I further seeke what God *foreknowes*,
Then he within his Word revealed shewes ;
Nor will I ever strive to pry into
His hidden counsells, as too many doe :
But their unwarrantable paths eschewing,
And, Gods disclosed purposes pursuing,
Search onely for the knowledge of those things
Which an effecting of his pleasure brings.
Since, if I follow them, it cannot be
That he would purpose any harme to me ;
Or in his secret counsell ought ordaine
To make his publike will to be in vaine.
For, though, when *Abram*, *Isa'k* thought to kill,
God's hidden *purpose*, and revealed *will*
Did seeme to crosse each other (And when he
Did threaten *Niniveh* destroy'd should be)

Yet,

Yet, they appeare not opposite to those
 Whose faith, such holy secrets can disclose.
 Or were it so; from acts particular
 None should conclusions generall inferre.

God neuer said, as yet, that I could heare,
 Man, such a day shall perish, howsoe're
 By faithfull workes for safety he endeavour.
 But, all his promises and threatnings, euer
 Were made conditionall; and haue fore-spoken
 Our life, or death, as they are kept, or broken.

Nor is this any barre, or contradiction
 To Gods free *Grace*; or to his firme *Election*,
 Or never-ending *Loue*. Nor helps it those
 Who, *perseverance of the Saints*, oppose:
 But, rather, maketh all those Doctrines good.
 Yea, being rightly weigh'd and understood,
 Gods *iustice*, and his *mercy* it unites,
 Whom mens blind Cavills haue made opposites.
 God knew the doome, and date of *Adams* crime,
 Yet, he did fore-expresse no certaine time;
 But, speaking of it, spake indefinitely,
 And said, *That day thou sinnest, thou shalt dye*.
 And sure, of all mens deaths (who e're gaine saies)
 It is their sinne that setteth downe the daies.
 For, till transgression forfeited our breath,
 There was no peremptory day of death.
 And, in affirming, where Gods Word is mute,
 It is presumption, to be absolute.

Doe this, saith God, *and live*; *Doe that and perish*.
 Yet some, whose oversights too many cherish,
 Dare contradict it; and affirme that wee
 Good, bad, dead, liuing, damned, faued be
 Eu'n from eternity, without respects,
 To any causes, or to their effects.

And

And these imply, that (whatsoever we doe,
Or leaue vndone) God fore-appoints us to
A certaine doome ; which we shall strive in vaine,
With all our strength, to shunne, or to obtaine.

And wherefore then did God his Gospell fend ?

Why doth his Word exhort vs to amend ?

Why doth he bid vs, this, or that to shunne ?

Why hath he charged some things to be done ?

If he no power hath giuen, or else by fate

Disableth all men to cooperate ?

And leaues them neither good nor ill to doe

But what he fore-decreed long agoe ?

Why threatens he stripes ? why promifeth reward ?

If there be no compaffion, no regard,

Nor meed for what is done. And what I pray

Is all Religion, if these truth doe say ?

I know God reprobates, and doth foresee

Before all worlds, who reprobates will be.

But, none he forceth to be so accurst,

Saue those who haue his *Grace* rejected first,

And vnto those, indeed, he powre denies

To worke his will, because they did despise

His profered *Love* ; And just it is in him,

To make them blinde, who did the light contemne.

He doth eternally abhorre the crime ;

But he the *persons* reprobates *in time*.

And None doth chuse, or personally reject

(What ever some conceive) but with respect

Vnto his *Covenant* ; which hath implide

Something to be perform'd on either side.

For, were it so, that God hath fore-decreed

What should befall unto us without heed

To any *Covenant* ; and bar'd *Salvation*,

By an eternall doome of *Reprobation*,

(In

(In ſuch like manner as the fantaſies
 Of ſome (not well adviſedly) deviſe)
 What compaſſe we by ſtriving therewithall?
 Why ſpend we time, in riſing up to fall?
 Why linger we to aſt ſo many crimes?
 To ſuffer over grieve ſo many times?
 And live ſo many ſev'ral deaths to taſte,
 To be nor worſe, nor better at the laſt?
 Or wherefore have we prayed, ſince we know
 What muſt be, muſt be, though we pray not ſo?

I might be thought o're bitter, if as they
 I ſhould interrogate, who ſharply ſay;
Why doe not theſe, who this opinion hold,
Goe hang themſelves before that they are old?
Or in their Gardens, TIMON like, erect
Faire Gibbets for the Schollers of their Sect?
What tends their life unto? why ſhould not they
Refuſe to eate and drinke; and, wiſely, ſay,
 "God, for our end, a certaine day hath ſet,
 "Which we ſhall reach, although we taſte no meat.
Why doe they ſhun a danger in the ſtreet,
Since they ſhall live their time, what e're they meet?
If they to any place, deſire to goe,
Why trouble they their feet to helpe thereto?
Since they are ſure, that if decreed it were
They ſhould come thither, they their paines may ſpare?
 If thus I ſhould have ſaid, ſome men would deeme me
 To be more bitter then did well beſeeme me:
 For, I confeſſe that on the quick they grated,
 Who in this manner have expoſtulated.
 And I forbear it. Yet, this generation
 Hath ſome who need this tart expoſtulation;
 With whom loud noiſes more prevaile by far,
 Then doe thoſe proofes, that Faiths and Reaſons are.

I

I know to these *Objections*, most replies ;
 I know their strength, and where their weaknesse lies ;
 I know what holy Scriptures, men mistake,
 Which proofes of their assertions seeme to make :
 I know, how they their *Arguments* mis-lay,
 From that of *Esau*, and the Potters clay :
 I know what *Times* and *Termes* they misconceive,
 And wherewithall themselves they doe deceive.
 I know with what nick-names of heresie,
 Some Readers will for this my *Muse* belye ;
 And that nor they, who call'd *Arminians* be,
 Nor they who reprehend them, will with me
 Be friends for this ; for neither those nor these
 Am I desirous to offend or please.
 But to uphold the Truth, which is bely'd
 Injurioufly by most of either side.
 I know their spight, their vineger, their gall ;
 I know what spirit most are led withall
 Who spread the *Doctrines* which I have reprov'd,
 And know such Reason never to be mov'd,
 With favour to them that I dare to say,
 It is the nearest and the straightest way
 To all prophanenesse. It the bridle gives
 To carnall liberties, and makes the lives
 And hearts of many men so voyd of care :
 From hence distractions ; hence despairings are.
 Hence mischiefes ; hence selfe murthers doe arise ;
 Hence is it that such multitudes despise
 Good discipline : yea, this contemned makes
 The life of *Faith*, if once it rooting takes :
 Disableth pious practices outright,
 And where it roots, destroyes *Religion* quite.
 Let no man then admit into his thought,
 That God Almighty hath decreed ought

Which

Which on his *Inſlice* may infringement bring,
 Or on his *Mercy* in the ſmalleſt thing :
 Or that his *Wiſedome* any thing ordaines
 Without the meanes which thereunto pertaines :
 Or thinke, becauſe our ſinne he doth permit
 That therefore he neceſſitateth it :
 Or that he wills thoſe errorrs he foreſees,
 As he the workes of righteouſneſſe decrees :
 Or, that our humane actions cyphers are :
 Or, that within this world there ever were
 Or ſhall, thoſe perſons be, whom God will call
 Vnto account, untill he give them ſhall,
 At leaſt, one *Talent*, which may ſerue vnto
 The working of that worke he bids them doe.
 Let no man dreame theſe dreames ; nor censure this,
 Till he hath well conſider'd what that is
 Which I deliuer. For in this darke way
 Our learnedſt Clerkes doe ſometimes runne aſtray.
 Nor let them thinke that I concurre with all,
 Who in appearance hold this *Tenet* ſhall :
 Or that I differ from all men that may
 In termes diſſent from what I ſeeme to ſay.
 For they that in expreſſion diſagree
 In one *well-meaning*, oft united be.
 And either (if that they in loue contend)
 Shall then at length, obtaine their wiſhed end.
 Oh ! labour this, all you that would be thought
 G O D S glory in your ſtudies to haue fought ;
 That though *offences* come, they may not moue
 Diſunion ; but Gods *worthy ones* approve.
 And let us with a true ſobriety,
 So heed his *Actions of eternitie*,
 That we may ſee in them a boundleſſeſſe,
 Beyond our humane wiſdome to expreſſe ;

Leaue

Leave quarrelling about his waies unknowne,
And take more heed hereafter to our owne.
For, though God pleaseth, other while to use
Our vulgar *Termes*, some *notions* to infuse
Of his eternall workings, and apply
His deeds that way, to our capacity,
Disclosing them unto us one by one,
As if at severall times they had beene done,
(Because our shallownesse no meanes can find
To entertaine them in their proper kinde)
And though (respecting us who temp'ral be)
Wee say, that *God Almighty* doth *foresee*,
Foreknow us, and *predestinate*; yet sure,
His *Effence* no such termes can well endure
In proper sence; Because with him, no *doome*,
Word, Thought, or Act, is passed, or to come.
But all things present. Yea, all *Times*, and all
Those things which wee by severall names doe call,
Our *Births*; our *Lives*, our *Deaths*, and our *Saluations*,
Our *free-elections*, and *predestinations*,
Are all at once with God, without *foreseeing*;
Eu'n all in *one-eternall-present-being*.
Which few observing, many men have thought
That Gods *eternall actions* should be wrought
Like ours in *Time*, which is, as if they should
Endeavour how the world they might enfold
Within a Nut-shell. And while thus men strive
(According to their fancies) to contrive
An order in Gods *Workings*, they mistake them
Blasphemously, and orderlesse doe make them.
Yea, to define his actions, they neglect
That part which is their duty to effect;
Themselves and others losing in a path
Which neither profit, end, nor safety hath;

And

And, by disputing what from us is hidden,
Disturb the doing that which God hath bidden.

I have digrest enough ; and some there are
Who think, perhaps, that I have gone too farre.
Yet, let it not be judg'd impertinent,
That I have so pursu'd this *Argument*.
For, want of minding what is here rehearsed,
Hath often times the *Pestilence* dispersed.
Yea, some who fondly said, that ev'ry man
Shall live his time decreed, do what he can ;
And that each one at his fixt houre shall dye,
'Gainst which he seeks in vaine, a remedy :
Ev'n these, made much good means of health neglected
Much wise and wholsome counsell be rejected ;
And caused, oft, in this our common wo,
That *Death* was brought and caried, to and fro.

But, lest in chasing them, I run astray ;
Ile prosecute againe my purpos'd way.
The *Pestilence* doth show her selfe inclin'd
So variously, she cannot be defin'd.
She neither certaine forme, nor habit wears,
But, partly *metaphysicall* appears,
And partly *naturall*. She oft may cary
Her *Progresse* on, by meanes that's ordinary ;
But, rarely doth begin, or end her *Arrant*,
Save by an extraordinary *Warrant*.
It doth infect, and it infecteth not.
It is an *arrow* which is often shot
By Gods owne hand, from his far-striking bow,
Without the help of any meanes below.
It is Gods *Angel*, which to death can smite,
Miraculously, an *army* in a night.
It is a rationall *Disease*, which can
Pick, with discretion, here and there a man ;

And

And passe o're those, who either marked are
For *Mercy*; or, a greater *Plague* to beare.

We see, it futing hath to Natures laws,
A nat'rall *motion*, and a nat'rall *cause*;
For, as a Fire among great Buildings throwne,
Burnes Timber, melteth Mettall, cracketh Stone,
Defaceth Statues, makes moist places dry,
The Vaults below to sweat, the tyles to flye
And manifests his force, in sev'rall kindes,
According to the objects which he findes:
So, hath the *Pestilence* a nat'rall pow'r
To harden, fright, endanger, or devoure,
(And divers other changes to procure)
As she doth find a sev'rall temp'rature
In mind or body, fitting the rejection.
Or for the entertainment of *Infection*.

These things consider'd. They who shall desire
To scape from this *Contagion*, must acquire
A double *Ward*. For, doubtlesse, there is none
That can resist it with one guard alone.
In times of Danger, vainly we presume
Vpon our Iv'ry boxes of *Perfume*.
To little purpose, we defend our noses,
With *Wormwood*, *Rue*, or with our *Radelisse* Posies
Of tarred Ropes. Small warrant for our lives,
Are all such bodily *Preservatives*,
As Cordiall waters, Gums, Herbes, Plants, and Rootes,
Our simple or compounded *Antidotes*.
Our *Bazar-stone*; our med'cines *Chymicall*;
Or, that high prized Iewell wherewithall,
For home of *Vnicorne*, men cheated are:
Or, those unhallowed *Charmes*, which many weare.
For, these are far unable to withstand
The vigour of his incorporeall hand,

Who

Who strikes for sinne, unlesse to these wee adde
 A Plaister which of better things is made.
 Yea *Nature* failes, unlesse adjoyne wee doe,
 A med'cine *metaphisicall* thereto.

Moreover, fruitlessly devout are they,
 And that they seeke to God they falsely say,
 Who wilfully neglect, or else contemne,
 That outward meanes, which Nature offers them,
 And God provides, to cure, or to prevent,
 The mischief of Diseases pestilent.
 For, since wee fram'd of foules and bodies are,
 God pleased is, that wee should have a care
 To both of them ; and labour how to finde,
 What appertaines to either, in his kinde.

He therefore, who desireth a defence
 Against this *Arrow* of the *Pestilence* ;
 A compleat *Armour* must from God procure,
 And still be arm'd, his person to secure.
 He must put on the *Helmet* of *Salvation*,
 And shoe his feet with holy *Preparation*.
 A *Belt* of *Truth* must for his loines be fought ;
 His *Brest-plate* must of Righteousnesse be wrought.
 The *Shield* of *Faith*, his Target must become,
 The darts of *Sathan* to secure him from.
 Gods *Word* must be the *Sword* upon his thigh,
 His *Praiers*, like continuall shot must flie ;
 And he should keepe for ever his abode,
 Within the shadow of Almighty God.
 Or else the Workeman loofeth all his paine ;
 And he that watcheth, waketh but in vaine.

He also must expell out of the foule,
 That filthinesse of sinne, which makes it foule.
 He must avoid the crimes he lived in ;
 His *Physicke* must be *Rue* (ev'n *Rue* for sinne)

Of

Of *Herb of Grace*, a Cordiall he must make ;
 The bitter Cup of true Repentance take ;
 The *Diet of Sobriety* assume ;
 His House with workes of Charitie perfume ;
 And watch, that from his heart in secrecie,
 Arise no favours of Hypocrisie.
 He must beleeve, God so doth love him, that
 His everlasting good, is aimed at
 In all he suffers ; and, that, God doth know,
 And marke his nature, and his temper so,
 As that he will impose nor more, nor lesse,
 Than shall be needfull for his happinesse.
 For, such a *Faith*, will keepe him still content.
 Still lowly, under ev'ry chastisement ;
 Still thankfull, whatsoever doth befall ;
 And *Blessings* make, of what we *Plagues* doe call.

He must, moreover with a holy *Feare*,
 In all his Christian duties persevere ;
 Still watchfull, and at no time daring ought
 Which may from God divert him in a thought :
 (So neere as possibly, the powre of man,
 So great a diligence endeavour can.)
 For, round about him are a thousand Feares,
 A thousand Dangers, and ten thousand Snares,
 And, as a *Traveller*, who for his Bridges,
 To passe deepe waters, having nought but ridges
 Of narrow Timbers, dares not cast his eye
 From off the Plancke, nor set his foot awrie ;
 Because beneath him, he beholds a *Streame*,
 That runnes, and roares, and gapes to swallow him :
 So, he that must an houely passage make,
 Through such like *Plagues*, as this whereof I speake,
 (And many dangers waiting on him hath,
 To catch him, if he slip his narrow Path)

Had

Had need be carefull that he never stray,
Nor swarve in any thing beside the way.

Let, therefore, ev'ry man desire, at least,
This pow'r; that his desirings may be blest,
With such performances as he shall need,
Or, have his *Will* accepted for the *Deed*.
And, let him to his *Calling* ever stand:
For, whosoe're doth leave that place unmann'd
Wherein God sets him; forfeits that reward
(And is deprived of that *Angell guard*)
Of which his *Muse* doth prophesie, who sayes,
We shall preserved be in all our wayes.

Far is it from my nature, to reprove
With proud insultings, those whom feare did move
To step aside: For, good and pious men
Give way to nat'rall frailties now and then;
And, we whom God emboldned now to stay,
Hereafter, from lesse frights may run away.
Yea, sure I am, that if it doe not flow
From Love, and Pity, that their scapes we shew,
God may, and will (our folly to deride)
Make them dare stand, where we shall feare to bide.
And therefore, hoping none amisse will take
What I have writ for truth and conscience sake;
(That men in times to come might looke into
This duty, and be heedful what they doe)
I will affirme, that ev'ry one hath erred,
Who in his lawfull *Calling*, was deterred
So much, as in this danger to forsake it:
And, though a trifling matter many make it,
I know, the most apparant shewes of terror
Are not excuse enough for such an error.
For, that we should not in such cases dread
The greatest perils: God hath promised,

That

That if we keepe our *wayes*, and him observe,
 He will not onely from this Plague preserve ;
 But, caufe us without harme to walke among,
 Ev'n *Adders, Dragons, Lyons* old and yong :
 By which pernicious creatures, and untamed,
 Is ev'ry danger meant that can be named.

These things we must observe, if we will hope
 Gods extraordinary blow to stop ;
 And other circumstances must attend
 Those meanes. But, they so nat'rally depend
 On what precedes ; that in well doing one,
 VVe cannot leave the other part undone.
 Such were those holy med'cines, which prevented
 The Plague, at *Niniveh*, when she repented ;
 Such *Is'el* used, and it saved them ;
 Such kept the Plague out of *Ierusalem* ;
 And when the bloody *Angell* came, had pow'r
 To stop him in *Araunah's* threshing floore.
 Thus *Hezekiah* was preserv'd ; thus *David*
 Was from the very same contagion saved :
 And if unfainedly we practise thus,
 He doth of safety also warrant us.
 Yea (through this meanes) we shall be fortifi'd
 VVith such a coat of prooffe, as will abide
 That murth'ring *Arrow* which in darknesse flies,
 From Gods owne *Bow*, unseene of mortall eyes.
 And when we thus have done, attempt we may
 To stop the *Shaft*, that flies abroad by day ;
 I meane the nat'rall Sicknesse, which doth smite
 By meanes, that is apparant to the sight.
 For, as God striketh, oft, immediate blowes
 By some immediate way : right so he shoves
 A nat'rall cure to those, whom he doth please
 To warrant from the naturall *Disease*.

F

Thus

Thus, he for *Hezekiah's* health revealed
That *Plaster*, wherewithall his griefe was healed,
Thus from this *Plague* have many beene secured.
And many saved, who the stroke endured.

Here I could shew, what *Med'cines* may be tooke
To cure or to prevent the outward stroke ;
To qualifie the *Aire*, what might be used ;
What *Diet* should be taken, what refused ;
What *Symptomes* doe attend on this disease ;
What good, or ill, from *Labour*, or from *Ease*
Too much, or over-little, may be got :
But, to proceed in this presume I not.
For, to prescribe externall med'cines, here
To ev'ry man, too hard a taske it were ;
Since they must often chang'd and mixed be,
As we the sicknesse changeable doe see,
And as we finde the measure of *infection*,
The parties *Age*, his *Temper*, or *Completion*.
To those I therefore will commit this part,
Who are allow'd professors of that *Art* ;
Advising all, that none their aid refuse,
Nor out of season, their assistance use.

For, if, before our peace with God be made,
We (seeking outward meanes) a cure have had ;
That meanes shall be the meanes our death to set :
That cure shall onely cure us, to beget
Another *Plague* : unlesse we have repented
Our folly, and the mischief, so, prevented.
Yea such, as take that course, doe fugar o're
Strong poysons, and skin up a festring fore ;
Because those med'cines, and that watchfulnesse
(From which they did expect a good successe)
Not being with repentance sanctifi'd,
Nor (in their place) with faithfulnessse apply'd,

Corrup-

Corruptd grow ; make what was evill, worfe ;
 And (in the Head of blessings) bring a curse.
 'This *Reason* proves. For, since it is from *Sin*
 Whence all our griefes, and sicknesse have bin :
 We shall as vainly strive th' effects to stay,
 Till we the Causes first remove away,
 As if we went about to draine a River,
 Before to stop the Springs we did endeavor.

And, as we neither should o're-much rely
 On outward helps ; nor take disorderly
 The meanes of Health ; right so, beware we must
 That we doe never use it with distrust.
 For as, in seeking safety, most men use
 Preposterous courses (whence much harme ensues)
 Or else (when likely med'cines they have got)
 Presume so farre, on what availeth not,
 Without Gods blessing ; that, from him they take
 His due, and of his Creatures, *Idols* make :
 So, some there be so fearfull, that their *Fear*
 Corrupts their blood, where no infections were ;
 Begets that *Plague* within them which they shun ;
 And makes it follow, when they from it run.
 No place, or counsell can of rest assure them ;
 No meanes their hope of safety can procure them :
 But still they are distemper'd ; ever taking
 New courses, and new Med'cines alwayes making.
 Of all they meet (if any meet they dare)
 For some *Receipt*, their first enquiries are.
 What e're he be that tells them, that, or this
 Prevents the *Plague* ; it straightwayes practis'd is.
 They swallow downe hot *Waters*, *Sirrups*, *Drinks*,
 Choake up their Chambers with *Perfumes*, & *Stinks* ;
 With *Rue*, and *Wormwood* cram their bowels up,
 With *Phisicke* breake their fasts, and dine, and sup :

F 2

Yet

Yet, still delpaire, as if that world of stufte
(Which they devoured) were not halfe enough.
And, this their terror, doth to me appeare,
A greater *Plague*, then that which they doe feare.

Mistake me not ; I doe not here condemne
The christian, and the filial feare of them,
That are (with holy dread) employ'd about
Such meanes, as worketh true salvation out.
Nor blame it, when a moderate feare doth make
Alarums in us, *Reason* to awake.
For, while our *Feare* preserves a moderation,
It is a very necessary *passion*,
And stands for *Centinell*, to bid us Arme,
When any Foe doth seeme to menace harme.
Nor doe I checke that nat'rall Feare, which from
The knowledge of our weaknesse doth come :
For, want of that is meere stupidity ;
And such, can neither feele a Misery,
Nor taste Gods Mercies, with more profit, than
The brutish Creatures wanting Reason, can ;
Who, of their paines, or pleasures, nought retaine
Much longer, then it doth in act remaine.
I count not each man valiant, who dares die,
Or venture on a Mischiefe desperately,
When, either heat of Youth, or Wine, or Passion
Shall whet him on, before consideration :
For, thus a Beast will doe, and hath (no doubt)
As much foresight in what he goes about ;
As those blinde *Bayards*, who couragious be
In perills, whose events they doe not see.
Nor will I any man a *Coward* call,
Although I see him tremble, and looke pale
In dangerous attempts ; unlesse he slacke
His just *Resolves*, by basely stepping backe.

For,

For, as the greater part of men we find
 To laugh and blush, by nature, much inclin'd :
 So many have a nat'ral inclination,
 To trembling, paleness, or some other passion,
 Which, no *Philosophy* can take away,
 Nor any humane wit, or strength, allay :
 And if their *Apprehension* proveth better
 Then other Mens ; their *Passions* are the greater ;
 Because their searching wits finde perills out,
 Whereof the *Dullard* (never having doubt)
 Hath boldly ventur'd on them, and out dar'd,
 What being heeded, him to death hath fear'd.

Give me the *Man*, that with a quaking arme
 VValkes with a stedfast mind through greatest harm ;
 And though his flesh doth tremble, makes it stand
 To execute what *Reason* doth command.
 Give me the *Soule*, that knowingly descrites
 All dangers, and all possibilities
 Of outward perills ; and yet doth persevere
 In ev'ry lawfull action howsoever.
 Give me that *Heart*, which in it selfe doth warre
 VVith many frailties (who like Traytors are
 In some besieged Fort) and hath to doe
 VVith outward Foes, and inward Terrors too ;
 Yet of himselfe, and them, a conquest makes,
 And still proceeds in what he undertakes.
 For, this is double-*valour* ; and such men
 (Although they are mis-censur'd now, and then)
 Enjoy those mindes that best compos'd are ;
 In lawfull quarrells are without compare ;
 And (when the *Coward*, hoodwink'd goes to fight)
 Dare charge their sternest Foes with open fight.

Let no Man therefore glory, or make boast
 Of Courage, when they feele their *Dread* is lost,

F 3

Or

Or thinke themfeles the fafer, when they finde
Their Feare is gone, whilst Perill stayes behinde ;
Eſpecially, when they beſieg'd appeare,
With ſuch like *Plagues*, as this, we treat of here.
For that endangers, rather then ſecureth ;
Since *Cuſtome*, or elſe *Ignorance* procureth
That brutiſh fearleſneſſe : And, where we ſee
Such hardineſſe, Gods *judgements* fruitleſſe be.

There is required, yet, one *Caveat* more
To perfect that, which hath beene ſaid before ;
Ev'n this ; that we grow watchfull, leſt the while
We truſt in God, we doe our ſelves beguile
With fruitleſſe confidence, and on his grace
(Beyond his warrant) our aſſurance place.
For, many thouſands wondrous forward are
In Gods large promiſes to claime a ſhare ;
Who, thoſe *conditions* never muſed on,
Which he doth ground his *Covenant* upon.
And as the *Iewes* (from whom they take example)
Bragg'd of their outward worſhip, and their *Temple*,
As if Gods *League* extended unto all,
Who could themſelves, the ſonnes of *Iacob*, call,
Without reſpecting their partic'lar *Way* :
So, we have ſome among us, that will ſay,
They truſt in God ; and that, in this *infection*,
They full aſſurance have of his protection :
Becaufe they formally his *Truth* profeſſe ;
Performe externall workes of *Holineſſe* ;
Or viſibly, with ſuch, partakers are,
With whom the *Pledges* of Gods love appeare.
But, they that on theſe outward workes rely,
Without true faith, and true ſincerity ;
Commit thoſe guilded *ſinnes*, whoſe gloſſe will weare,
And leave their naturall corruptions bare :

Yea

Yea they, of their professions, *idols* make ;
 And, will the *Covenant* of God mistake,
 Vntill in his *conveyances*, they see
 What duties, on their parts, required be.

God promifeth (indeed) all fuch to fave,
 Who in his holy *Church* their dwelling have ;
 And that he will vouchsafe them his defence
 From dangers of the noysome *Pestilence* :
 But they muft love him, and inuoke him, then,
 Or elfe the *Bargaine* is unmade agen.
 Thus much inferres the *Pfalmit*, in that *Ode*,
 Which prophecies the *faving Grace of God*.
 Thofe, therefore, too too much on them affume,
 Yea, (foolifhly) of mercy they prefume,
 Who boast of Gods protection and yet tread
 Thofe paths, which to a fure deftruction lead.
 I doe not meane, when any man mif-does
 Through frailty, or unwillingly mif-goes :
 But when, with liking, and without remorse,
 He wilfully purfues a wicked Courfe.
 For, fuch, their confidence on God, bely,
 Depending on their own *fecurity* ;
 And cannot fee thofe dangers they are in,
 Becaufe their *Confcien*ces have feared bin.

How many thoufands in the Grave are laid,
 Who, in their life-times, impudently faid
 They fhould be fave in God? yet never tooke
 His counfell, nor one vanity forfooke
 For love of him? How many have I heard
 Prefumptuoufly affirme, they never fear'd
 The danger of Gods *Arrowes*? though they flew
 At noone, at midnight, and fo many flew
 In ev'ry ftreet? yea, fhamelefly profefse
 Their trust in God, to caufe their fearlefneffe,

F 4

Yet

Yet, nothing for the love of him endeavour?
 How boldly have I seene them to persever
 In ev'ry sin, when Gods fierce *Angell* flood,
 Ev'n just before them, all embru'd in blood;
 And slaught'ring roūd about thē neighbors, brothers,
 Their friends, their kinsmē, children, fathers, mothers,
 And some of ev'ry sort? Nay, I have heard
 Of such, who were not any jot as fear'd
 To bargain for their Lust, in times to come,
 VVithin the compasse of the selfe-same roome,
 VVhere (at that instant) they beheld their wives
 Lye newly dead; or lab'ring for their lives.

They waste Gods *Creatures* in luxurious diet;
 Consume their times in wantonneffe, and riot;
 They feasts, and merriments, in *Tavernes* keepe,
 VVhilst others in the *Temples*, fast, and weepe;
 They persecute their brethren, and the poore;
 Performe no good; forbear no sin the more;
 And live so carelesly, as if they thought,
 That, when the greatest wickednesse they wrought,
 It prov'd, their trust in God to be the greater;
 And, that lewd *works*, shew'd forth their *faith* the bet-
 Or else that God the more obligation had, (ter;
 Because he was so good, and they so bad
 Ev'n such there are. And these make boastings will,
 Of trust in God, yet such continue still.

Alas, it is but vaine to say *Lord, Lord*,
 Or to professe a confidence in word,
 Where lively *Faith* appeares not: for, God granteth
 Protections unto none, but whom he planteth
 Within his *Vineyard*; wherein growes no tree,
 But in some measure, it will fruitfull be;
 Or else, a *storme* shall come, which down will shake it,
 With whatsoever, carnall props, we stake it.

No

No high-presuming *Cedars*, nor stiffe *Oakes*,
 Are those whom God exempteth from the strokes
 Of his tempestuous wrath : but, that which bendeth
 To ev'ry blast, which he in *Judgement* sendeth,
 As doth a bruised, or low-stooping *Reed*,
 Which, by the bowing, is from breaking free'd.
 Yea those, who really within the shade
 Of his defence, have their abidings made ;
 Those onely, may depend on his protection,
 Amid the ragings of this hot *Infection*.

And who are these, but such, as (when they see
 The threatned *Plague*) afraid, and humbled be ?
 Such, as through hearty love, ashamed grow,
 That they so good a God displeased so :
 Such, as are sorry for their passed crimes,
 And truly purpose, in all future times
 A better life : Such, who, for conscience sake
 (And not through fertile feare) themselves betake
 To pious exercises : such, who strive
 To mortifie their lusts, and how to live
 As worthy their free-calling : such, as they,
 Who ev'ry houre, doe labour, watch, and pray,
 Their duties to performe ; and dare not peepe
 Abroad at morning, or at ev'ning sleepe,
 Till they the sacrifice of thanks have paid,
 For favours past ; and begg'd for future aid.
 Such, as on Gods owne pleasure can rely,
 And, in his Faith resolved are to dye.
 Such, as have Charity ; and working are
 Their safeties with continuall *joy*, and *feare*.
 Ev'n such as these, securely may repose
 When twenty thousand dangers them enclose.
 On these, Gods *Angells* wait ; and these they shall
 From stumbling keepe, when many Millions fall.

F 5

From

From ev'ry kinde of harme they shall be free,
 And sleepe, where feares, and mischiefes thickest be :
 Yea, though that seize them, which the *Plague* we cal,
 It shall to them become no *Plague* at all ;
 But rather be their furth'rance, to acquire
 That perfect *happineffe*, which they desire.

Let no man, therefore, in this *Vifitation*
 Tye God unto the temp'rall prefervation ;
 Or be difcouraged, if he shall pleafe
 To exercife him under this *Difeafe*,
 Supposing, he inflicteth it on none
 (As fome fooles thinke) but *Reprobates* alone.
 For he did *Hezekiah* thereby ftrike ;
 He, by this *Malady*, or fome fuch like,
 Afflicted holy *David*, his Elected ;
 Whose Reprobation is of none fufpected.
 And though juft men from temporall infection
 Shall finde more certainty of Gods protection,
 Then others doe : yet fure, that *Peftilence*
 (From which God promis'd absolute defence)
 Is not that fickneffe which the body flayes ;
 But that, which death unto the foule conveyes.

Our earthly griefes, to heav'nly joyes doe reare,
 And why fhould any Man or grudge or feare
 A mortall wound, fo he might gaine thereby
 A body cloth'd with immortalitie ?
 Or why fhould we repine, in miffing that,
 Which (to our dammage) we had aymed at ;
 When God doth give us more then we defired ;
 And lifts us higher, then our hopes afpired ?
 To him due praifes, rather, let us give,
 Whose love to us, is better, then to live.

But, I have faid enough to this effect,
 And, if, what I have fpoken, have refpect,

We

We shall (I hope) hereafter well discern,
What, by this *Judgement*, we are bound to learne ;
How much to trust ; how much to hope, or feare ;
What outward meanes, or inward helps there are,
VVhereby, this heavy *Plague* may be prevented,
Or entertained, with a brest contented.

So few (as yet) have thus prepared bin,
That now of late it quickly rushed in
In spite of all our *Hulberds*, and our *Watches*.
And as a *Flame* (which in a Tempest, catches
On some full Barne) is blowne about the *Village*,
And fireth, here, the hopefull fruits of *Tillage* ;
A *Cottage* there ; on th'other side the way
A well fill'd *Stable*, or a *Ricke* of Hay ;
Another yon ; close by, doth menace harme
Ev'n to the *Church* ; forthwith consume a *Farme* ;
Some dwellings (now, and then) doth overgoe ;
Anon laves waste a dozen in a row ;
And still increase, goe forward, and returne,
Vntill the *Towne* in ev'ry quarter burne :
So rag'd the *Pestilence*. And, as we see
Those workmen, who, repairing breaches be
In *Thame*, or *Trent*, at first the *Banks* doe raise ;
Shut close the *Sluces*, strengthen up the *Bay's*,
And labour seriously with much good hope,
VVhile they perceive but some few gaps to stop :
But, when they see the flood prevailing more,
(Ten breaches made, for ev'ry one before)
And all endeavors faile ; they worke forsake,
Leaving the waters their owne course to take :
So, when this *Floud* began : we had a thought
To keepe it backe ; and to that purpose wrought :
But, when we saw it rise beyond our pow'r,
VVe gave it way at pleasure to devoure.

At

At first, the publike *Officers* did show
 Their skill in curbing this encroaching *Foe*,
 Not sparing to be prodigall of paine,
 The spreadings of *Infection* to restraine;
 And ev'ry private family beside,
 Against this danger did for armes provide.
 Their *Yards*, and *Halls*, were smok'd with perfume,
 To stop the stinkes, which thither might presume.
 Their *Chambers* furnisht were with *Antidotes*,
 With *Viols*, *Boxes*, *Glasses*, *Gallipots*,
 All filled with munition of defence
 (As they suppos'd) against the *Pestilence*.
 Some did in *Meats* their meanes of safety thinke;
 Some *Epicures* did arme themselves with *Drinke*;
 Some, foolishly did build up monstrous hopes
 Vpon the smoking of *Tobacco shops*;
 (But this disease, without a Conscience making
 Of their presuming on *Tobacco* taking,
 Came thither too, and frequently did cary
Good-fellowes from their smoaking *Sanctuary*.)

Some, one, and some another course devised;
 Yet, ev'ry day more places were surpris'd.
 Which, when we saw, and how it overcast
 All temp'rall force; we thought upon (at last)
 The helpe of God: and then we did repaire
 To crave his ayd in *Fasting*, and in *Prayer*,
 Then some, through servile terror; some, for fashion,
 And some, out of a true humiliation,
 Employ'd ayd from heav'n; and show'd in teares
 Their *Hope*, their true *Repentance*, and their *Fears*:

But, whether God did for a while contemne
 Our suit, because we gave not eare to him,
 When first he call'd: or, whether he thought fit,
 (That we the longer might remember it)

To

To fright us somewhat more : or whether we
Brought not such hearty penitence, as he
Expected from us : or appointed were
Some further tryalls of our *Faith* to beare :
Sure, some such cause there was ; and for that cause,
God did not onely seeme to make a pause
In answer'ing our *Petition* ; but, to chide
More sharply, and to throw it quite aside.

For with a doubled, and redoubled stroke
The *Plague* went on ; and, in (among us) broke
With such unequall'd fury, and such rage ;
As *Brittan* never felt in any age.
With some at ev'ry turning she did meet.
Of ev'ry *Alley*, ev'ry *Lane* and *Street*
She got possession : and we had no way,
Or passage, but she there, in *Ambush*, lay.
Through Nookes, & Corners, she pursu'd the Chase,
There was no barring her from any place :
For in the publique *Fields* in wait she laid ;
And into private *Gardens* was convoid.
Sometime, she did among our *Garments* hide ;
And, so, disperse among us (unesp'y'd)
Her strong *Infections*. Otherwhile (unseene)
A Servant, Friend, or Child betraid hath beene,
To bring it home ; and men were fearfull growne
To tarie, or converse, among their owne.
Friends fled each other ; *Kinsmen* stood aloofe ;
The *Sonne*, to come within his *Fathers* roofe
Presumed not ; the *Mother* was constrain'd
To let her child depart unentertain'd.
The love, betwixt the husband, and the wife,
Was, oft neglected, for the love of life ;
And many a one their promise falsifi'd,
Who vow'd, that nought but death should the divide.
Some,

Some, to frequent the *Markets* were afraid ;
 And some to feed on what was thence purvay'd.
 For on young pigs such purple spots were seene,
 As markes of Death on *Plague-sicke* men have been ;
 And it appeared that our suburbe-Hogs
 Were little better, then our Cats, and Dogs

Men knew not, whither they might safely come,
 Nor where to make appointments, nor with whom.
 Nay, many thunn'd *Gods-house*, and much did feare
 So farre to trust him, as to meet him there.
 In briebe, the *Plague* did such destruction threat,
 And Feares, and Perils were become so great,
 That most mens hearts did faile ; and they to flight
 Betooke themselves, with all the speed they might :
 Not onely they, who private persons were,
 But, such as did the publique Titles beare.

The *Maier* startled, and some say was gone :
 But, when his Charge he truly thought upon,
 It settled him ; and he at Helme did 'bide
 Vntill his roome was orderly supply'd.
 And (let me doe him right) it since appeared,
 That, with good Diligence his Course he steered.
 For, on his back were many burthens laid ;
 The Country of provisions us denay'd ;
 The greater part with sicknesse waxed froward ;
 Much want did make the poorer sort untoward ;
 That when I call to minde his heavy taske,
 And little helpe ; me thinkes it praise doth aske.
 Most of his gowned-*Brethren* him forfooke,
 And to their Country Bow'rs themselves betooke ;
 Where, how they pray'd, or what they sent by gift,
 To feed the Poore ; I leave it to the shrift
 Of their owne consciences ; which best can tell,
 What things they have performed ill, or well.

Physitians

Physitians were afraid, as well as these,
And neither *Galen*, nor *Hippocrates*
Could yeeld them any warrant for delay ;
And therefore (with the first) they went away.
Some *Leaches* of the Soule, (who should have flaid)
Were much (nay somewhat over-much) afraid,
And had forgotten so, how to apply
Their heav'nly *Cordials* of Divinty,
Against the feare of *Death* ; that when most dangers
Beset their Flocks ; they left them unto strangers.
Nay, some there were, who did among us teach,
That Men should flie ; & that, which they did preach,
They taught the people by example too.
Pray God, in other things they may do so.

Few flaid, of any calling or degree,
VVho to their Country-friends might welcome be ;
Or, of themselves, were able to provide
A place of Harbour, where they might abide.
Yea some, (to scape uncertaine Death) did flie
Into the Iawes of certaine Beggory,
By leaving of their Callings ; and are flowne
So far, and high a flight out of this *Towne*,
On borrow'd-feathers ; that their Neighbours feare,
They never more will in their shops appeare.

Those of our wanton *Gentry*, that could brooke
No Ayre, but *Londons* ; *London* quite forfooke ;
And all that Crew of *Spend-thrifts*, whom (untill
This *Plague* did fright them) nor *Star-Chamber Bill*,
Nor strictest *Proclamation*, could compell
Vpon their owne Inheritance to dwell ;
Were now, among their racked *Tenants* faine
To seeke for shelter ; and to ayre againe
Those musty *Roomes*, which their more thirsty *Sires*
Kept warme and sweet with hospitable Fires.

God

God grant, that where they come, they may do good,
 Among their Tenants, by their neighbourhood.
 Of some we hopefull are, they will be such :
 And of some others we doe feare as much,
 That by their prefence they will plague them more,
 Then by their willing abfence heretofore.

In many a mile you fcarce could find a *Shed*,
 Or *Hovell*, but it was inhabited,
 (Sometime with double Families) and *Stalls*
 And *Barnes* were trimmed up in ftead of *Halls*.
 Thofe *Burgeffes*, that walk'd in Gownes, and Furs,
 Had got them coats, and fwords, and boots, & fpurs ;
 And, till you faw them ride, you would have fworne,
 That, they, for horfemen, might have ferv'd the turn.
 Thofe *Dames*, who (out of daintineffe, and Pride)
 The rufticke plainneffe did (erewhile) deride,
 (And, at a better lodging, *Foh*, would cry)
 Beneath a homely roofe were glad to lye ;
 And fawne on ev'ry Child, and ev'ry Groome,
 That, fo they might the welcomer become.

Thofe, who in all their life-time never went
 So far, as is the neareft part of *Kent* :
 Thofe, who did never travell, till of late,
 Halfe way to *Pancridge* from the City gate :
 Thofe, who might thinke, the Sun did rife at *Bow*,
 And fet at *Acton*, for ought they did know :
 And dreame, young *Partridge* fucke not, but are fed
 As *Lambes*, and *Rabbets*, which of eggs are bred :
 Ev'n fome of thefe have journeyes ventur'd on
 Five miles by Land (as farre as *Edmunton*.)
 Some hazarded themfelves from *Lyon-Key*
 Almost as far as *Erith* downe by Sea :
 Some row'd againft the ftream, and ftraggled out
 As far as *Hounslow heath*, or thereabout :

Some

Some climbed *High-gate-hill*, and there they fee
 The world so large that they amazed be;
 Yea, some are gone so farre that they doe know
 Ere this, how *Wheat* is made, and *Malt* doth grow.

Oh, how they trudg'd, and buſtled up and downe,
 To get themſelves a furlong out of towne.
 And how they were becumbred, to provide,
 That had about a mile or two to ride.
 But when whole houſholds further off were ſent,
 You would have thought the *Maſter* of it, meant
 To furniſh forth ſome *Navy*, and that he
 Had got his neighbours *venturers* to be.
 For all the neare acquaintance thereabout,
 By lending ſomewhat holpe to ſet them out.
 What hiring was there of our hackney *Jades*?
 What ſcouring up of old, and ruſty blades?
 What running to and fro was there to borrow
 A *Safeguard*, or a *Cloake*, untill the morrow?
 What ſhift made *Jack* for girths? what ſhift made *Gil-*
 To get her neighbors footſtoole, & her pillian, (*lian*)
 Which are not yet return'd? How great a pother
 To furniſh, and unfurniſh one another
 In this great voyage did there then appeare?
 And what a time was that for *Bankrupts* here?
 Thoſe who had thought (by night) to ſteale away,
 Did unſuſpected ſhut up ſhop by day;
 And (if good lucke it in concluſion prove)
 Two *Dangers* were eſcap'd at one *Remove*.
 Some hired *Palfreyes* for a day, or twain,
 But rode ſo far, they came not backe againe.
 Some dealt by their neighbours, as the *Jewes*
 At their departure did th' *Egyptians* uſe:
 And ſome, (with what was of their owne, content)
 Tooke up their luggage, and away they went.

And

And had you heard how loud the Coaches rübled ;
 Beheld how Carres, and Carts, together jumbled ;
 Seene how the wayes with people thronged were ;
 The *Bands* of Foot, the *Troupes* of Horsemen there ;
 What multitudes away by *Land* were sent ;
 How many thousands forth by *Water* went ;
 And how the wealth of *London* thence was borne ;
 You would have wondred ; and (almost) have sworne
 The Citie had beene leaving her foundation,
 And seeking out another situation ;
 Or, that some Enemy with dreadfull pow'r,
 Was comming to besiege, and to devoure.

Oh ; foolish people though I justly might
 Authorize thus my *Muse* to mock your flight,
 And still to flout your follies : yet, compassion
 Shall end it in a kinde expostulation.

Why with such childish terror did you try
 To run from him, from whom you cannot flye ?
 Why left you so the place of your abode,
 Not hastning rather to goe meet your God
 With true repentance, who for ever hath
 A mercy for us in his greatest wrath ?
 Why did you not your lawfull callings keepe ?
 But straggle from your folds like wandring Sheepe,
 That had no *Shepherd* ? And, oh, why, I pray,
 You *Shepherds*, have you caused them to stray ?
 Your Neighbours why forooke you in distresse ?
 Why did you leave your brethren comfortlesse ?
 When God did call for *Mourning*, why so fast
 Did you to seeke for mirth, and pleasures, hast ?
 And take away from other, when you fled,
 What in their need, should them have comforted ?

If *Death* be dreadfull, stay, and learne, to die ;
 For *Death* affects to follow those that flie.

Had

Had you not gone, you might for ever after
 Have said, That *Sorrow profits more then Laughter*.
 You should have known that Death hath limits here,
 And loosed was, where he did bound appeare :
 That many were preserved in the flame,
 And many burnt, that came not nigh the same.
 Yea, some of you, before from hence you went,
 Had, of these Truths, got some experiment.
 What Folly then, or Frenzy you bewitches,
 To leave your houses, and goe dye in ditches?
 Forgoe the comfort, which your *Citie* yeelds,
 To venture for a lodging in the *fields*?
 Or (which is worse) to travell farre, and finde
 Those prove ungentle, whom you hoped, kinde?
 A *Plague* so bitter, That might *Plagues* be chused
 I would be *Plague-ficke*, rather then so used.

Did you suppose the *Pestilence* would spare
 None here, nor come to seaze on any there?
 All perish'd not, that did behinde you stay;
 Nor did you all escape, who fled away.
 For, God your passages had so beset,
 That Hee with many thousands of you met.

In *Kent*, and (all along) on *Essex* side
 A Troupe of cruell *Fevers* did reside :
 And round about, on ev'ry other Coast,
 Of severall Country-*Agues* lay an host.
 And, most of them, who had this place forfooke,
 Were either flaine by them, or *Pris'ners* tooke.
 Sometime the *Pestilence* her selfe had bin
 Before them in their Lodging, at their Inne;
 And hath arrested them upon the Bed,
 Brought many ficke away, and meny dead.
 Sometime (again) she after them hath gone,
 And when (perchance) she was not thought upon :

Among

Among their friends, and in their merriment,
 Hath seiz'd them, to their greater discontent,
 She divers apprehended on the way,
 Who to so many mischiefs were a prey;
 That poorest beggars found more pitty here,
 And lesser griefe, then richer men had there.

I doe not meane concerning that neglect,
 That barbarous, unmanly disrespect
 Their bodies had among the clownish crew,
 When from the tainted flesh the spirits flew.
 For, if their carcasses they did contemne,
 What harme, or what disease was that to them?
 What paine, or torment was it, if that they
 (Like carrion) in the fields, unburied lay?
 What felt they, being dragged like a Log,
 Or hurl'd into a *Saw-pit* like a Dog?
 What disadvantage could that *Doctor* have,
 Who (learnedly) was drawne into his grave
 By naked men? since those things doe disgrace
 The living rather, and doe wrong the place
 That suffers, or allowes that barb'roufnesse
 To shame the Christian Faith, which they professe.

Alas; my heart as little can bemone
 A mangled carcasfe, as a broken stone.
 It is a living body, and the paines,
 Which I conceive a broken heart sustaines,
 That moveth me: their griefe, in life-time was,
 And, whilst they liv'd, their sorrowes did surpasse
 These fained ones, as *Death*, and loathed *Care*,
 By *Life*, and true *Content*, excelled are

Some, who forfooke faire houses, large, and high;
 Could scarcely get a *Shed* to keepe them dry;
 And such, who many beds, and lodgings had,
 To lye on straw without the doores were glad.

Some

Some over tyr'd with wearineſſe, and heat,
 Could not, for money, purchaſe drink, or meat ;
 But cruelly of ſuccour were deny'd,
 Till, through their faintneſſe, they grew ſick and dy'd.
 Some, who in *London* had beene waited on
 With many ſervants, were enclos'd alone
 In ſolitary places ; where they might
 Find leaſure, to repent them of their flight.
 And, when they had ſupplies at any need,
 The bringers did (like thoſe that *Lyons* feed)
 Ev'n throw it at them ; or elſe, ſome where ſet it,
 Where (after their departures) they might ſet it,
 And many a one (no helper to attend him)
 Was left to live or dye, as God ſhould friend him.

Some, who unwiſely did their homes forſake,
 That triall of the *Country* they might make ;
 Have brought their lives to miſerable ends
 Before they could arrive among their friends.
 Some, having reach'd the places they deſir'd,
 (With no meane difficulty, weake, and tyr'd)
 Have miſſed welcome, where they fought reliefe ;
 And, ſtrucken by unkindneſſe, dy'd with Griefe.
 The ſickly *Wife*, could no aſſiſtance have
 To bring her *Husbands* body to the grave.
 But was compelled, with a grieved heart,
 To aſt the *Parſons*, and the *Sextons* part.
 And he, that wanted ſtrength to beare away
 His mate, who dead within his preſence lay ;
 Vvas faine to let the ſinking body lye,
 Till he in death ſhould beare him company.

*Ah me ; what tongue can tell the many woes,
 The paſſions, and the many griefes of thoſe ?
 What mortall pen is able to expreſſe
 Their great temptations in that loneliness ?*

What

*What heart can thinke, how many a grievous feare
 To those distressed people may appeare,
 Who are with such afflictions over-taken?
 Of ev'ry Creature in the world forsaken?
 Without a Comforter left all alone,
 Where to themselves they must themselves bemoane,
 Without a remedy? And where none may
 Or know, or pitty, what they feele, or say.*

Me thinkes to muse on those who suffer'd thus,
 Should bring to minde the mercy shewed us,
 And make our pennies and voyces to expresse
 The love of God, with hearty Thankfulnesse.
 For when no sorowes of mine owne I had,
 The very thought of those hath made me sad.
 And were it not that God hath given me
 Some tryalls of those Comfortings, which Hee
 For men in their extremities provides,
 And from the knowledges of others hides:
 Or felt I not, how prevalent God's pow'r
 Appeares in us, when there is none of our:
 What liberty hee giue's when wee doe fall
 Within the compasse of an outward thrall:
 And what contentments He bestowes on them,
 Whom others doe neglect, or else contemne:
 Yea, had I not beleeu'd him who sayes,
 That God doth knowledge take of all our wayes;
 That He observes each rubb within our path,
 With ev'ry secret sorrow, which it hath;
 That he is nearest then, when we bemoane
 His absence, and suppose him furthest gone;
 And often in us dwels, when Those abroad
 (With most insulting) say; *Where is their God?*
 Had this beene hidden from me: I had here
 For ev'ry line I writ, dropt downe a teare;

And

And in a floud of *sorrows* drench'd mine eyes,
When first I mused on these miseries.

But I have knowne them, to my great content ;
And felt so oft, what comforts God hath lent,
When of all outward helps we are deprived ;
That (could the fame of all men be beleev'd)
It would be thought, true *Pleasures* were possessed
Of none, but men forsaken, and distressed.

How ever ; though such mercy God bestowes,
And brings men comfort in their greatest woes ;
Let none of us presume, (as some have done)
Without our *Circle*, foolishly to runne ;
Nor leave our proper *station*, that we may
Go seeke our fortunes in an uncouth way.

Conceive me right ; I doe not here deny,
Or call in doubt the lawfulnessse, to flye :
Nor am I of their counsell, who despise
All such as fled : nor, judge I too precise
Those, who the *Person*, or the *Place* avoid,
Which is with any noysomnesse annoy'd.
For, when the causes of remove, are just,
We then may flye the *Plague* ; nay, then we must ;
Since those who will not, (in such cafes) goe,
Tempt God, and faile in what they ought to doe.
If that a *King*, or *Prince*, should live within
A City much infected, it were sin,
For he (no doubt) hath some Vice-gerent there
Who, in his absence, may supply his care :
Or, if that Place were certaine of decay
By his departure ; yet he might not stay.
The Reason is ; there many thousands are
Of Townes, and Cities, that in him have share.
Who, would conceive, it were unjustly done,
That he should venter all their wealth in One.

And

And make great *Kingdomes* hazards to endure,
 The welfare of one *City* to procure.
 So, *Counsellors of State*, and he, whose charge,
 Extends throughout the Common wealth at large,
 VVith ev'ry other *Magistrate* beside,
 (Except his pow'r to some one place be try'd)
 Must shun the *Plague*; because that such, as he,
 Sworne servants to the whole *Weale-publique* be.
 And since the safest *Physicke* and defence
 For Children, in the times of *Pestilence*,
 Is to remove them: they unwisely do,
 VVho, having wealth, and friends to send them to,
 Neglect the meanes, by being over nice;
 Or grudging at the charge, through avarice.
 Moreover they, whose calling seemes to lye
 VVithin two sev'rall places, equally,
 (Till some plaine causes hinder) may be free
 To live where safety best appears to be:
 Vnlesse their secret conscience doe gaine-say;
 And who can judge of that, but *God*, and *They*?

Yea, Men, on divers good occasions mo,
 May from the places of Infection goe.
 For there be times of *stay*, and times of *going*,
 VVhich, ev'ry one (that is discreet) well knowing,
 Doth censure no partic'lar Man, at all:
 But calling unto mind, that blessed *Paul*
 VVas once ev'n in a basket forth convey'd
 From his Pursuers; yet no iot afraid
 (At other seasons) to continue there,
 VVhere bloody persecutions hottest were.
 And if my words have done my meaning right,
 My *Muse* denies not, but alloweth *flight*:
 Provided alwayes, that Men doe not flie
 From Casuall *Plagues*, to *Plagues* with Certainty:
 From

From those with whom the bands of *Charity*,
 Of *Duty*, *Friendship*, or *Affinity*,
 Or of their *Calling*, doth require a stay.
 Provided also, when they part away,
 That as God blest them hath, they somewhat finde,
 To comfort those, who must abide behinde ;
 And, that they trust not to their *Flight*, as tho,
 That, of it selfe could save : but, rather know,
 And use it as the gracious meanes of him,
 Who saves ; and, not as that which saved them.

Let them consider likewise, that the *Sin*
 Was partly theirs, which did the *Plague* begin ;
 And, in their absence (with a Christian feare)
 Make sure for those, who must the burthen beare,
 From which they scape : yea, let them all confesse
 Their sinnes with penitence and humbleness ;
 Avoiding ev'ry pleasure, where they live,
 Which out of minde, their *Brethrens* cares may drive ;
 Let God pursue them whither they are fled ;
 There seize upon them to their greater dread ;
 Or from them take away all due correction,
 Which *Plague* were greater then this great *Infection*.
 For, when his *Judgements*, God, in wrath, removes,
 His *Mercy*, then, the greater *Judgement* proves.

There be, I know, some people gone away,
 Who minding our afflictions, night and day,
 Have much bewayled our distressed case,
 And sent up earnest prayers for this *Place* :
 For, of their *Piety* good fruits are seene,
 And, by their hands, the poore refresht have beene.
 These, from this Den of *Slaughter*, were (no doubt)
 By Gods especiall favour called out,
 Who, for their sakes, I hope, those townes will spare,
 To which, for shelter, they escaped are,

G

As

As he did *Zoar*. And I wish they may
Obtaine their lives, and safeties for a prey.

But, there be some ; (and would to God, *that some*
Were but a little one) who parted from
Our City walls, as if they had not gone
With *Vengeance* at their heeles ; or waited on
By feares and dangers ; but, so finifi'd,
As if their meaning was, to shew their pride
In Country *Churches*, for a weeke or twaine,
Ride out like *Cockneies*, and come home againe :

The sorrowes of their brethren they forgot ;
In holy duties they delighted not :
In drunken meetings they their leasure spent ;
In idle visits ; foolish merriment :
And, to their Country-friends they caried downe
Thofe finnes that are too common in this Towne.
VVhich (if they pra^ctise there, as here we doe)
VVill bring their wages, also, thither too.

These giddy *Runnawayes*, are they that were
Beginners of that great unmanly feare,
VVhich did first author of disorder prove.
These, caused that improvident Remove,
VVhich did both wrong the welfare of the *Citie*,
Distract the *Country*, make it voyd of pitie ;
And, give occasion of those Tales which *Fame*
Hath now disperfed, to our common shame.
For, if their flight had timely beene provided,
(VVith Conscience and Discretion truly guided)
Their profit here at home had beene the greater,
And, friends abroad, had entertain'd them better.

And, yet I take small pleasure to excuse
Thofe *Pesants*, who so grossly did abuse
Their Manhood and Religion, in denying
The dues of Charity, to people dying.

For

For, though their folly might their fall deserve,
 Yet we our Christian pitie should preserve,
 Our brother in extremities relieving ;
 Not adding sorrowes to encrease his grieving,
 Nor taking notice of his evill deeds,
 So much, as of that comfort which he needs :
 Till, he refreshed by a friendly hand,
 His errors, by our love, may understand.

And, sure, there was a meanes to succour strangers
 In their distresse, and to escape the dangers
 Of that *Infection*, (which so much was feared)
 Had Vnderstandings eye beene better cleared ;
 And, that *Selfe love*, and *Avarice*, removed,
 Which kept good paths unseene, and unapproved.
 But, since that easie knowledge hath beene hid,
 By wilfull blindnesse, well enough I did,
 If, here, I (Satyrizing) should expresse
 The *Countries* folly, and forgetfulnesse.

And yet, I will not write, to their disgraces,
 What of some *Persons*, and particular *Places*
 Hath rumour'd beene : lest I should spirt a blot
 So blacke, as that it would not be forgot
 In future Ages ; but, make Times-to-come,
 Suspect, they had deny'd their *Christendome*.
 For, should our *Muse* (who, if she list thereto,
 Cares not who frownes, or frets, at what we doe)
 Should she put on that straine of Bitternesse,
 With which their cruelty we could expresse :
 Should we in our description of their Feare,
 Cause all their Indiscretion to appeare :
 Should we illustrate here, the true Relations,
 Of what hath past in many *Corporations* ;
 What uproares in some *Townes* have raised beene,
 When *Londoners*, approaching them, were seene :

G 2

How

How master *Maïor* was straightway flockt about ;
How they to Counsell went to keepe them out ;
How they their watches doubled, as if some
Had brought them newes that *Spinola* would come :
And what ridiculous actions past among them ;
Some few, perhaps, wold think that we did wrōg thē ;
And, they would subjects be of scorne, and laughter,
For all their evill willers, ever after.

Or, should we tell what probable suspition
Appear'd, sometime, of wisedome and discretion,
In goodman *Constable* ; when, in a standing,
To wind-ward from the Rode (& there commanding
Browne bills, and Halberts) he examined
Such Travellers as from the *City* fled :
And (at the very lookes of them affrighted)
Sent feeble women, weary and benighted,
(Without or meat or drink) to try the fields
What Charity, their better nature yeelds.
If this we told, it might goe hard, when we
Should apprehended in their *Watches*, be.

Or should we shew, what policies did please
The wisedome of some rustick *Iustices* ;
Describe that wondrous witty stratagem
Which for a while was practised by them
To starve the *Plague* ; how Christianly they fought
That no provisions hither might be brought ;
Should we produce their *Orders*, which of late
Were put in ure, and wise men laughed at :
Or, publish to the world what we have heard
Of their demeanors, when they were afeard :
How they were fool'd by some of them that fled :
What course was taken to interre their dead :
How, he who for that worke could hired be,
Was for his labour, chained to a tree

A

A full month after : how, they forced some
 From their sweet wholsome houfes forth to come ;
 And (being sick and weake) to make their bed
 Within a paltry new erected Shed,
 Compos'd of clods ; which neere some Common fide
 Their charitable *Worships* did provide :
 Or, should I on some other matters touch
 VVhich I have heard ; it would enlarge too much
 This booke : and some of those, perhaps, perplex,
 VVhom I desire to counsell, not to vex.

But, I from aggravations will forbear,
 And, those their oversights, at this time, spare.
 For, some (although most others did not so)
 Their love and Christian piety did shew,
 In counselling, in cherishing, in giving,
 And, in the wisest manner of relieving.
 Beside ; I love the *Country*, as I pitie
 The sorrowes and afflictions of the *Citie*.
 And (since they both are guilty) being loth
 To fide with either ; I the faults of both
 Have shewed, so, that neither I abuse.
Now, they that like it may ; the rest may chuse.

The third *Canto*.

*The House of MOVRNING, which most feare,
 (And flye so much) is praised here.*

*It shoves that outward Ioyes and Care,
 Nor meerly good, nor evill, are ;
 But things indiff'rent ; which the wise
 Nor over-praise, nor under-prize.*

*The strife within our Authors brest
 About his stay, is next exprest.
 Then doth it orderly recite*

G 3

What

What Reason argu'd for his flight :
What Faith alleaged, to reprove
The Motives urging his remove :
What Armes for him, she did prepare,
To bide the shock of Death, and Feare :
What prooffe she to his Conscience made,
That, he a lawfull Calling had,
In midst of this great Plague to tary,
By Warrant-extraordinary :
What, thereupon he did conclude :
What Ioy, and Confidence ensu'd :
How much this Favour he doth prize,
Above Earths glorioust Vanities :
How he his Time desires to spend :
And so, this CANTO hath an end.

HOW childish is the *World!* and what a path
 Her Throng of braine-sick *Lovers* trodden hath!
 Like brutish herds they troupe along together,
 Both led, and leading on, they know not whither.
 Much hoping, where no ground of *Hope* appeares,
 Much fearing, where indeed, there are no feares.
 In those things pleased, which true Mirth destroy:
 For that thing grieved which procureth Ioy:
 Most shunning, what might bring most gain unto the;
 And seeking most, for what would most undoo them.

How few are so cleare sighted, as to see
 What pleasures mingled with afflictions be?
 Or what contentments doe concealed lye,
 Behinde the seeming dangers which they flye?
 How few have, by experience, understood
 That God hath sent their troubles for their good?
 How few consider, to what fearfull ends,
 The faire smooth way, of easfull *Pleasure* tends?

And

And, therefore, oh ! how few adventure dare
Where *Mournings*, rather than where *Laughters* are ?

Though God himselfe prefer the house of *Griefe*,
Before vaine *Mirth* ; and *Pleasures* of this life
Hath termed *Thornes*, that choke the heav'nly seed :
Yet few of us hath taken so much heed
Of what the sacred *Volume* doth record,
(And, flesh and blood) distrusteth so the word
Of his firme *Truth*) that blindly we pursue
Our owne vaine counsels, and his *Traſt* eschew.

'Tis therefore doubtfull, it would vaine appeare,
If I should labour to discover here,
How many secret pleasures I have seene
While in the Cels of *Mourning* I have beene.
And, what contentments God bestowed hath,
When I have walkt the solitary path
Of *Disreſpect* ; (assaulted by those feares,
Which oft affront us in this *Vale of teares*.)
Or what prevailing hopes I have possessed,
When I, beyond all hope, have seem'd oppressed.
For, vulgar men, doe such expressions hold
To be but idle *Paradoxes*, told
By those, who grown distemper'd, through some grief
Vent melancholy passions, past beleefe.
And as our Vpland *Pesants*, from the shores
Beholding how the Sea fwels, fomes, and rores,
Iudge foolishly, that ev'ry *Seaman* raves,
Who talkes of mirth and safety on the waves :
So, they will fondly passe their doome on me,
Who strangers to the Seas of *Sorrow* be.

But, though the world allow not what I say,
Yet, that the *Love* of God, proclaime I may ;
That, I may justify him in his *Word* ;
That for mine owne availe I may record

G 4

What

What I have seene : and that *experience* might
 Encrease my *hopes*, and *hope* put *fear* to flight,
 In future sufferings : here I testifie,
 (And Heav'n is witness, I affirme no lye)
 My soule did never feelee more ravishment,
 Nor ever tasted of more true content,
 Then when my heart, nigh broke with secret paine,
 Hath borne as much as e're it could sustaine ;
 And strugled with my passions, till it had
 Attained to be excellently sad.
 Yea, when I teares have powred out, where none
 Was witness of my griefe but God alone,
 He hath infused pleasures into me,
 Which seldome can in publike tasted be.
 Such *Griefe* is Comforts *Mother*. And I mow
 Oft times with mirth, what I in teares did fow.
 Before my eyes were dryed ; I have had
 More cause of finging then of being sad.
 The Lampe in darkest places gives most light ;
 And truest Ioyes arise from Sorrowes night.
 My *Cares* are *Blessed Thistles*, unto me,
 Which wholesome are, although they bitter be :
 And though their leaves with pricks be overgrowne,
 (Which paine me) yet their flowres are full of down,
 Whereon my head lyes easie when I sleepe :
 And I am never saddest when I weepe.

Yet, long it was before I could attaine
 This *Mystery* : Nor doth it appertaine
 To all. For, ev'n as *Sarah* had not leave
 Within her body *Isack* to conceive,
 (Vvhich laughter signifies) untill in her
 Those customes failed which in women are :
 So, in our soules, true Ioyes are not conceived,
 Till we by some afflictions are bereaved

Of

Of carnall appetites, and cease from such
Vaine pleasures as affect us overmuch.

To little purpose doe they looke for these
Conceptions, who are evermore at ease.
Such comforts are of those but rarely found,
VVhose wheele of *Fortune* never runneth round.
No soule can apprehend what maketh glad
The grieved heart, but his that grieve hath had,
And various interchanges : nor can he
VVho knowes the joyes that in such sorrowes be
As these I meane, a true contentment take
In any merriment, this world can make :
(No not in all her pleasures) if among
Her sweets, there should be sharpnesse wanting long.
For (being fearfull that his bodies rest
The soules true peace might secretly molest)
His mirth would make him dull : his being jolly
(As worldlings are) would make him melancholy :
And (if no other cause be thought upon)
Would grieve, because the sense of grieve were gone.

Whilst I have gallopt on in that *Career* ;
Which youth, in freedome, so affecteth here ;
And had the most delightfull blandishment,
My youth could yeed me for my hearts content :
When I in handsome robes have beene araid,
(My *Tailor*, and my *Mercer* being paid)
When daily I on change of dainties fed ;
Lodg'd, night by night, upon an easie bed,
In lordly Chambers ; and had therewithall
Attendants forwarder then I to call,
Who brought me all things needfull : when at hand ;
Hounds, Hawkes, and Horfes were at my command :
When chuse I did my walks, on hills, in vallies,
In Groves, neere Springs, or in sweet garden allies :

G 5

Repo-

Reposing either in a naturall shade,
 Or in neat Arbors, which by Art were made :
 When I might have requir'd without deniall,
 The *Lute*, the *Organ*, or deepe-sounding *Viole*,
 To cheere my spirits ; with what else beside
 Was pleasant : when my friends did this provide
 Without my cost or labour : Nay, when all
 Those pleasures I have shared, which befall
 In praises, or kinde welcommings, among
 My dearest friends ; my soule retain'd nor long
 Nor perfect rest, in those imperfect things :
 But, often droupt amid their promissings,
 Grew dull, and sickly : and, contrariwise
 Hath pleased beene in want, and miseries.

For, when long time, ev'n all alone they laid me,
 Where ev'ry outward comfort was deny'd me :
 To many cares and wants unknowne obtruded ;
 From fellowship of all mankinde excluded ;
 Expos'd to scandalous censures, and disgrace ;
 Subjected to contempts, and usage base ;
 With Tortures threatned, and what those attends ;
 By Greatmen frown'd on ; blamed of my Friends ;
 Insulted on by Foes ; and almost brought
 To that for which their malice chiefly fought :
 Ev'n then, my spirits mounted to their height,
 And my *Contentment* flew her higheft flight.

In those diseasings, I more joy received,
 Then can from all things mortall be conceived.
 In that contemn'd estate, so much was cleared
 My *Reasons* eye ; and God so bright appeared
 To my dim-sighed *Faith* ; that, lo, he turned
 My Griefes to Triumphs. Yea, me thought, I scorned
 To labour for assistance from abroad,
 Or beg for any favour, but from God.

I

I fear'd not that which others thought I feared ;
Nor felt I paine, in that which sharpe appeared :
But, had such inward quiet in my brest,
Till outward ease made way to my unrest ;
That, all my Troubles seemed but a Toy.
Yea, my Affliction so encreast my ioy,
That more I doubted losse of my content,
By losing of my close imprisonment,
Then ever I can feare the bodies thrall,
Or any mischief which attend it shall.

For, as if some *Antipathy* arose
Betwixt the pleasures of the world, and those
Enjoyed then ; I found true ioyes begin
To issue out, as they were entring in.
Till others brought me hopes of my Release,
I scarcely held it worth my hopefulnesse.
I had no frightening dreames, no waking care :
I tooke no thought for meat, nor what to weare ;
I sleighted frownes, and I despis'd the threat
Of such as threatned, were they meane or great.
I laught at dreadfull Rumours, and disdained
Of any suffrings to have then complained.
I valued not a jot the vulgar doome,
Nor what men prated might of me become.
I minded no such trifles, wherewith you,
And I, and others, are oft busied now :
But, being, as it were exiled, then,
From living in the world, with other men,
Twixt *God*, and mine owne *Conscience*, to and fro,
My thoughts, in a quotidian walke, did go.
With Contemplations, I was then inspired,
Beseeming one that wholly was retyred.
I thought, like him, that was to live alone ;
I did like him, that had to doe with none.

And

And, of all outward actions left the care
Vnto the world, and those who lived there.

Nor hath God onely pleased beene to shew
What comforts from a private grieve may flow,
But, that a new experience might be taught me,
He to the house of *Publike-sorrow* brought me
In this late *Pestilence*. And, there I saw
Such inward *joy* commixt with outward *awe* ;
Things *bitter* with such *sweetnesses* allaid ;
Such *pleasures*, into *sorrowes* cup convoid ;
Such firme-*assurance*, in the greatest dangers ;
Such *friendlines*, when others friends were strangers ;
Such *freedome* in restraint ; such *ease* in paine ;
Such *life* in death, and ev'ry feare so vaine,
(Which outwardly affrights) that *Pleasures* Court
Would halfe be robbed of her large resort,
(And stand lesse visited,) if men could see
What profits in the Cels of *Sorrow* be.

For, he that knew what wisdom there is had,
Would say that *mirth* were foolish, *laughter* mad :
That *ease* perpetuall bringeth endlesse *paine* :
That carnall *joy* arives at *hope in vaine* :
That, from all outward *perils* to be free,
May prove most perillous : that, *health* may be
That deadl'est *sickness* : that, our *pleasures* are
But pit-falls : our *security* a snare ;
And, that sometimes those things to which we run,
May bane us more, then those we seeke to shun.

I found it so. And, in my blamed *stay*,
(Whilst others from the *Plague* made haste away)
I gained some renewings of that rest,
Whereof I had beene formerly possesst.
It forced folly, further to depart :
It brought Gods mercies nearer to my heart :

Brave

Brave *combats* in my soule did then begin,
Which I tooke courage from, and pleasure in.
New *trialls* of my Frailty did befall ;
And, of Gods love, I had new proofes withall.
In all my discontentments, such contents,
And of Gods workings, such experiments
Vouchsafed were ; that crowned should I live,
With all those glorious wreathes that *Kings* can give,
And had by them obtain'd each happinesse,
Which worldlings in their greatnesse doe possesse ;
I would not sell the comfort of my stay
For that, and all which those imagine may.

Nor doe I over-prize the fame, altho,
The ignorance of some will think I doe :
For, it hath left within me, ever since,
Of Gods firme love, so strong a confidence,
That, whatsoever accidents betide,
I hope to stand the better fortifi'd
Whilst here I live : and that no time to come
Can send me to a place, so perilsome,
That I shall feare it ; or, to undergoe
The dreadfull'st perills man can fall into ;
If that my *calling* doe oblige me to it,
Or God, in Iustice, make me undergoe it.
In other *cases*, I expect no more,
But, rather, lesse imboldning then before.

For, he that any dangerous taske assumes,
Without good warrant, foolishly presumes ;
Tempts God ; and justly perisheth, unlesse
The veile of *Mercy* hide his wilfulnesse.
Yea, they who over desp'rately have dar'd
Bold things at first ; at last have basely fear'd,
Repenting their foole-hardinesse, in vaine,
When hope was lost, of turning back againe.

For,

For, though from dangers, griefes, and miseries,
 Far greater comforts oftentimes arise,
 Then from prosperity (if we attend
 Gods pleasure, and accept what he doth send)
 Yet, of themselves, nor *paines*, nor *pleasures* can
 Felicitate ; nor is the wit of man
 So perfect, that precisely he doth know
 His owne just temper, or his nature so,
 As to appoint himselfe, what will be needing
 Of *weale*, or *woe*, (nought wanting, or exceeding)
 And therefore, as some man hath by affecting
 Ease, wealth, or temp'rall fame, (without respecting
 Gods pleasure) often perished by that
 Which his unbounded *will* hath reached at ;
 So, they who shall that ease or wealth contemne
 (Which God by lawfull meanes doth offer them)
 And they, who shall unthankfully refuse,
 Of any outward blessing, meanes to use,
 (Through discontent, selfe trust, or wilfull pride)
 When they might honestly those meanes provide ;
 Ev'n both of these are guilty of offence,
 Against the wise eternall *Providence* :
 And are in danger to be left of God,
 In those misleading paths which they have trod.

These things I mused ; and in heart revolved
 A thousand more, before I was resolved
 To keepe in *London*, where men draw no breath
 But that which menaced the bodies death.
 And, seeing, many have condemn'd the fact
 As an unwarrantable, foolish, act :
 Since, it may teach them to forbear to give
 Their *Verdict*, till they *Evidence* receive :
 Since, thus to mention it, a meanes may be,
 To build againe the like *Resolves* in me

When

When future perill so requireth it ;
And when, perhaps, this minde, I may forget :
Yea, since the manner of it, may, perchance,
Deliver others from some ignorance,
And help their Christian Refolutions out,
When they are thrall'd with carnall feare, or doubt :
Ev'n for these causes, (and to glorifie
The pow'r of God in this my victory)
I will relate what *Reasons* made me stay :
What hopes they were, which drove my feares away :
And, with what circumstances, I obtained
That knowledg, which my shaking *Faith* maintained.

When I perceiv'd the *PESTILENCE* to rage
In ev'ry street, nor sparing sex nor age ;
How from their City hive, like *Bees* in *May*,
The fearfull *Citizens* did swarme away :
How fast our *Gentry* halted to be gone ;
How often I was urg'd and call'd upon,
To beare them company : what safeties were
By absence promist ; what great terrors here
My death did menace : how, by timely flight
I might behold my Country with delight :
How nothing could be gotten by my stay,
But want, and new afflictions ev'ry day :
With such like disadvantages, which brought,
A hundred other musings to my thought.
They made it seeme, a while, well worth reproving,
To stay, a minute, longer from removing.

But, then my *Conscience* also did begin
To draw such pow'rfull *Motives*, from within ;
And, to propose before my *understanding*
Such *Reasons*, my departure countermanding,
As made me stagger, and new doubts to make,
What course it best behoved me to take.

At

At first, I thought by counsell from the *Wife*,
 To build up my *Resolves*, and to advise
 By their opinions what I should pursue ;
 But, of the *gravest* I perceiv'd so few
 Who could advise themselves ; that I grew more
 Divided by their counsels, then before.
 I saw such foolishnesse, and such distractions,
 Appeare among them in their words and actions ;
 That I perceiv'd they had enough to doe,
 Their owne particulars to looke unto.

Then, guided by *example* would I be ;
 But, that I quickly found no Rule for me ;
 For, they who in opinion do consent,
 Oft differ, in the active *President*.
 And some, who have a tongue the truth to say,
 Have wasted grace to walke the safest way.

Beside, mens actions, which indifferent are,
 May foolish, wise, or bad, or good appeare,
 As their unknowne occasions are who doe them ;
 And, small respect is to be had unto them,
 By way of *President*, till we can finde
 Their outward motives, and their secret minde.

This heeding ; and still waxing more molested,
 With diff'ring thoughts, and reasons undisgested,
 I knew no better way, then to repaire
 For counsell unto God, by humble *Pray'r* ;
 Beseeching his direction, how to take
 That course, which for his glory most should make.
 And he (I think) was pleas'd to suggest,
 That if I askt my *Conscience* what was best,
 His *Word* and *Spirit* would informe her so,
 That she should shew me what was best to do.

Then, from the noise of other mens perswasions,
 (From *selfe-conceit*, and from those vaine occasions,

Which

Which bring disturbances) I did retire,
 Gods pleasure, of my *Conscience*, to enquire.
 Who, finding in my brest a strong contention
 Twixt *Faith* and *Reason* ; and, how their dissention
 Was first to be compos'd (that I might
 The sooner understand the truth aright)
 She call'd a *Court* within me ; summon'd thither
 Those Pow'rs, and all those Faculties together,
 Which *Tenants* are in *chiefe* unto the *Soule* :
 Their faulty inclinations did controule :
 And, that she might not without profit chide,
 Some ill advis'd courses rectif'd.

Then will'd she *FAITH* and *REASON* to debate
 Their *Cause* at large : and, that which they, of late,
 Had urg'd confusedly within my brest,
 She will'd them, into *Method*, to digest :
 That so, my *Judgement* might the better see,
 To whether part I should enclined be
 They both obey'd. And, *REASON* (who suppos'd
 Delay bred danger) hastily compos'd
 Those many strong perswasions, wherewithall
 She did my person from the *City* call ;
 Before my *Conscience*, them in order laid,
 And (as halfe angry) thus me thought she said.

*What meanest thou, thus fondly, out of season,
 To shew thy boldnesse in contempt of Reason ?
 Why art thou alwayes these mad courses taking ?
 Thy Lines, and Actions, Paradoxes making ?
 Why thus pursu'st thou what to ruine tends,
 To glad thy foes, and discontent thy friends ?
 By making wilde adventures, to the blame
 Of thy blinde Faith, and my perpetuall shame ?
 Is't not enough, that by thy little caring
 To humor Fooles, and by thy over daring*

To

*To beard proud Vices, thou hast lately crost
 Thy way to riches, and preferment lost?
 Is't not enough, that when thou dost become
 The scorn of Fooles, thou wert delivered from
 A masked Hate, ev'n in that day, and place,
 Which Malice had assign'd for thy disgrace?
 And sawst the shame of that unjust Intention
 Alight on him who plotted that Invention?
 Is't not enough, that thou escaped hast
 Through many wants and perils undisgrac'd,
 When thy advent'rous Muse drew downe upon thee
 Those Troubles which were like to have undone thee?
 Suffice not these, unlesse thou now assay
 A needlesse act? and foole thy life away
 By tempting Heav'n, in wilfull staying there,
 Where, in thy face grim death doth alway stare?
 Looke what thou dost, and well observe thine errors,
 For, thou art round about, enclos'd with terrors.
 And if thou be not stupid thou maiest see
 That there is cause thou shouldst affrighted be.
 Dost thou not smell the vapours of the Grave?
 Dost thou not heare thy plague-ficke neighbours rave?
 Dost thou not tast infection in the Aire?
 Dost thou not view sad objects of despaire?
 Dost thou not feele thy vitall pow'rs assailed?
 Dost thou not finde thy spirits often quailed?
 Or with thy judgement hast thou lost thy sense,
 That thou dost make no greater speed from hence?
 Marke there, how fast with Corpſes they do throng!
 See yonder, how the Shadowes, passe along.
 Behold, just now, a man before thee dies:
 Behinde thy back, another breathlesse lies.
 That Bell, now ringing, foundeth out the Knell
 Of him, whom thou didst leave, last ev'ning, well.*

Lo,

*Lo, he that for his life, lyes gasping, there,
Is one of those who thy companions were
This very morning. And, see, see, the Man
That's talking to thee, looketh pale, and wan,
Is sick to death; and, if thou doe not run
For helpe, will die before his tale be done.*

*Yet, art thou not afraid? I prethee, tell
Why might'st thou not have beene that man as well?
Though he this minute hath prevented thee,
Why maist not thou, the next that followes be?
Why should'st not thou as quickly drop away,
Since, flesh and blood thou art, as frail as they?
What can thy speedy dissolution hinder,
Since thy complexion is as apt as tinder
To take that Flame? And, if it seize thee must,
What art thou better, then a heap of dust?*

*There is no Constitution, Sex, Degree,
Or Age of man, from this contagion free.
Nor canst thou get an Antidote to fit
For all Infection, though, perhaps, thy wit
Could learne thy temper so, as not to wrong
Thy health, by things too weak, or over strong.*

*For, men oft change the temper they should hold,
Are sometime hot; sometime againe are cold;
One while are sprightly, otherwhile are dull;
Are now too empty, and anon too full:
That, tis a doubtfull, and a curious aē,
To adde a just proportion, and substraēt
(In using outward meanes of preservation)
According to the bodies variation.*

*And, many, therein failing, lose their lives,
By wrong, or misapply'd Preservatives.*

*Thou shalt have, therefore, but uncertaine hopes
From Druggists, or Apothecary shops.*

To

*To warrantize thy health, if thou on those
In staying here, thy confidence repose.
And sure, thou neither harbor'st such a thought,
That, thou of any better stuffe art wrought
Then other men : nor trustest unto Charmes,
To keepe off this Disease from doing harmes :
For, those unhallowed Med'cines, and impure,
Breed greater Plagues, then those they seeme to cure.*

*Nor art thou, of that Brotherhood, which sees
The Booke of Gods particular Decrees ;
And Gypsie like (by heathnish Palmistry,
Or by the lines of Phisognomy)
Conjectures dareth not alone to give,
Who of this Plague shall dye, or who shall live :
But also wickedly, presumes to tell
Which man shall goe to heav'n, and which to hell :
Of these I know thou art not. For, as yet
I hope thou hast not so forgone thy wit :
To credit their illuding prophanations,
Which are but fantosmes of illuminations
Begot in these late Ages (by mischance)
Betwixt much pride, and zealous ignorance.*

*Thou dost not think thy merits greater are
Then other mens, that God thy life should spare.
Nor canst thou hope thy safety to possesse,
For that thy follies or thy sinnes are lesse.
Since if thou hadst but one time beene mis-led,
Thy life for that one time were forfeited.
And, this Disease, with outward marks, doth strike
The Righteous, and the Wicked, both alike.*

*Then, since thou art a Sinner, and art fure,
That sinne did first this Pestilence procure :
Since thou maist also justly say with grieve,
That, thou of all transgressors art the chiefe :*

Since

*Since thy offences some of those have bin,
Which helpe to bring this great Infection in :
Nay ; since it may be (if thou search thy heart)
That thou a principall among them art,
Who from the Ship must Ionas-like be throwne,
Before this Tempest will be over blowne :
Why doth it not thy guilty soule dismay,
And make thee hasten more to flye away ?*

*It may be thou dost vainly hope for Fame,
By doing this. Oh ! what avails the same,
When thou art raked up quite void of sense,
Among the slaughters of the Pestilence ?
What will it profit when thou sleepest in clay,
Some, few should praise, and some lament thy stay ?
Some heed it not ? Some make a mocke thereat ?
Some deeme thee foolish, others desperate ?
Some, judge thy tarying might for trifles be ?
Some, for thy best intention slander thee ?
Or with base trash thy breathlesse Muse belye ?
Or, mis-report thy dying, if thou dye ?
For, if thou chance to perish in this Place,
These wayes, and other meanes to thy disgrace,
Thy Foes will finde ; and in thy fall contented,
Accomplish what, thy life might have prevented.*

*Bul say to scape alive thy Lott it be ;
A troupe of other perils wait on thee.
Thou knowst not what extremities may fall,
Nor how thy heart may struggle therewithall.
Such Poverty upon this Towne may seize,
E're God asswage the rage of this Disease,
That meanes may faile thee ; and before supply
Thy friends can send thee, thou maist famisht lye :
For they who now affect thee, and with whom
Thou shalt, perhaps, to live resolv'd become,*

Ev'n

*Ev'n they may perish in this Pest, and leave thee
To strangers whose affections will deceive thee :
In time of health, but slenderly befriend thee :
In sicknesse, to a lonely Roome commend thee :
Make spoile of what is thine, and senslesse be
Of helping, and of all regard of thee.*

*And then it will, perchance, afflict thy mind
That thou unto thy selfe wert so unkinde,
As to neglect that wholesome Country Ayre,
Whereto thy friends invited thy repaire.
Thou maist remember, when it is too late,
Those pleasures, and that happy healthy state
Thou mightst have had : And with how much respect
Thou shouldst have liv'd with those that thee affect ;
A comfort to thy Parents, who with feare,
Doe sorrow for thy needlesse lingring here :
For, them thou leavest, and some friends beside,
(To live, 'twixt hope and feare unsatisfi'd
By this thy doing) whom thou dost abuse,
If that which may discomfort them thou chuse.*

*And, when they shall thy wilfulnesse condemne,
With what good Reasons wilt thou answer them ?
Thy Dwelling is not here ; nor is thy stay
Compelled by Affaires that urge it may.
Thou hast nor publike neither private charge ;
But, maist in any place, goe walke at large.
The world conceiveth not the least suspition,
That thou art either Surgeon, or Physitian,
(Whose Art may stand this place in any steed ;)
Or that thy friends will thy attendance need.
For thou canst neither Broths nor Caudles make,
Nor drenches good enough for horse to take.
Thou hast no Calling, that may warrantize
This boldnesse : neither can thy wit devise*

How

*How thou wilt answer God, for daring thus
An act so needlesse, and so perillous.*

*Consider well, that there are paines in death ;
Consider, that when thou hast lost thy breath,
Thy Flesh, the deare companion of thy Soule,
Shall be rejected as uncleane, and foule,
And, lodge within a Grave, contemn'd and vile,
Which might have liv'd esteemed, yet a while.*

*Consider, that thou hast not an estate
Of being, which is base or desperate ;
But such, as few on earth possesse a better,
Though each one, that hath ought, enjoys a greater.*

*Consider, that thou dost endanger now
The blessing of long life. Consider, how
Thou mightst have lived to a larger measure
Of riches, of preferment, or of pleasure ;
And profited thy Country, whereunto
Thy Death, or sicknesse, will no service do.*

*Nay, if thou now miscarry, where will be
Those honest hopes which late possessed thee ?
To those thy Studies who an end shall adde,
Which but a while agoe, beginning had ?
And, being left unfinished, make the paine
And houres, upon them spent, to be in vaine ?*

*With somewhat thou endued art, whereby
Thou maist thy blessed Maker glorifie ;
Thy selfe advantage, and a joy become
To such as well affect thee ; and 'gainst whom
(If thus thy selfe thou separate) thou shalt
Commit a most inexpressible fault.*

*Oh ! therefore, I beseech thee, wary be,
To thinke what service God requires of thee :
Think, what thou ow'st thy selfe ; and call to mind,
That some wel-willers thou maist leave behinde,*

Whose

*Whose hopes thou should'st not wilfully bereave,
 (Whose loves thou should'st not unrequited leave)
 By hazarding thy Life, which is a debt
 To their deservings. For, thou know'st not, yet,
 How that may grieve thy soule, or fill thy head
 With troubled fancies, on thy dying-bed.*

*I cannot make discovery, by all
 My faculties, and pow'rs rationall,
 What worke thou maist imagine should be done
 That's worthy of the hazard thou dost run.
 Nor can, as yet, my understanding reach
 (What hope soever Faith may please to preach)
 To those Felicities ; which after death
 Her supernaturall Doctrines promifeth.
 Nor finde I such assurances, as may
 Preserve thee unaffrighted in thy stay.
 For when within my Naturall Scale & place
 Those Arguments, and Promises of Grace,
 Which Faith alledgeth ; they so ayrie prove,
 That they my Ballance very little move.
 Yea, such transcendent things declareth she,
 As they me thinks should so distemper thee,
 That doubts and terrors rather should possesse
 Thy Soule, then hopes of reall happinesse ;
 Since what in Death, or after Death shall come,
 Are things, that Nature is estranged from.
 Fly therefore, this great perill. Seeke a place
 Where thou maist plead more safely of thy Case :
 And, since thy God, with Reason, thee doth blesse,
 Now, most thou need'st it, be not reasonlesse.*

*All this (and what the carnall wit of man
 Object, in such an undertaking can)
 Did R E A S O N urge, to make my stay appeare
 An act improvident, and full of feare :*

And

And what her seeming rightfull cause advances,
Was utt'ed with such dreadfull circumstances,
That she did halfe perswade me to confesse,
My *Resolution* would be foolishnesse.

But, when my *REASON* had no more to speake,
My *FAITH* began : & though her strength was weak,
(Because my frailties had enfeebled her)
Yet, then I felt her with more vigour stir,
Then in lesse perills. For, she blew aside
Those fogs wherewith my heart was terrifi'd :
Made cleare my *Iudgement* : and (as having waigh'd
The speech foregoing) thus, me thought, she said.

*How wise is REASON in an Ethnicke Schoole,
And, in divine proceedings, what a foole ?
How many likely things she muste can,
To startle and amaze a naturall man,
Which, when I am advis'd withall, are found
But pannick feares, and terrors without ground !
And yet, how often doth blinde Ignorance,
Above my reach her shallownesse advance ?
Or else of madnesse, wickedly condemne
My wisdome, and my safest paths contemne ?
Yet be not thou (my Soule) deceived by
The foolishnesse of humane Sophistry.
But, since by the Afflictions, thou hast got
Experience, which the world attaineth not ;
Give heed to me, and I will make thee know
Those things which carnall Reason cannot show.
Yea make thee by my pow'r more certaine be
Of that which mortals can nor heare nor see,
Then of the plainest objects that appeare
Vnto the sense of corp'rall eye or eare :
And though my promise, or my counsell seeme
To vulgar Iudgements, but of meane esteeme,*

H

I'le

*Ile so enable thee those feares to bide,
 Wherewith the worldly wise are terrifi'd;
 And, teach thee such contentednesse to gaine,
 Though in Deaths gloomy shades thou dost remaine:
 That, thou (without all doubtings) shalt perceive,
 Thou shouldst not this afflicted Citie leave,
 And Flesh and Blood, with wonder, shall confesse
 That Faith hath pow'r to teach men fearlesnesse,
 In perils; which do make their hearts to ake,
 Who scoffe at her, and part with Reason take.*

*It cannot be denyed that this Place
 Yeelds dread enough, to make the boldest face
 To put a palenesse on, unlesse the minde
 Be over much to senslesnesse enclinde:
 Because, we nat'rally abhor to see
 Such loathed objects of mortality.
 'Tis also true, that there is no defence
 To guard the body from this Pestilence,
 Within the compasse of mans pow'r or wit:
 Nor can thy merit so prevaile with it,
 But that (for ought thou knowest) thou maist fill
 The growing number of Deaths weekly-Bill.*

*And what of that? whilst I befriend thee shall,
 Can such a common danger thee apall?
 Shall that, which heath'nish men, and women beare,
 (Yea tender infants) without shewes of feare,
 Amate thy spirit? shall the drawing nigh
 Of that, from which thou hast no meanes to flye,
 (And which thou walkest toward, ev'ry day,
 (With seeming stoutnesse) fright thee now away?
 Is Death so busie growne in London streets,
 That he with no man in the Country meets?
 Beleevest thou, the number he hath slaine
 Hath added any thing unto the paine?*

Or

*Or, hast thou lately apprehended more
 Deaths fearfull gaslineffe, then heretofore,
 That in this time of tryall thou shouldst finde
 Thy Soule to slavish Cowardice enclinde ?
 Death is that Path, which ev'ry man must tread ;
 And, when thou shalt descend among the dead,
 Thou go'st but thither where thy fathers be,
 And whither, all that live shall follow thee.
 Death is that Haven, where thy Barke shall cast
 Her hopefull Anchor, and lye moored fast,
 Exempted from those furious windes and seas,
 VVhich in thy heav'nly voyage, thee diseafe.
 Death is the Iaile-deliv'ry of the Soule :
 Thy joyfull yeare of Iubilee : thy Goale :
 The Day that ends thy sorrowes, and thy sins ;
 And that, wherein, best happineffe begins.
 A lawfull act, then wherefore shouldst thou feare
 To prosecute ; although thy death it were ?
 Full oft, have I enabled thee to bide
 The brunt of dreadfull stormes, unterrified ;
 And, when thy dastard Reason (not espying
 That heav'nly Game, at which thy Faith was flying)
 Disheartned grew ; I did thy body free
 From ev'ry perill which enclosed thee :
 So working, that those things thy praise became,
 Which Malice had projected for thy shame ;
 And, common Reason, who suppos'd thee mad,
 Did blush to see how little wit she had.*

*Yet, now againe, how foolishly she tryes
 To cast new fogs before thy Iudgements eyes ?
 What childish Bug-Beaes hath she mustred here,
 To scar thy senses with a causelesse feare ?
 Of those loath'd Objects wherefore doth she tell,
 Which vex the sight, the hearing, and the smell ?*

H 2 .

Since

*Since, when the utmost of it shall be said,
All is but Death ; which can but strike thee dead.
And when that's done, thou shalt (by me revived)
Enjoy a better life then thou hast lived.*

*If those hobgoblin terrors of the grave,
(Wherewith meere nat'rall men affrighted have
Their troubled foules) deterre thee from that path,
Whereto the will of God injoined hath ;
To thee (oh ! Soule) how dreadfull would it be
If WARRE, with all her feares enclofed thee ?
Nay, if such common terrors thee amaze,
How wouldst thou quake, if in a generall blaze,
The world should flame about thee ? (as it may,
Perhaps, before thou see another day)
Sure, if these Scar-crowes do deterre thee so,
Thou scarce wilt welcome (as thou oughtst to do)
That Moment when it comes ; nor so rejoyce,
As they, who long to heare the Bridegroomes voice.*

*Here therefore stay, and practise to inure
Thy soule to tryalls ; that thou maist endure
All changes, which in after times may come :
And wait with gladnesse, for the Day of Doome.
Seeke here, by holy dread, to purge away
Those Crimes which heape up terrors for that day.
Endure the scorching of this gentle fire,
To purifie thy heart from vaine desire.
Learne here, the death of righteous men to dye ;
That thou maist live with such eternally.
Here, exercise thy Faith, and watch, and pray,
That when thy body shall be mixt with clay
The frightfull Trumpet, whose amazing sound
Shall startle Hell, and shake earths massie Round.
May make thee leape with gladnesse from thy grave,
And no sad horrors in thy Conscience have.*

What

*What canst thou hope to purchase here below,
That thou shouldst life unwillingly forgoe ?
Since, there is nothing which thou canst possesse,
Whose sweetnesse is not marr'd with bitternesse :
Nor any thing so safe, but that it may,
To thee, become a mischief, many a way ?*

*If honourable thou mightst live to grow,
That honour may effect thy overthrow.*

*And (as it makes of others) make of thee
A thing as blockish, as bruit creatures be.*

*If Rich ; those Riches may thy life betray ;
Choake up thy vertues, and then flye away.*

*If Pleasure follow thee ; that pleasing vaine
May bring thy soule to everlasting paine :*

*Yea, that which most thou longest to enjoy,
May all the pleasures of thy life destroy.*

*Seeke therefore true contentment where it lies,
And feare not ev'ry Babies fantasies.*

*If Life thou love ; Death is that entring in
Where life which is eternall doth begin.*

*There, what thou most desirest is enjoy'd ;
And, Death it selfe, by dying is destroy'd.*

*Though length of life, a blessing be confest,
Yet, length of dayes in sorrow is not best.*

*Although the Saylor, sea-roome doth require,
To reach the harbour is his chiefe desire :*

*And, though 'tis well our debts may be delay'd,
Yet, we are best at ease when they are paid.*

*If Titles, thou aspire unto : Death brings
The Faithfull, to become immortall Kings :*

*Whose glorie passeth earthly pomp, as far
As Phoebus doth outshine the Morning-star.*

*Desirest thou a pleasant healthfull dwelling ?
By Death thou gain'st a Country so excellent ;*

H 3

That

*That, plenty of all usefull things is there,
 And all those objects that delightfull are.
 A golden pavement thou shalt walke upon ;
 And lodge in Buildings wall'd with precious stone.
 If in rich Garments to be cloath'd thou seeke,
 The Persian Monarks never had the like :
 For, Puritie it felfe thy Robe shall be ;
 And like the Stars, thy Crowne shall shine on thee.*

*Hast thou enjoyed those companions here,
 VVhose love and fellowship delightfull are ?
 Thou shalt, when thou from sight of those art gone,
 Of that high Order be installed one,
 VVhich never did false Brother entertaine ;
 VVhereof, ev'n God himselfe is Sovereigne :
 And in whose company thou shalt possesse
 All perfect, deare, and lasting friendlinesse.
 Yea, there ev'n those whom thou on earth hast loved
 In life time (with such love as is approved)
 Thou shalt enjoy againe : and not alone
 Their friendship ; but the love of ev'ry one
 Of those blest men and women, who both were,
 And are, and shall be, till our Judge appeare.*

*Hath any mortall beauty pleas'd thee so,
 That, from her presence thou art loath to goe ?
 Thou shalt in stead of those poore imperfections,
 VVhereon thou settest here unsure affections,
 The Fountaine of all Beauties, come to see
 (Within his lovely bosome lodged be)
 And know (when thou on him hast fixt thine eyes)
 That, all carth's Beauties are deformities.*

*To these, and happinesse, greater far
 Then by the heart of man conceived are,
 Death maketh passage. And, how grim foe're
 He may to those that stand aloofe appeare ;*

Yet

*Yet, if thou bide unmoved in thy place,
Till he within his armes doe thee embrace ;
Thou shalt perceive that who so timely dieth,
Enjoyes contentments which this life denyeth.*

*Thy feare of painfulnesse in death is vaine ;
In Death is ease ; in Life, alone, is paine.
Man makes it dreadfull by his owne inventions,
By causelesse doubts, and groundlesse apprehensions.
But, when it comes, it brings of paine, no more
Then Sleepe, to him that restless was before.*

*Thy Soules departure, from the Flesh, doth maze,
And thee afflicteth more then there is cause :
For, of this sling, thy Saviour, Death despoiled :
And, feares, and dangers from the Grave exiled.
Thou lovest not thy Body when it dyes ;
Nor doth it perish, though it putrifies.
For, when the time appointed, it hath laine,
It shall be raised from the dust againe,
And, in the stead of this corrupted one,
Thy Soule, a glorious body shall put on.*

*But hadst thou not a Faith which might procure thee
Such comforts, and such life in death assure thee :
Or, though thou shouldst, by dying, be possesse
Of nothing else, but of a senselesse rest :
Me thinkes thy carnall Reason should, for that,
Perswade thee rather to be desperate,
And stay, and seeke for Death, ere languish in
Perpetuall sorrowes, such as thine have bin.
For, if to God-ward, joy thou feelest not,
What comfort to the world-ward hast thou got,
Which may desirous make thee to delay,
Or linger out thy life another day?*

*'Tis true that God hath given thee a share
In all those Pleasures, that good pleasures are ;*

H 4

And

*And (to the Givers glory be it spoken)
 He hath bestow'd on thee as many a token
 Of his abundant love, as he bestowes
 On any, with so few external shewes.
 For ev'n of outward things he doth impart
 As much as fits the place in which thou art ;
 With full as many pleasures as may serve,
 Thy Patience, in thy sufferings, to preserve :
 And, when for Rest, and Plenties, thou art fitter,
 I know, he will not make thy cup so bitter.*

*But if thou live for outward pleasures meerly ;
 By living thou dost buy them over dearly.
 For (if thy peace in God were set aside)
 So many wayes thou hast beene crucifi'd,
 That some would think thy Fortune (if they had it)
 Most bitter ; though most sweet thy hopes have made it.
 Here, but a Pilgrimage thou dost possesse,
 In wandring, and perpetuall restlesnesse.
 Like Travellers, in sunshine and in raine,
 Both dry and wet, and dry and wet againe.
 With rest, each Morning, well refresht and merry ;
 And, ev'ry Ev'ning, full of griefe, and weary.
 To Vanity, in bondage thou dost lie,
 Still beaten with new stormes of Misery ;
 And, in a path to which thou art a stranger,
 Assaulted with variety of Danger.*

*His Face, sometime, is hid, whence comforts flow,
 And, men and devills, seek thy overthrow.
 Sin multiplies upon thee, ev'ry day :
 Thy vitall pow'rs, will more and more decay :
 Wealth, honor, friends, and what thou best dost love,
 Doth leave, deceive thee, or thy torment prove ;
 Mans very Body burthens him ; and brings
 Vnto it selfe a thousand torturings.*

Thy

*Thy Heart, with many Thinkings is perplext :
 Yea, by thine owne Affections thou art vext :
 And (though by overcoming them at last,
 Thy soule hath comfort when the fight is past,)
 Thou hast perpetual conflicts which require
 Continuall watchfulnesse : for, no Desire
 Or nat'rall Passion, ever did molest
 The heart of man, that strives not in thy brest.*

*In ev'ry Pleasure, somewhat lurks to fear thee,
 In ev'ry Profit, somewhat to ensnare thee :
 Whole armies of Afflictions swarme about thee,
 Some fight within thee ; some assaile without thee :
 And, that which thou conceivest shall releev thee,
 Becommeth oft another meanes to grieve thee.
 Yea, thine owne thoughts, thy speeches, and thine actions,
 Occasion discontentments, and distraction :
 And all the portion which thou dost inherit,
 Yields nought, but perturbations of the spirit.*

*In Childhood all thy pleasures were but toyes ;
 In heat of Youth, as fruitlesse were thy joyes :
 Thy riper yeares, do nought but ripen care :
 And, imperfections, thy perfections are :
 If Old thou grow, thy griefes will aged be,
 And, Sicknesse, till thou dye, will live in thee.
 Thy Life's a Warfare, which must quite be done,
 E're dangers vanish, or the Field be won.
 It is a Voyage full of wearinesse,
 Till thou thy wished harbor dost possesse :
 And, thou of no externall Ioy canst boast,
 That may not e're thy dying day be lost.*

*But, truth to say, what thing dost thou possesse,
 Which others thinke to be a happinesse ?
 The world allowes thee little that is hers,
 And thee to very small esteeme prefers.*

H 5

Among

*Among her Minions : but, in ev'ry place
Endeavours to affront thee with disgrace ;
Deprives thee of thy labours, and bestowes
On Parasites, on Fooles, and on thy Foes,
Thy due : and with a spitefull enviousnesse,
Thy best approved Studies doth suppressse.*

*Behold, a frothy Masque, an idle Song,
The witleffe jesting of a scurrilous tongue,
The capring Dancer, and the joining Fencer,
The bold Buffoone, the slye Intelligencer ;
Those foolish raving fellows, whose delights
Are wholly fixed on their Curs and Kites ;
The Termly Pamphleters, whose Dedications
Doe sooth and claw the times abominations :
Ev'n such like things as these can purchase grace,
And quickly compasse Pension, Gift, or Place ;
When, thy more honest Labours are abused,
Contemned, sleighted, or at best refused.*

*If such a one as these forenam'd, resort
To set abroad his qualities in Court,
He findes respect, and as an usefull man,
His Faculty, some place afford him, can.
He soone hath entertainment. Or if not,
Yet, something may for his availe be got.
A base Invention, that scarce merit may
The reputation of a Puppet-play,
Some spangled Courtier, or some foolish Lord,
Admires, affects, and of his owne accord
Prefers it to the Prince, or to the King,
As an ingenious, or much usefull thing.
And (ten to one) if then the Author can
But humour well his Lordship, or his man
(That rules his Honors wisdom) it may gaine him
Some such like Lord as that to entertaine him,*

For

*For his companion ; yea, the privy purse
May open to him : and, he fareth worfe
Then many a Foole hath done, vnlesse e're long,
He purchaseth to be enroll'd among
The best Deservers ; and arise to be
Superior to a better man then he.*

*Twixt these and thee what distances appeare ?
And, twixt your Fortunes, what a space is there ?
When thou hadst finished a Worke divine,
(As much for others profit, as for thine)
Thou scarcely found'st a man, to make thee way
Thy Present, at thy Soveraignes feet to lay,
And when thou didst : No sooner laid he by
What tendred was, but some injurious eye
Did quickly take thereof a partiall view,
And with detracting Cenfures thee pursue.*

*Yea, those meere Ignorants, whose courtly wit
Can judge of nothing, but how cloathes doe fit ;
How Congees should be acted ; how their Boy
Observe them should ; or some such weighty toy :
Those Shreds of Complement, patcht up for things
To fill vast Roomes in palaces of Kings,
(As Antiques doe in Hangings) more for show ;
Then any profit, which from them can flow.
Even those (scarce worth our laughing at) have past
Their doomes on that which thou presented hast ;
As if they understood it : and, as those,
By chance did censure, so the Censure goes.*

*If these, or any such like Mountebanks,
By slavish fawning, or by picking thanks ;
By homeliest services, (or worfe) by cheating ;
Extorting from the poore, or by defeating
Men honestly disposed, (or, by any
Of those ill meanes, whereof this age hath many)*

Can

*Can, out of beggery, their fortunes reare,
To hundreds, or to thousands by the yeare :
They thinke themselves abus'd, if any grutch
Or murmur, as if they had got too much.*

*But, though thou from thy childhood wert employ'd
In painfull studies, and hadst not enjoy'd
So much externall profit, as would pay
The charges of thy Troubles, for a day :
(Nay, rather, hindrance hadst, and punishment,
For that, which gave most honest men content)
Yet (marke their dealing) when but hope there was
Of gaine to thee (which never came to passe)
And though that gaine were lesse then Traders can
Allow sometimes unto a Iourney-man :
Yea though it were to no mans prejudice ;
(But many profiting) and did arise
By thine owne labours : that small yearly summe
Expected (for, nought, yet, but losse doth come)
Was grumbled at ; as if it had beene more
Then any ever gained heretofore ;
And would the Common-weale have prejudiced,
Had none, thereof, to frustrate thee, devised.*

*Some, therefore (whose maliciousnesse is yet
Vnanswer'd for) themselves against thee set ;
And, by the dammage of their owne estate,
Have labour'd, thee and thine to ruinate.
Some others, as injuriously, as they,
Laid causelesse Nets, to snarle thee in thy way :
And have procured, for thy best intents,
Reproofes, Contempts, and Close Imprisonments ;
(As rigorous as ever were inflicted,
Of those that for High Treason stood convicted)
Yea, that which might an honest wealth have won thee,
Was that, whereby they fought to have undone thee.*

Foule

*Foule Scandals, thy best actions have attended.
And as (if on thine Infamy depended
The Kingdomes glory) Phamphlets false and base
Yea, publike Masques, and Playes, to thy disgrace,* x
*Were set abroach; till justly they became,
To those that made, and favour'd them, a shame.*

*In Rimes, and Libels, they have done thee wrongs;
Thou hast beene mention'd in their drunken Songs,
Who nothing worse unto thy charge could lay,
But, that, thou didst not seem so bad as they.
Meere Strangers, who are quite unknown of thee,
(Although they see not what thy manners be)
Take pleasure to traduce thee, and to draw
Those things in question, which they never saw.
Nay, at their publike meetings, few forbear
To speak that scandall, which they thinke, or heare.*

*Ev'n since this Plague began, and whilst thy hand
Recording was that Iudgement on this Land;
Thou art inform'd, that, Westward from this place
(Some scores of miles) a generall rumous was
Both of thy bidding here, and of thy death.
And, they who said, thou hadst expir'd thy breath,
(Supposing, as it seemes) it could not be
That God from this Disease would shelter thee)
Reported also, that, of Grace forsaken,
And, by the sin of drunkenesse o'retaken,
Thou brok'st thy neck. It may be those men thought,
Thet when the Plague thy life to end had brought,
They should have added somewhat, to have slaine
The life of good Report, which might remaine.*

*Nor was that ayme quite void. For, (though of all
Grosse sins, the staine of that, least blur thee shall)
Some straight belev'd what malice did surmise;
Condemn'd thy Vertues, for Hypocrisies.*

Made

*Made guilty all thy Lines of evill ends ;
 Vs'd thee, as Iob was used by his friends ;
 Did on thy Life unchristian Censures passe ;
 Affirm'd, thy Death had showed what it was ;
 And, many a one that heard it, shall not know
 Vntill his dying day, it was not so.*

*But, then they shall perceive, that most of that
 Is false, which men of others use to prate.*

*But, wonder it is none, that thou among
 Some Strangers, in thy Fame hast suffred wrong :
 For, lo, thy Neighbours (though they privy be
 To no such act as may disparage thee,
 But unto many rather, which in show,
 Appeared from a Christian minde to flow)
 Ev'n they, in private whisperings, many times
 Have taxed thee as guilty of those crimes
 Thou never perpetratedst ; but dost more
 Abhor them, then do Mizers to be poore.
 And from those blots the more thy life is free,
 The more is theirs defilde, by flaundring thee.*

*In wicked Places (where yet never came
 Thy foot) some acted follies in thy name :
 That others present, knowing not thy face,
 Might spread abroad of thee, to thy disgrace,
 VVhat others did. And, such a mischief, none
 But perfect Malice, could have thought upon.*

*Thy very Prayers, and thy Charities
 Have mocked beene, and judg'd hypocrises.
 When thou wert best employed, thou wert sure
 The basest imputations to endure.
 When thy intentions have beene most sincere,
 Mens misconstructions alwayes harshest were ;
 And, when thy pioust action thou hadst wrought,
 Then, they the greatest mischief on thee brought.*

They

*The best, and most approved of those Laies,
 By thee composed for thy Makers praise ;
 Have lately greatly multipl'd thy Foes,
 And, not procur'd alone the spight of those
 Whom brutish Ignorance besets among
 The misconceiving and illiterate throng :
 But, they who on the seats of Iudgement sate,
 Thee, and those Labours have inveighed at.
 The Learned, who should wiser men have beene,
 Did censure that which they had never seene.
 Ev'n they, who make faire shewes of sanctity,
 (God grant, it be not with hypocrisie)
 With spightfulnesse, that scarce can matched be,
 Have shamefully traduced that, and thee.
 Nay, of the Clergy, some (and of the chiefe)
 Have with unseemely fury, past beleefe,
 So undervalu'd, and so vilifi'd
 Those Labours (which the tryall will abide,
 When their proud spleene is wasted) that, unlesse
 God had, in mercy, curb'd their furiousnesse
 (And by his might abated, in some measure,
 That pow'r of acting their imperious pleasure)
 Their place, and that opinion they had gained,
 Of knowledge, and sincerity unfained,
 Had long ere this, no doubt, made so contemn'd
 Those Lines, and thee ; that thou hadst beene condemn'd
 VVithout a triall. And so true a feeling
 Hadst gain'd ere now, of base and partiall dealing,
 That, Discontent might then have urg'd thy stay,
 In hope this Plague, would that, have tooke away.
 But, thou by others, hast receiv'd the slings
 Of Malice, otherwayes, in other things.
 Those men, whose over-grosse and open crimes,
 Are justly taxed in thine honest Rimes,*

Have

*Have by the generall notice of thy name,
Sought how to bring thee to a generall shame,
By raising causelesse rumors to be blowne
Through ev'ry quarter where thy lines are knowne.
For, there's no place without an envious care,
And slanderous tongues be ready ev'ry where,
To cast, with willingnesse, disgrace on those,
Of whom, some good report, beforehand, goes.
And since thou canst not answer ev'ry man,
As he that's knowne in some few Townships, can;
The falsest Rumors Men divulge of thee,
Doe soone become a common Fame to be.*

*Moreover (that lesse cause there may appeare,
Why thou shouldst life desire, or dying feare)
The most affected thing this world containes,
Hath tortur'd thee with most heart-breaking paines.
For, they whom thou hast loved: they to whom
Thou didst obliged many wayes become:
Yea they who knew thy faithfulnessse; ev'n they
Have made their outward kindnesse the way
To make thee most ingracefull seeme to be,
Yea, they have heaped more disgrace on thee,
More griefes, and disadvantages, then all
Thy Foes together, bring upon thee shall.
And long pursued have, to thy vexation
Their courses with harsh trickes of aggravation;
Yet still pretending Love: which makes the curse,
Of this Affliction twenty times the worse.
I will not say that thou afflicted art
In this (by them) without thy owne desert:
For who perceives in all how he offends?
Or thinks, that God correction causelesse sends?
Nor will I say this injury proceeds,
From any Malice. For, perhaps, it breeds*

From

*From their distemper'd love. And God to shew
Some needfull secret (which thou best maist know
By this experiment) a while doth please,
To make thy late Contentments thy Disease*

*Thy first Acquaintance, who did many a yeare
Enjoy thy fellowship (and glad appeare
To seeme thy friends) have wearied out their love,
By length of time; and strangers now doe prove.
Thou also seest, thy new acquaintance be
Worne out as fast as gotten. For, to thee
Most come, for nothing but to satisfie
Their idle fruitlesse curiositie:
And, having seene, and found thee but a man,
Their friendship ended, just as it began.*

*Nay, they who all thy course of life have seene,
And (in appearance) have perswaded beene,
So well of thy uprightnesse, as if nought
Could move in them, of thee, one evill thought:
Those, by a little absence, or the sound
Of some untrue Relation (wanting ground)
Doe all their good opinion sometime change;
Suspect thy manners, and themselves estrange,
So unexpectedly, and without cause,
That what to judge of them it makes thee pause,
For they that vertuous are, but in the show,
Doe soone suspect, that all men else, are so.*

*These things are very bitter unto such
Whose hearts are sensible to ev'ry touch
Of kindnesse, and unkindnesse; and they make
Life tedious, where they deepe impression take.
But, many other griefes thy Soule doe grinde;
And thou by them, art pained in a kinde
So differing from the common sense of others,
(Although thy patience much distemper smothers)*

That

*That Reason might me thinks contented be,
Thou shouldst pursue thy Death to set thee free.*

*I speake not this, as if thou didst repine
At these, or any other lots of thine :
Nor to discourage thee, because the World
So little of her Grace on thee hath hurl'd.
For, I would have thee scorne her love ; and know
That whether she will favour thee or no,
I will, in thy due season, make thee rise
To honor, by that way which men despise :
Ev'n to those honors, which are greater then
The greatest that conferred are, by men.
And, this I mention, in reproach of them
Whose Pride, thy humble Musings, doth contemne :
And to remember thee, how vaine it were,
To seeke for life, where such harsh dealings are.*

*And, as I would not have thee wish to live
For love of any thing, this world can give :
So, am I loath her troubles should have pow'r
To make thee seeke to shorten life an houre.
But rather in contempt of all her spight,
To lengthen it, untill pale Envie quite
Consume her selfe ; and thou at last be sent
From hence, victorious, crowned with content.*

*I therefore, here, perswade thee not to stay,
That vainly thou mightst foole thy life away :
Or, that some poore applauses may be got ;
Or, for such trifling ends as profit not ;
And, whereof, Reason her dislike infers :
For, my opinion jumps in that, with hers.*

*I doe not counsell thee to cast aside
That care, which teacheth wisely to provide
For wholesome Antidotes : Or to observe
Such courses, as are likely to preserve*

Thy

Thy body sound : nor is it my intent,
 Thou shouldst employ, by way of complement,
 Thy time in visiting infected friends ;
 When to their comfortings it little tends.
 Nor am I pleas'd in him that so presumes,
 Or such a franticke foolishnesse assumes,
 As desperately to thrust himselfe among
 The noisome breathings of a sickly throng,
 When such a danger nothing may availe :
 And, where the meanes of life will surely faile.
 Nor would I now betray thee to thy sin ;
 Or worke thy losses, that thy foes may win ;
 Or make thee tempt thy God ; or grieve thy friends ;
 Or barre thy Labors of thy wished ends :
 Nor canst thou thinke thy Reason well hath said,
 To cast such stumbling-blockes, as she hath laid :
 For, just and comely things, I doe advise ;
 And, seeke not Mischiefes, but their Remedies.

A carnall Wisedome sayes she seeth not
 What knowledge and assurance may be got
 Of those eternall things, that objects are
 Of Christian hope. But, wherefore shouldst thou feare
 What Flesh and Blood blasphemously hath said ?
 Since, into thee already are convaide
 Both Notions, and the reall sense of that
 Which they, who would not see, doe stumble at ?

Meere humane Reason cannot reach to know
 Of many thousand Creatures here below,
 The secret natures : Doe not wonder than,
 That few celestially things perceive she can :
 But call to minde, that to be fleshly wise,
 Is to be foolish in Truths Mysteries.
 Give God the praise, who hath on thee bestowne
 A better apprehension then thine owne.

Remem-

*Remember still, to cherish this beleefe;
Let Prayer daily set thy Faith releefe:
And be assur'd that I advise thee best,
What e're thy carnall Reason shall suggest.*

*If thou suppose that thou hast ought begun,
Which may thy Country profit, being done,
Or honor God: proceed thou in his name,
With cheerfulnesse, and finish up the same.
For God will either give thee life to doe it,
(If cause there be) or call another to it
Of better gifts. And, if thou grudge at this,
Thou seekest thine owne honor, more then his:
And, though a pious purpose thou pretend,
Thy holy shewes have some unholy end.*

*Say, thou among the multitude must fall;
Say, they that hate thee, thereof triumph shall;
Or others (out of levity) contemne
Thy course; or thee unjustly should condemne,
As Reason pleads? what prejudice to thee
Would this be more, then such mens praises be?
What harme is this to thee when thou art gone?
And hast no sense of any wrong that's done?
What needst thou care, if all the world suppose
To hell thou sinkest; if thy spirit goes
The way to heav'n? And in that narrow path
A blessed being, unperceived hath?*

*Pursue brave Actions, as a Christian ought,
And, care not thou what shall of them be thought:
(Except to rouse up other men it be,
By making them perceive what roused thee)
When thou dost walke uprightly, walke thou on,
And scorne to looke aside, who looks thereon:
For, he's a Foole (if not an hypocrite)
That in well-doing feeleth no delight,*

Vntill

*Vntill some witnesse of his deeds he know,
Or feele some praises his proud sailes to blow.
Nay, he that cannot in a vertuous deed,
(Wherein, his Conscience, warrants to proceed)
Perfist without returning, though he should,
Of all the world together, be controul'd;
Or, if he thought it not a favour too
That God would call him such a worke to doe;
(Yea though that for his paines, he should become
Abhor'd of all men, till the Day of Doome)
Ev'n such a Man is farre below that height,
To which by perfect Vertue climbe he might;
And lose he doth, by feares that are in vaine,
The bravest honor that his Faith can gaine.*

*Thy Reason sayes, that thou a sinner art;
And, thereupon doth urge thee to depart.
But wherefore should the guilt of sin affright
From staying, rather then from taking flight?
For, if thou shalt remove away from hence,
Thy guilt retaining, by impenitence,
God hath not so his Plagues confined hither,
But that they may pursue thee any whither.
And whereas here, the danger, and the feare,
Encompassing this place, might so deterre,
So mollifie, and awe thy heart within thee;
So move, and to amend thy life, so win thee,
That God shall clense thy soule of ev'ry staine;
And reconcile thee to himselfe againe:
Perhaps, the wicked vaine security,
That will attend thee whither thou shalt flye,
May make the measure of thy sinnes compleater,
Thy comforts fewer; thy afflictions greater;
When least thou fearest, most of all disease thee;
And keepe off this, that some worse thing may seize thee.*
And

*And, though thy Reason urge thee to beleeve,
 Thy friends may wronged be, or too much grieve,
 By this adventure: I, thy Faith, assure thee,
 That if my Motives may to stay procure thee,
 (For such good purposes as I propose)
 Thy God shall pay thy friends what ere they lose;
 Make some (by fearing what thy dangers are)
 Of their owne wayes to take the greater care:
 Keepe others (by preserving of them sad)
 More watchfull, that might else lesse heed have had:
 And, stirre up thee for them, and them for thee,
 So zealous in continuall vows to be,
 As will (perchance) worse perils drive away,
 Then those, which are so feared, in thy stay.*

*Oh! God, how many soules, by fleeing hence
 Scape this, and catch a deadlier Pestilence!
 How many hearts whom Feare doth somewhat strike
 With sorrowes, which begins Repentance-like,
 (And might by staying here, accomplish that,
 Which ev'ry true Beleever aimeth at)
 Will fall from those beginnings, by their flight,
 And lose the feeling of Gods Iudgements, quite?
 How many! by wrong seeking to prevent,
 Their heavenly Fathers loving chastisement,
 Incurrible in their lives will grow?
 And bring themselves to utter overthrow?
 And oh! what multitudes, by staying here,
 Shall change their dread, into a filiall feare?
 Their feare to love, and love, and laud thee too,
 For sending that, which they abhorred so!*

*Like them, who in the Deeps employed be,
 Here, thou the wondrous works of God shalt see.
 That thou maist tell the world what he hath done;
 And sing the praise of that Almighty-One*

To

*To this, and future ages. And, for what
 Did he thy Soule and Body first create?
 For what redeeme thee? For what end infuse
 That Faculty, which thou dost call thy Muse?
 For what, but for his honor, to declare
 Those Iudgements and his Mercies which will here
 Be showne unto thee? and to sing the Story
 Of what thine eye beholdeth to his glory?
 For, if not here, then where? Or if not now,
 Then, at what other time expectest thou
 So faire an oportunitie, to show
 With how much readinesse thou couldst bestow
 Thy life, and all thy faculties, on him
 (And, for his service) who bestowed them?
 What nobler Subject can the world afford
 For thee, or for the Muses to record,
 Then will those Iudgements, and those Mercies be,
 Which God will in this place disclose to thee?
 If Reason seeke some purpose in thy stay,
 Me thinks, this purpose please thy Reason may:
 For, though those men who love their owne vaine praise,
 Have little care of their Creators waies,
 And finde small pleasingnesse in those Relations,
 Which are compos'd of such like Observations;
 Yet, all the gloriousst acts of greatest Kings,
 Are triviall, worthlesse, base, and foolish things,
 Respecting these. And, though some nicer wits
 Scarce think that such a Subject well befits
 Their artfull Muses. Yet, twixt this and that
 Whereon they love to plod and meditate,
 There's much more diff'rence, then betwene their Laies
 And those which they doe most of all dispraise:
 And they who live (the time) I hope shall see,
 These Poems, much, more prized then they be:*

Yea,

*Yea, though it may appeare to common Reason,
 An act impertinent, and out of season,
 For such an end as this to make thy stay :
 Let not her carnall Sophismes thee dismay.
 For since thou seest a vaine Historian dares
 His person to adventure in the warres,
 That he (for fame, or hire) may write a story
 Of what is done to his Commanders glory :
 This action, wherefore shouldst thou startle from,
 As if thy Iudgement it would mis-become?
 If just it be, our safeties to contemne,
 In such a case (if that be good in him)
 How much more just, is thy adventure, then
 Who sing'st the praise of God, and not of men?
 How much more safely walkest thou, then they?
 How much more glory, and how much more pay,
 Can thy great Captaine give thee? And how small
 Should be thy feare? If thou shouldst feare at all.*

*Nor to thy God, or to thy selfe alone,
 Will acceptable services be done
 By staying here: but peradventure some
 That living are, and some, in time to come,
 May reap advantage by it, and confesse,
 That thou wert borne for them; and didst possesse
 And use thy life, not for thy selfe alone,
 But that to others profit might be done.*

*The gen'rall notice which men take of thee,
 Will make thy actions more observed be
 Then those of twenty others, who doe seeme
 In their small circuits, men of great esteeme :
 And, when hereafter it is knowne abroad,
 To what good purposes thou mad'st abode
 In this afflicted City: on what ground,
 Thy blamed resolution thou dost found:*

How

*How sensible thou wert of ev'ry feare,
 And of each perill thou adventredst here :
 How many friends thou hadst to flye unto :
 How much elsewhere thou mightst have found to do ;
 What Censures thou shouldst hazzard, in thy stay :
 VVhat pleasures wooed thee to come away :
 How, thy continuing here was not by chance
 By discontent, or humorous ignorance :
 How, no compulsion, no perswading Friend,
 No office, hope of gaine, or such like end
 Necessitated thee. Yea, when by such,
 VVho are to feare enslaved overmuch
 All this is heeded well ; And when men shall
 Consider it, comparing there withall,
 VVhat causes moved thee ; what meditation
 Confirm'd thy stay ; what kind of conversation
 Thou daily practisedst ; and what good use
 They may from thy experiments produce ;
 It will perchance occasion some to learne
 Those things, which yet they doe not well discern :
 Help, in good Resolutions, some to arme :
 Some weake ones in temptations much confirme :
 To some become a meanes to make them see
 That men despised, may enabled be,
 By Faith, to keepe their place undaunted there,
 Where men of better seeming gifts doe feare.
 And peradventure thou maist compasse that
 Which likelier men in vaine have aymed at.*

*For, though it may be said this place hath store
 By Calling and by Gifts, adapted more
 For such a taske ; and that there may be some,
 That have no warrant for departing from
 These noysome streets, who well enough may take
 This paines ; and thereof thee excused make.*

I

Yet

*Yet, shall not that excuse thee. For, all they
 Have Callings, which employ them wholly may.
 Yea, they whose wits are abler, think not on
 That worke, perchance, as needfull to be done.
 Or if they doe, perhaps, they may expire
 Before they have performed it; or tire.
 And though they should make perfit their designs:
 Yet their obscurity, may barre their Lines
 From taking that effect, which if thou write,
 Thy being far more knowne, accomplish might.
 For, Fame prevailes with many (now adaies)
 And, if uncouth'd, unkist (as Chaucer saies.)
 Or grant that many had the fame attempted,
 (And men of note) yet wert thou not exempted.
 For, best it is, when such like things as these
 Confirmed are by many witnessess.*

*Beside; if those assurances which thou
 Shalt publish (and thy Faith shall well allow)
 Affirmed were by none but such as they
 Who might not from this place depart away
 Without much losse, or blame: meere naturall men
 Might have contemned all those counsels, then,
 And all those just reproofes, that may, by thee,
 Or any other man objected be,
 Against their slavish Feares: and may reply,
 That no man staid, but he that could not flye:
 Or that none durst become a voluntary,
 In such a Fire, for conscience sake, to tarie:
 And, that no mortall man had pow'r obtain'd
 To bide such brunts, till outwardly constrain'd.
 Whereas thy free abiding here, will move
 Much better thoughts: thy constancy approve;
 Procure the more beleefe to thy Relations;
 The more effectuall make thy good perswasions:*

And

*And stop their mouthes, who might some other way
Thy paines have wrong'd, had ought procur'd thy stay.*

*Oh! far, far be it, that Lust, Avarice,
The strong distempers of some hatefull Vice,
A stupid Melancholy, or the tumors
Of some wilde Passion, or fantasticke Humors,
Should fixe more stoutnesse in the heart of man,
Then temperate, and pious knowledge can.
Far be it, that old women, for their pay,
Or Sextons for as little hire, as they,
We in the walks of Death should walking see
Without all feare; yet, they deterred be,
Who boast of knowledge; and have sung, and said,
That though in Deaths black shadows they were laid,
They would without dismay continue there;
Because Gods Rod, and Staffe, their keepers are.
Oh! let not this be so: And be it far
From proving true; that they who studious are
Of Wisdome, and of Piety, should shrinke,
Where he, whose head peece is but arm'd with drinke,
Sits fearlesse: Or, that Vse, or Custome shall
Embolden more, then Christian Faith, and all
The Morall Vertues: Or, that thou shouldst yeeld
To carnall Reason, and forgoe the Field.*

*Moe Arguments I could, as yet, expresse,
To prove thy slaying hath much usefulnessse:
As that it were unkindnesse to forsake
Those persons here, who comfort in thee take.
For, some professe already, that they bide,
By thy example, greatly fortifi'd,
(In their compelled slay) by seeing thee
So willingly, their griefes companion be.
Yea, many a one, observing thee to slay,
Confesseth, he doth shame to flye away.*

I 2

Thereby,

*Thereby, those Resolutions they have got
Which very lately they embraced not;
And might, perhaps, if now thou shouldst depart,
Become afraid, because thou fearfull art.*

*Me thinks, it is unmanlinesse to flie
From those, in woe, whom in prosperity
Thou lovedst: yea, tis basenesse, not to share
In ev'ry sorrow which thy friends doe beare,
As well as in their pleasures, if they be
Such friends, as some of thine doe seeme to thee.*

*Here, thou hast long continu'd. On the bread
Of Dainties, in this City thou hast fed.
Here, thou hast laught and sung; and here thou hast
Thy youthfull yeares, in many follies past;
Abus'd thy Christian-liberty, and trod
That Maze, which brings forgetfulnessse of God.
Here, thy example, some corrupted hath;
Here, thou hast moved thy Creators wrath:
Here, thou hast sinned; and thy sinnes they were,
Which holpe to bring this Plague now raging here.*

*Here, therefore, doe thou fast: here, doe thou mourne,
And, into sighes, and teares, thy laughter turne.
Here, yeeld thy felfe to prison, till thou see
At this Assize, how God will deale by thee:
Ev'n here, the time redeeme thou: here, restore
By good examples, those whom heretofore
Thou hast offended: here, thy felfe apply
Gods just incens'd wrath to pacifie.
Here, joyne in true Repentance, to remove
That Storme which now descendeth from above.
And then, or live or dye, this Place, to thee
A place of Refuge, and of ioy shall be.
Nor Sin, nor Death, nor Hell, nor any thing
Shall discontentment, feare, or perill bring*

Which

*Which to thy Soule or Body, shall become
A disadvantage, but helpe save thee from
Destruction : Ioyes, as yet, unfelt, procure :
In all temptations, make thy minde secure :
Discover plainly how thy Reason failed ;
And, make thee blesse the time, thy Faith prevailed.*

*But, thou dost want a Calling (R E A S O N cries)
Thy staying in this place to warrantize.
And, that untill thereof thou dost obtaine
The full assurance, all my speech is vaine.
Indeed, the gloriousst worke we can begin,
Vnlesse God call us to it, is a sin,
And therefore, ev'ry man should seeke to know
What, God, and what vaine Fancy calls him to.
For, Pride, and over-weening Arrogance,
The Devill, or a zealous Ignorance,
Suggests false warrants ; and allureth men
To dangerous adventures, now and then :
Yea, maketh some, from Gods commands to fall,
And take employments at the Devils call.*

*To judge thy Calling, then, learne this of me,
That, some Vocations ordinary be,
Some extraordinary. If thou take
An ordinary Calling, thou must make
The common entrance, which that pow'r doth give
Within whose Iurisdiction thou dost live :
Else (whatsoever cause thou dost pretend)
It is Intrusion : and thou shalt offend.*

*If thou conceivest thou some Calling hast
In Extraordinary ; see it past
By Gods allowance, from Gods holy Writ,
Before such time as thou accept of it.
And, then, beware that nothing force thee back,
Or, make thee in thine Office to be slacke.*

*In briebe; a Calling extraordinary,
To iustifie it selfe, these Markes must carie;
And, if it faile of them, but in the least,
Thy Conscience is deluded in the rest.*

Gods glory will be aymed at, in chiefe :
It will be grounded on a true beleefe :
It doth not Gods revealed *will* oppose :
No step that erres from *Charity* it goes :
It seeketh not, what cannot be enjoy'd :
It makes no *ordinary calling* void :
Some *cause* not frequent must invite thereto :
And (*to accomplish what thou hast to doe*)
Some Gift, that's proper for it, must be given,
And then, thou hast thy *Calling* seal'd from heaven.

*Approve thy selfe by these, and thou shalt see,
That, God, no doubt, hath truly called thee,
To this adventure. For, thy heart intends
His praise in this, above all other ends.
Thou dost beleefe, that (whether live or dye)
Thy stay shall somewhat adde, to glorifie
Thy blessed Maker; and that something shall
To thine, and others profits, here, befall.
Thy Iudgement, to thy Conscience nought discloseth,
Wherein it Gods revealed Will opposeth :
It well agrees with Charity, and tryes
To compasse no impossibilities.
Nor hinders it, nor calls it thee from ought
Which is more necessary to be wrought.
A Cause not ordinary now requires
Thy presence here; and, God himselfe inspires
Thy Brest with Resolutions that agree
To such an action. Gifts, which none but he
Can give, he gives thee; such, as are by Nature,
Not found in any subcelestiall Creature,*

But

*But, meerly of his Grace: and, such, as none
Can counterfeit, by all that may be done.*

*And, whence are all these Musings here exprest?
Whence come these combatings within thy brest
Twixt Me and Reason? who is it that makes
Thy heart so fearlesse, now such horror shakes
The soules of others? what embolden can
The frightfull spirit of a naturall man,
In such apparant dangers to abide?
And yet, his Reason nothing from him hide,
That seemeth to be dreadfull; neither leave him
Such Aymes, or such like Passions to deceive him,
As harden others? Who, but he, that giveth
Each perfit Gift; these Gifts to thee deriveth?
And fure he nought bestowes, but therewithall
He sends occasions that employ it shall.*

*Few Officers shall want a doubtfulnesse
That they their places doubtfully possesse,
If this be doubtfull; whether God (or no)
Hath called thee to what I bid thee doe.
For, outward Callings, most men doe, or may
Intrude upon, by some sinister way:
By Symony, by Bribery, by Spoiles,
By open Violence, or secret Wiles.
And therefore (though the Seales of Kings they gaine
To strengthen what unduly they obtaine)
Some doubting of their Callings may be had
To God ward, though such doubts be rarely made.*

*But, for thy Calling thou Commission hast
So firme; and it so many Seales hath past,
That nothing should induce thee to suspect
Thy Warrant, or distrust a good effect.*

*God, from thy Cradle, seemes to have ordain'd thee
To such a purpose: for, he yearly train'd thee*

I 4

Through

*Through sev'rall cares, and perils, so inure
 Thy heart, to what he meant thou shouldst endure :
 Else why shouldst thou (whose actions honest were
 To Man ward, though to God ward soule they are)
 Be more for that afflicted, which doth seeme
 (To some) a worke deserving good esteeme,
 Then are a multitude in these our times,
 Convicted of the most notorious crimes ?*

*Why, at thy very birth, did he infuse
 Thy Soule with naturall helps to forme thy Muse,
 Which is a Faculty not lent to many,
 Nor by meere Art attained to, of any ?
 To thee, why gave he Knowledge, such a way
 As others lose it by ? And why I pray
 Did he bestow upon thee so much Fame
 For those few childish lines that thou didst frame
 In thy minority ? Why did he then
 (Then scarce a man) enroule thy Name with men ?
 And make thee to be prais'd and priz'd before
 Those men whose Yeares, and Sciences are more ?
 What was there in thy Poems ? what in thee,
 That seem'd not worthy of contempt to be,
 Much more then of applause ? And what hast thou
 From scorne to save thee, but Gods mercy now ?*

*Beleeve it, he divulgeth not thy Name
 For thine owne honor : But to make the same
 A meanes of spreading his. From perills past
 He sav'd not thee, for any worth thou hast,
 But, to declare his Mercies. At this season,
 He moves this plea betwixt thy Faith and Reason,
 Not to be pass'd over, as in vaine ;
 But, in thy Brest true courage to maintaine.
 Thy Muse he gave thee, not to exercise
 Her pow'r in base and fruitlesse vanities,*

Or

*Or to be silenc'd: but, to magnifie
The wondrous workings of his Majesty.*

*And, as the seales of Kings authorize those
To whom they doe their Offices dispose,
So, these are Signes which force enough doe cary
To seale this calling extraordinary:
And, they who sleight the same will in some measure
Incur the King of heavens high displeasure.*

*More might be said (hereof to make a prooffe)
But, more to say, were more then is enough.
Of this, no further, therefore, I'll dispute;
But, bid thee stay, thy Place to execute.*

When *FAITH* had made this *pleading* in my brest
My *REASON* was perswaded to protest
Her full assent, to what she first gainsaid,
Which, that it might be constantly obey'd,
My *Conscience*, in her *Court*, did soone decree;
And, all my thoughts were then at peace in me.

From that time forward, neither Friend, nor Foe,
Could startle me in what I meant to doe.
No vaine desires within me did controule
My purpose: no distrusts did fright my soule:
Nor seemed it, so dangerous, to stay,
As (knowing what I knew) to flye away.

For, though these *Arguments*, and such as these,
Can never fit in all mens *Consciences*,
The just *Meridian* (seeing, variations
In manifold respects, make alterations)
Yet, mine they futed with; and may, and shall
Be some way usefull, to my *Readers* all.
I wisht it so: For, I was then inspired
With love to all; and all mens weale desired.
Me thought, I pitied those, who should not see
What God within this place did shew to me:

And should have grieved to have beene constrained,
 Within the City, not to have remained.
 For by my selfe, when I to censure brought
 My present Lott; it pleas'd me: and, me thought,
 That, God vouchsafed to employ me so,
 And furnish me for what I was to doe,
 With such a healthfull body, and a minde
 To act his will so readily enclin'd;
 It seem'd more comfort, and more honour far,
 Then if a Monarkes *Favorite* I were,
 Or might for temporall respects become
 The noblest person of all *Christendome*.
 And, if I shall not still this minde embrace,
 A dog halfe hanged is in better case.
 For, when that favour I doe value lesse,
 I shall grow senselesse of all happinesse.

Oh! God, how great a blessing, then, didst thou
 Confer upon me? And what Grace allow!
 Oh! what am I, and what my parentage?
 That Thou of all the Children of this Age
 Didst chuse out me, so highly to prefer,
 As of thy *Acts*, to be a *Register*?
 And give me Fortitude and Resolution,
 To stay, and view thy *Judgements* execution?
 That, I should live to see thy *Angell* here,
 Ev'n in his greatest dreadfulnessse appeare?
 That, when a thousand fell before my face,
 And at my right hand (in as little space)
 Ten thousand more, I should be still protected
 From that contagious blast, which them infected!
 That, when of Arrowes thou didst shoot a flight
 So thick by day, and such a storme by night
 Of pois'ned shafts; I, then, should walke among
 The sharpest of them; and yet passe along
 Unharm'd?

Vnharm'd? And that I should behold the path
Which thou dost pace in thy hot burning wrath,
(Yet not consume to Ashes) what a wonder
To me it seemes, when thereupon I ponder!

How great a grace it was, whose tongue can say,
That I who am but breathing dust and clay,
Should waking (and in all my senses, well)
Walke downe the Grave almost as low as hell,
Yet come againe unscarred? and have leave
To live and tell what there I did perceive!
Yea come (as from the dead) againe to show
The faithlesse world what terrors are below!
(And justifie, that though a man me sent
Ev'n from the Grave to move men to repent,
No Faith would in those hearers be begot,
Who *Moses* and the *Prophets* credit not.)

How great a *Mercy* was it, that when I
Was thought in dangers, and in griefes to lye,
That, for my *Shepherd* I had thee my God?
And in the path of best contentments trod?
That I, on sweetest *Pleasures* banqueted,
When other men did eate *Afflictions bread*?
That, I had perfect joyes ev'n in my teares?
Assured safety in my greatest feares?
A thousand comforts, whereof, they who lived
In better-seeming states, were quite deprived?
And much content, which they will never know,
Who keep those paths in which the Vulgar go.

What matchlesse benefits were these! & whence
Canst thou, that gav'st them, have thy recompence,
But from thy selfe? Or who but thou alone
Can give me heart enough to thinke upon
These Graces as I ought? Oh! therefore, daigne
To make my breif sufficient to containe

That

That meafure of due thankfulneffe, which may
Accepted be, for what I cannot pay.
And, fuffer not my frailties, or my fin
To hide againe, what thou doft now begin
To make me fee ; but grant to me thy grace,
For ever, to behold thy cheerfull face.

Nor *Oile*, nor *Corne*, nor *Wine* can glad me fo :
Nor shall their brutifh lovers ever know
What joyes within my brest begotten be,
When thy pleas'd countenance doth fhine on me.
Let thofe who of great Kings affections boast,
(And for their favours are engaged moft)
Thofe who poffeffe (their ftarveling foules to pleafe)
Sweet Gardens, Groves, and curious Palaces,
Rich Jewels, large Revenues, princely Stiles,
The flatteries of Lords, and female fmiles,
The pleasures of the Chamber, and the Fields,
All thofe which dainty fare, or Mufique yeelds,
The City or the Court ; and all that ftuffe
Of which their hearts can never have enough :
Let thefe, and thofe who their defires approve,
With fuch entifing *ObjecTs* fall in love :
Let them purfue their fancies, till they finde
What forrowes and difgraces come behinde :
And let them furfet on them, till they fee
By tride experience, what their fruit will be.
I never fhall envy their happineffe ;
Nor covet their high fortunes to poffeffe,
If thou preferve me ftill in thy protection,
And cheere my fpirit by thine eyes reflection.
For then I fhall not feare the fcornes of fuch :
My cares, or wants fhall never grieve me much :
I fhall not need to crouch and fue to them,
Who thee, and me, and vertue fhall contemne.

I

I shall nor shrink nor startle, when I heare
Those evill tidings, which men daily feare.
Nor leave my standing, though that in the roome
Of this great *Pestilence*, a *Warre* should come.
Or (which were worfe) another *Fiery triall*,
To force us, of thy *Truth* to make deniall.
And, in these fearfull times, no temporall blisse
Would seeme a greater priviledge then this,
To those, who now with trembling soules, expect
What our proceedings will at last effect.
Yea, they, perhaps, who now are stupif'd,
Will praise my lot, whē they their chance have try'd.

But (though ev'n all men living should despise
The comfort of it) I the same will prize.
I praise thee for it, LORD, and here emprove
That I may praise thee for it, evermore :
That these expressions of thy love to me,
May helpfull also to thy praises be
In other men : And (if it may be so)
In other times, and other places too :
And, that the shewing how I did compose
The *warre* which twixt my *Faith* and *Reason* rose,
May teach some others how they should debate
Such doubts within themselves ; and arbitrate
(Within their *Court of Conscience*) what is fit
To be concluded, and so practise it.
For, why so largely, I have this exprest,
That, was not, of my purposes, the least.

I beg moreover, that I may pursue
To utter that which I have yet to shew.
And, that nor Sloth, nor Want, nor any Let,
May to these *Poemes* their last period set,
Till I have made my *Readers* to conceive,
That this was undertaken by thy leave :

And

And, that my *Censurers* may come to say,
There was an usefull purpose in my stay :
Or, shew me what they did ; or, what I might
Have done to better uses in my flight.

I lastly, crave (which is, I trust, begun)
That, I the way of thy Commands may run,
The remnant of my *Talent*, and my dayes,
Employing in good actions, to thy praise :
That, I, for ever, may those paths refuse
Which may unhallow, or pervert my *Muse* :
And that, when this is done, I may not fall
Through *Pride* or *Sloth* ; as if this act were all :
But, humbly strive such other workes to doe,
As thou requir'st, and I was borne unto.
Yea furnish me with ev'ry thing by which
I best may serve thee, and I shall be rich.

This beg I, LORD ; and nothing else I crave,
For, more then that, were lesse then nought to have :
I beg of thee, nor Fame, nor mortall praise,
Nor carnall pleasures, nor yet length of dayes,
Nor honors, nor vaine wealth, but, just what may
The Charges of my Pilgrimage defray.

Oh grant me this ; and heare me when I call :
For, if thou stand not by me, I shall fall.

The fourth *Canto*.

*Our Muse, in this fourth Canto, writes
Of melancholy thoughts, and fights :
What changes were in every place ;
What Ruines in a little space :
How Trades, and how provisions fail'd ;
How Sorrow thriv'd ; how Death prevail'd ;
And, how in triumph he did ride,*

With

With all his horrors, by his side.

*To L O N D O N, then, she doth declare
How futing her afflictions were
To former sinnes : what good and bad
Effects, this Plague produced had :
What friendly Champions, and what Foes
For us did fight, or us oppose :
And, how the greatest Plague of all
On poore Artificers, did fall.*

*Then, from the Fields, new grieve she takes,
And, usefull Meditations makes :
Relates, how slowly Vengeance came,
How, God forewarn'd us of the same :
What other Plagues to this were joyned :
And, here and there are interlined
Vpbraidings, warnings, exhortations,
And, pertinent expostulations.*

W H E N *Conscience* had allowed my *Commission*
For staying, & declar'd on what condition ;
I did not onely feele my heart consent
To entertaine it, with a full content,
But also, found my selfe prepared so
To execute the worke I had to do,
That without paine (me thought) I was employ'd,
And all my *Passions* to good use enjoy'd.

For, though God freed my soule from slavish *fear*,
Yet, so much awe he still preserved there,
As kept within my heart some naturall sense
Of his displeasure, and of penitence.
He gave me *Ioyes*, yet left some *Griefe* withall,
Lest I into security might fall ;
Or, lose the fellow-feeling of that paine,
Whereof, I heard my neighbours to complaine.

He

He lent me *health* : yet, ev'ry day some twitches
 Of pangs unusuall ; many qualmes, and stiches
 Of short continuance, my poore heart assailed,
 That I might heed the more what others ayled.
 He kept me hopefull : and yet, now and then,
 His rods (wherewith, in love, he scourgeth men)
 Did make me smart ; lest else I might assume
 The liberty of *Wantons*, and perfume.
 My ordinary meanes was made their prey,
 Who seeke my spoile, and lately tooke away.
 Yet, me with plenties, daily he did feed,
 And I did nothing want, which I could need.
 Which God vouchsafed to assure to me,
 That when unusuall workes required be ;
 He will (e're we shall want what's necessary)
 Supply us by a meanes, not ordinary.

By many other signes, unmention'd here,
 Gods love, and providence, did so appeare,
 And so me thought ingage me, to remove
 What ever to his work a let might prove ;
 That (so farre forth as my fraile nature could
 Admit, and things convenient suffer would)
 My owne *Affaires* aside, a while I threw,
 And bent my selfe, with heedfulnesse, to view
 What, worth my notice, in this *Plague* I saw,
 Or, what good uses I from thence might draw.

But, farre I needed not to pace about,
 Nor long enquire to finde such *Objects* out.
 For, ev'ry place with sorrowes then abounded,
 And ev'ry way the cryes of *Mourning* founded.
 Yea, day by day, succeffively till night,
 And from the evening till the morning light,
 Were *Scenes* of Griefe, with strange variety,
 Knit up, in one continuing *Tragedy*.

No

No sooner wak'd I, but twice twenty knels,
 And many sadly-sounding *passing-bells*,
 Did greet mine eare, and by their heavy towles,
 To me gave notice that some early foules
 Departed whilst I slept : That other some
 Were drawing onward to their longest home ;
 And, seemingly, presag'd, that many a one
 Should bid the world *good-night*, e're it were *noone*.

One while the mournfull *Tenor*, in her tones
 Did yeeld a sound as if in deepe fet grones,
 She did bewaile the sorrow which attends
 The separation of those loving friends,
 The Soule and Body. Other while, agen,
 Me thought, it call'd on me, and other men
 To pray, that God would view them with compassiō,
 And give them comfortable separation.
 (For, we should with a fellow-feeling, share
 In ev'ry sorrow, which our brethren beare)
 Sometime my Fancy tuned fo the Bell,
 As if her *Towlings* did the story tell
 Of my mortality, and call me from
 This life, by oft, and loudly founding, *Come*.

So long the solitary nights did last
 That I had leasure my accounts to cast ;
 And think upon, and over-think those things,
 Which darknesse, lonelinessse, and sorrow brings
 To their consideration, who doe know,
 From whence they came, and whither they must go.

My Chamber entertain'd me all alone,
 And in the roomes adjoyning lodged none.
 Yet, through the darksome silent night did flye
 Sometime an uncouth noife ; sometime a cry,
 And sometime mournfull callings pierc'd my roome,
 Which came, I neither knew from whence, nor whom.
 And

And, oft betwixt awaking and asleepe,
Their voices who did talke, or pray, or weepe,
Vnto my listning eares a passage found,
And troubled me, by their uncertaine sound.
For, though the founds themselves no terror were,
Nor came from anything that I could feare ;
Yet, they bred *Musings* ; and those musings bred
Conjecturings, in my halfe sleeping head :
By their Conjectures into minde were brought
Some reall things, before quite out of thought ;
They, divers Fancies to my soule did shew,
Which me still further, and still further drew
To follow them ; till they did thoughts procure
Which humane frailty cannot long endure :
Ev'n such, as when I fully was awake,
Did make my heart to tremble, and to ake.
And, when such frailties have disheartned men,
Oh ! God, how busie is the Devill then ?

I know in part his malice, and the wayes
And times, and those occasions which he layes
To worke upon our weaknesse ; and there is
Scarce any which doth shew him like to this.
I partly also know by what degrees
He worketh it ; how he doth gaine or leese
His labours ; and some sense I have procur'd,
What pangs are by the soule that while endur'd.

For, though my God, in mercy, hath indu'd
My Soule with Knowledge, and with Fortitude
In such a measure, that I doe not feare
(Distractedly) those tortures which appeare
In solitary darknesse : yet, some part
Of this, and of all frailties in my heart
Continues he ; that so I might confesse
His mercies with continuall thankfulnessse,

And

And, somewhat (evermore) about me beare,
Which unto me my frailties may declare.
Yea (though without distemper, now it be)
So much of those grim feares are shewed me,
Which terrifi'd my childhood, and which make
The hearts of aged men, sometimes to quake ;
That I am sensible of their estate ;
And can their case the more compaffionate,
Who on their beds of death doe pained lye,
Exil'd from comfort, and from company,
When dreadfull *Fancies* doe their soules afright,
Begotten by the melancholy night.

Glad was I, when I saw the Sun appeare,
(And with his Rayes to bleffe our Hemisphere)
That from the tumbled bed I might arise,
And with more lightfomnesse refresh mine eyes :
Or with some good companions, read, or pray,
To passe, the better, my sad thoughts away :
For, though such thoughts oft usefull are, and good ;
Yet, knowing well, I was but flesh and blood,
I also knew mans naturall condition
Must have in joyes, and griefes, an intermission,
Lest too much joy should fill the heart with folly,
Or, too much grieve breed dangerous melancholy.
But, when the Morning came, it little shewed,
Save light, to see discomfortings renewed :
For, if I staid within, I heard relations
Of nought but dying pangs, and lamentations.
If in the Streets I did my footing set,
With many sad disasters there I met.
And, objects of mortality and feare,
I saw in great abundance ev'ry where.

Here, one man stagger'd by, with visage pale :
There, lean'd another, grunting on a stall.

A

A third, halfe dead, lay gasping for his grave ;
 A fourth did out at window call, and rave ;
 Yonn came the *Bearers*, sweating from the *Pit*,
 To fetch more bodies to replenish it.
 A little further off, one sits, and shoves
 The *spots*, which he *Deaths tokens* doth suppose,
 (E're such they be) and, makes them so indeed ;
 Which had been *signes of health*, by taking heed.
 For, those *round-purple-spots*, which most have thought
Deaths fatall tokens (where they forth are brought,)
 May prove *Life tokens*, if that ought be done,
 To helpe the worke, which *Nature* hath begun.
 Whereas, that feare, which their opinion brings
 Who threaten *Death* ; the want of cordiall things
 (To helpe remove that poison from the heart,
 Which *Nature* hath expelled thence in part)
 And then, the *Sickmans* liberty of having
 Cold drinks, and what his appetite is craving,
 Brings backe againe those humours pestilent,
 Which by the vitall pow'rs had forth beene sent.
 So by recharging him that was before
 Nigh spent, the fainting Combatant gives o're :
 And he that cheerfully did raise his head,
 Is often, in a moment, stricken dead.
Feare also helps it forward. Yea, the terror
 Occasion'd, by their fond and common error,
 Who tell the *sicke*, that markt for Death they be,
 (When those *blew spots* upon their flesh they see)
 Ev'n that hath murthred thousands, who might here
 Have lived, else, among us, many a yeare.
 For, if the *Surgeons*, or the *Searchers*, know
 Those *markes*, which for the markes of death do goe,
 From *common-spots*, or *purples*, (which we must
 Confesse, or else all kinde of spots distrust)

Then

Then, such as we *Death-tokens* call were seene
On some, that have long since recover'd beene.

Before I learned this, I fixt mine eyes
On many a private mans calamities,
And saw the Streets (wherein a while agoe
We scarce could passe, the people fill'd them so)
Appeare nigh desolate ; yea, quite forlorne
And for their wonted visitants to mourne.

Much peopled *Westminster*, where late, I saw,
So many rev'rend *Judges* of the Law,
With Clients, and with Suitors hemmed round :
Where *Courts* and *Palaces* did so abound
With bus'nesses : and, where, together met
Our *Thrones* of *Iustice*, and our *Mercy-seat* ;
That place, was then frequented, as you see
Some *Villages* on *Holy-dayes* will be
When halfe the Towneship, and the hamlets nigh
Are met to revell, at some Parish, by.
Perhaps, the wronging of the Orphans cause,
Denying, or perverting of the Lawes
There practised, did set this *Plague* abreeding,
And sent the *Terme* from *Westminster* to *Reading*.
Her goodly *Church* and *Chappell*, did appeare
Like some poore *Minster* which hath twice a yeare
Foure visitants : And, her great *Hall*, wherein
So great a *Randevow* had lately bin,
Did look like those old *Structures*, where long since
Men say, King *Arthur* kept his residence.
The *Parliament* had left her, to goe see
If they could learne at *Oxford* to agree ;
Or if that ayre were better for the health
And safety of our English *Common-wealth*.
But there, some did so counsell, and so vrge
The Body politike to take a purge,

To

To purifie the parts that seemed foule :
 Some others did that motion fo controule,
 And plead so much for Cordialls, and for that
 Which strengthen might the sinnewes of the *State*,
 That all the time, the labour, and the cost,
 Which had bestowed beene, was wholly lost.
 And, here, the empty House of *Parliament*
 Did looke as if it had beene discontent,
 Or griev'd (me thought) that *Oxford* should not be
 More prosperous, yet ; nor could I any see
 Resort to comfort her : But, there did I
 Behold two *Traytors* heads, which perching high,
 Did shew their *teeth*, as if they had been grinning
 At those Afflictions which are now beginning,
 Yea, their wide *eye-holes*, star'd, me thought, as tho
 They lookt to see that *House* now overthrow
 Itselfe, which they with Powder up had blowne,
 Had God, their snares, and them, not overthrowne.

White Hall, where not three months before, I spi'd
 Great *Britaine* in the height of all her pride,
 And, *France* with her contending, which could most
 Outbrave old *Rome* and *Persia*, in their cost
 On *Robes* and *Feasts* : Ev'n that lay solitary,
 As doth a quite-forfaken *Monastery*
 In some lone Forrest ; and we could not passe
 To many places, but through weeds and grasse.
 Perhaps, the sinnes, of late, committed there,
 Occasions of such desolation were.
 Pray God, there be not others, in the *State*,
 That will make all, at last, be desolate.

The *Strand*, that goodly thorow-fare betweene
 The *Court* and *City* (and where I have seene
 Well nigh a million passing in one day)
 Is now, almost, an unfrequented way :

And

And peradventure, for those impudencies,
 Those riots, and those other foule offences,
 Which in that place were frequent, when it had
 So great resort ; it is now justly made
 To stand unvisited. God grant it may
 Repent ; lest longer, and another way
 It stand unpeopled, or some others use
 Those blessings, which the owners now abuse.

The *City-houses* of our English *Peeres*,
 Now smoakt as seldome, as in other yeares
 Their *Country-palaces* : and, they perchance
 Much better know then doth my ignorance,
 Why so it came to passe. But, wish I shall
 That they their wayes to minde would better call ;
 Lest both their Country, and their City-piles,
 Be smoaking seene, and burning, many miles.

The *Innes of Court* I entred ; and I saw
 Each Roome so desolate, as if the *Law*
 Had out-law'd all her *Students* ; or that there
 Some fear'd arrestings, where no *Sergeants* were.
 Most dreame that this great fright was thither sent
 Not purposely, but came by accident ;
 And so, but little use is taken from
 Gods *Judgements*, to amend the times to come.
 Yet, I dare say, it was a warning given
 Ev'n by appointment : and decreed in heaven :
 To signifie, that if our *Lawyers* will
 In their abusive wayes continue still,
 The cause of their profession quite forgetting,
 And to their practices no limits setting,
 Till they (as heretofore the Clergy were)
 Are moe in number then the *Land* can beare.
 Their goodly *Palaces* shall spew them forth,
 As excrements that have nor use nor worth ;

And

And, be disposed of, as now they fee,
 The *Priories*, and *Monasteries* be.
 It griev'd me to behold this wofull change,
 And places so well knowne, appeare so strange.
 But, oh poore *LONDON!* when I lookt on thee,
 Remembring therewithall, thy jollity
 Erewhile; and how foone after I did meet
 With grieve and sad complaints in ev'ry freet.
 When I did minde how throug'd thy Gates have bin
 And then perceiv'd so few past out or in.
 When I consider'd that abundant store
 Of wealth, which thou discover'dst heretofore:
 And, looking on thy many empty *stalls*,
 Beheld thy *shops* set up their wooden-wals:
 Me thought, thou shouldst not be that *London*, which
 Appear'd of late so populous, and rich;
 But, some large *Burrough*; either falling from
 Her height; or, not unto her greatnesse come.
 If to thy *Port* I walkt; it mov'd remorse,
 To see how greatly, Trade and Intercourse
 Decayed there; and what depopulations,
 Were made in thy late peopled habitations.

Thy *Royall Change*, which was the Randevow
 Wherein all Nations met, the whole world through,
 Within whose princely walls we heard the sound
 Of ev'ry Language spoke on Earths vast *Round*;
 And where we could have known what had bin done
 In ev'ry forraine *Coast* below the Sun:
 That *Place*, the City-Merchant, and the Stranger
 Avoyned as a place of certaine danger:
 And feared (as it seemes) they might have had
 Some bargain ther, that would have spoild their trade

Thy large *Cathedrall*, whose decaying frame
 Thou leavest unrepaired to thy shame,

Had

Had scarce a *Walker* in her *middle Ile*;
And, ev'ry Marble of that ancient *Pile*,
Did often drop, and seeme to shed forth teares,
For thy late ruine though thou sleightest hers.

The time hath been, that once a day, from thence,
We could have had a large intelligence
Of most occurrences, that publique were.
Yea, many times we had relations there,
Of things, whose foolish actors never thought
Their deeds to open scanning should be brought.
There, heard we oft made publique by report,
What *Secresies* were whisper'd in the *Court*.
The *Closet-Counsels*, and the Chamber work,
Which many thinke in privacy doth lurke.
There heard we what those *Lords*, and *Ladies* were,
Who met disguised, they know when, and where.
There heard we what they did, and what they said ;
And many foolish plots were there bewraid :
There, heard we reasons, why such men were made
Great *Lords* and *Knights*, who no deserving had,
In common view : and how great *Princes* eyes
Are dazled and abus'd with fallacies.
There heard we for what *Gifts*, most *Doctors* rise,
And gaine the *Churches* highest dignities.
The truest causes also there were knowne,
Why men advanced are, or pulled downe.
Why *Officers* are changed, or displaced ;
Why some confined are, and some disgraced ;
And what among the wise, those men doe seeme,
That are great *Statesmen*, in their owne esteeme.
There we have heard, what Princes have intended,
When they to doe some other thing pretended.
What *Policies*, and *Projects*, men pursue,
With publique aymes, and with a pious shew.

K

Why

Why from the *Counsell* one is turned out ;
 What makes another counterfeit the gout,
 And many other mysteries beside,
 Which hardly can the mentioning abide.

But those *Athenian* Merchantmen were gone,
 Who made exchange of Newes ; and few or none
 To heare or make reports remained there.
 Yea they who scarce a day (as if they were
 Of *Pauls* the walking *Statues*) staid from thence
 Since *LONDON* felt the last great *Pestilence*,
 Ev'n they were gone ; and those void *Iles* did look
 As if some *properties* had them forfooke.

Our *Theaters*, our *Tavernes*, *Tennis-courts*,
 And Gaming-houfes whither great resorts
 Were wont to come ; then, feldome were frequented :
 Not that such vanities we much repented ;
 But, lest those places, which had follies taught us,
 Might some reward, unlooked for, have brought us.
 Where we with *Pestilences* of the foule
 Each other had polluted and made foule,
 Our bodies were infected ; and our breaths,
 VVhich had endanger'd our eternall deaths,
 (In former times) by uttring heresies,
 By scandals, and by basest flatteries,
 Or wanton speeches ; purifide the Ayre,
 The blood ev'n at the fountaine did impaire,
 To coole our lust : And they that were the blisses
 Of some mens lives, did poison them with kisses.

The Markets which a while before did yeeld
 What ayre, seas, rivers, garden, wood, or field,
 To furnish them afforded ; now had nought,
 But what some few in secret thither brought.
 For (as aforesaid) it was ordred so,
 That none should with provisions, come or goe.

So

So, like a Towne beleaguer'd thou didst fare,
 In some respects : And, but that God had care
 By making others feele necessities
 Which forced them to minister supplies ;
 Thou hadst beene famisht, or beene faine to bring
 Provisions in by way of forraging :
 And then their foolishnesse, had brought upon
 Those men, two mischiefes, who did feare but one.

Hereafter therefore, practise well to use
 Those plentyes thou didst heretofore abuse ;
 Lest God, againe bereave thee of thy store,
 And never so enlarge his bounty more.
 For, to correct thy *Surfets*, and *Excesse*,
 Thy sleighting of the poore, thy thanklesnesse,
 And such like finnes ; God worthily restrained
 Those plentyes which thy pride and lust maintained.

Thy dwellings, from whose windowes I have seen
 A thousand Ladies, that might Queenes have beene
 For bravery, and beauty : And, some far
 More faire then they that sam'd in *Legends* are.
 Those flood unpeopled, as those houses doe
 Which *Sprights*, and Fairies doe resort unto.
 None to their closed wickets made repaire ;
 Their empty gasements gaped wide for ayre ;
 And where once foot clothes and Caroches were
 Attending ; now flood *Coffins*, and a *Biere*.
 Yea Coffins oftener past by ev'ry doore,
 Then Coaches, and Caroches, heretofore.

To see a country Lady, or a Knight
 Among us then, had beene as rare a sight
 As was that *Elephant* which came from Spaine,
 Or some great Monster spewd out of the *Maine*.
 If by mischance the people in the street,
 A *Courtier*, or a Gentleman did meet,

K 2

They

They with as much amazement him did view,
 As if they had beheld the wandring *Jew*.
 And, many, seeing me to keepe this place,
 Did looke as if they much bewaild my case,
 And halfe belee'vd that I was doomed hither,
 That (since close-prison, halfe a yeare together,
 Nor private wrongs, nor publique dis-respect,
 Could breake my heart, nor much the same deject)
 This *Plague* might kill me, which is come to whip
 Those faults which heretofore my pen did strip.

But here I walkt in safety to behold
 What changes, for instruction, see I could.
 And, as I wandred on, my eye did meet,
 Those halfe-built *Pageants* which, athwart the street,
 Did those triumphant Arches counterfeit,
 Which heretofore in ancient *Rome* were set,
 When their victorious *Generalls* had thither
 The spoile of mighty kingdomes brought together.
 The loyall Citizens (although they lost
 The glory of their well-intended cost)
 Erected those great Structures to renowne
 The new receiving of the Sov'raigne Crowne
 By hopefull *CHARLES* (*whose royall exaltation,*
Make thou oh! God, propitious to this Nation.)

But when those works, imperfect, I beheld,
 They did new causes of sad musings yeeld,
 Portending ruine. And, did seeme, me thought,
 In honor of Deaths trophees to be wrought;
 Much rather, then from purposes to spring
 Which aymed at the honor of a King.
 For, their unpolisht forme, did make them fit
 For direfull *Showes*: yea, *DEATH* on them did fit.
 His *Captives* passed under ev'ry *Arch*;
 Among them, as in *Triumph* he did march;
 Through

Through ev'ry Street, upon mens backs were borne
 His Conquests. His black Liveries were worne,
 In ev'ry House almost. His spoyle were brought
 To ev'ry Temple. Many Vaults were fraught
 With his new prizes. And his followers grew
 To such a multitude, that halfe our Eugh,
 And all our Cypresse trees, could hardly lend him
 A branch for ev'ry one who did attend him.

My fancy did present to me that houre
 A glimpse of *DEATH* ev'n in his greatest power.
 Me thought I saw him, in a Charret ride,
 With all his grim companions by his side.
 Such as *Oblivion*, and *Corruption* be.
 Not halfe a step before him, rode these three,
 (On monsters backt) *Paine*, *Horror*, and *Despaire* :
 Whose fury, had not *Faith*, and *Hope*, and *Pray'r*,
 Prevented, through Gods mercy none had ever
 Escap'd Destruction by their best endeavour.
 For, next to *Death*, came *Judgement* : after whom,
Hell with devouring lawes, did gaping come,
 To swallow all : But, she at *One* did snap,
 Who now, for many, hath made way to scape.
Death's Cart, with many chaines, & ropes, & strings,
 And, by a multitude of severall things,
 As *Pleasures*, *Passions*, *Cares*, and such as they,
 Vvas drawne along upon a beaten way,
 New gravell'd with old bones : and *Sin* did seeme
 To be the formost *Beast* of all the *Teeme* :
 And, *Sicknesse* to be that which haled next
 The *Charret wheele* ; for none I saw betwixt,
Time led the way ; and, *Iustice* did appeare,
 To sit before and play the *Charioteer*.
 For since our *Sin* to pull on *Death* begun,
 The whip of *Iustice* makes the Charret run.

K 3

There

There was of Trumpets, and of Drums the sound ;
 But in loud cries, and roarings it was drown'd.
 Sad *Elegies*, and songs of *Lamentation*
 Were howled out ; but, moved no compassion.
 Skulls, Coffins, Spades, and Mattocks placed were
 About the Charret. Crawling *Wormes* were there
 And whatsoever else might signifie
Deaths nature, and weak mans mortalitie.

Before the Charret, such a multitude
 Of ev'ry Nation in the world I view'd,
 That neither could my eye so farre perceive,
 As they were thronging ; nor my heart conceive
 Their countlesse number. For, all those that were
 Since *Abel* dy'd, he drove before him there.
 And, of those thousands, dying long agoe,
 Some here and there, among them, I did know,
 Whose Vertues them in death distinguished
 (In spight of *Death*) from others of the dead.
 I saw them stand, me thought, as you shall see
 High spreading *Oakes*, which in fel'd Copfes be,
 O're top the shrubs ; and, where scarce two are found
 Of growth, within ten thousand rod of ground.

Of those who dy'd within the Age before
 This yeare, I scarce distinguished a score
 From Beasts, and Fowles, & Fishes. For, *Death* makes
 So little difference twixt the flesh he takes,
 That, into dust alike he turnes it all.
 And, if no vertue make distinction shall,
 Those men who did of much in lifetime boast,
 Shall dying, in the common heap be lost.

But, of those *Captives* which my fantasie
 Presented to my apprehensions eye
 To grace this *Monarkes* Triumph ; most I heeded
 Those troupes, which next before the *Carr* proceeded,
 Ev'n

Ev'n those which in the circuit of this yeare,
 The prey of *Death* within our Iland were :
 It was an *Army-royall*, which became
 A King, and loe, King *JAMES* did lead the fame.
 The Duke of *Richmond*, and his onely brother
 The Duke of *Lenox*, seconded each other.
 Next them in this attendance follow'd on
 That noble *Scot*, the Marquis *Hammliton*,
 Southampton, Suffolke, Oxford, Nottingham,
 And *Holderneffe*, their Earledomes leaving, came
 To wait upon this Triumph. There I saw
 Some rev'rend *Bishops*, and some men of *Law*,
 As *Winchester*, and *Hubbard*, and I know not
 Who else ; for to their memories I owe not
 So much as here to name them : nor doe I
 Vpon me take to mention punctually
 Their order of departing, nor to sweare
 That all of these fell just within the yeare.
 For of the time if somewhat I doe misse,
 The matter fure not much materiall is.

Some Barons and some Viscounts, saw I too,
Zouch, *Bacon*, *Chichester*, and others moe,
 Whose Titles I forget. There follow'd then
 Some Officers of note ; some Aldermen ;
 Great store of Knights, and Burgeffes, with whom
 A couple marcht, that had the *Sheriffedome*
 Of London that sad yeare : the one of which
 In Piety and Vertue dy'd so rich,
 (If his surviving fame may be beleev'd)
 That for his losse the City much hath grieved.
 To be an honor to him, here, therefore
 I fixe the name of *Crisp*, which name he bore :
 And I am hopefull it shall none offend,
 The Muses doe this right unto their friend.

K 4

Some

Some others also of great state and place,
 To me nor knowne by office, name, nor face,
 Made up the concourse. But, the common Rabble
 To number or distinguish, none was able.
 For, rich and poore, men, women, old and yong,
 So fast and so confusedly did throng;
 By strokes of *Death*, so markt, so gastly wounded,
 So thrust together, and so much confounded
 Among that glut of people, which from hence
 Were sent among them, by the *Pestilence*,
 That possible it was not, to descry
 Or who or what they were who passed by.
 Yet, now and then, me thought, I had the view
 Of some who much resembled those I knew.
 And, faine I would the favour have procured
 To keepe their Names from being quite obscured
 Among the multitude. But, they were gone
 Before the meanes could well be thought upon.
 And passe they must for aye, unknowne of me :
 For, this was but a waking Dreame, I see.

These *Fancies*, Melancholy often bred :
 Yea, many such like *Pageants* in my head
 My working apprehension did beget,
 According to those objects which I met.
 Some, full of comfort, able to relieve
 The heart whom dreadfull thoughts did over-grieve.
 Some full of horror ; such as they have had
 (If I mistake not) that grow desp'rate mad.
 Some, like to their illusions, who in stead
 Of being humbled in this place of dread,
 Are puffed up by their deliverance :
 And being full of dangerous arrogance,
 Abuse their foules, with vaine imaginations,
 Ill-grounded hopes, suggested revelations,

And

And such like toyes, which in their hearts arise
From their owne Pride, and Sathans fallacies.

Some, such as those I had ; and other some,
Which cannot be by words exprest from
My troubled heart. And, if I had not got
Gods hand, to help untie their *Gordian-knot* ;
His prefence, my bold reas'nings to controule ;
To curb my passion ; to informe my soule ;
My faith to strengthen ; doubtings to abate ;
And so to comfort, and to arbitrate,
That I might see I was of him beloved,
(Though me with many secret feares he proved)
Sure, in my selfe some *Hell* I had invented,
Where endless thoughts, & doubts, had me tormented.

But, God those depths hath show'd me, that I might
See what we cary in ourselves to fright
Our selves withall. And what a hell of feare
Is in our very soules, till he be there.
Ev'n when I had the brightnesse of the day,
To chase my meloncholy thoughts away,
I was to musings troublesome disposed,
As well as when the darknesse me enclosed ;
That, by experiments, which reall are,
Those horrors which to others oft appeare
(And are not demonstrable) might in part
Be felt in me, to mollifie my heart ;
To stir up hearty thankfulnesse ; and make
My soule, in him the greater pleasure take. (me,
For frō those prospects, & those thoughts that grieve
I, those extractions make that much releeve me.
And when my inward combatings are past,
It giveth to my joyes the sweeter tast.

But leaving this, I will againe returne
To that for which the people soonest mourne.

K 5

I

I lookt along the Streets of chiefeſt trade ;
 And, there, perpetuall *Holiday* they made.
 They that one day in ſev'n could not forbear
 From trading ; had not one in halfe a yeare.
 And, all which ſome had from their childhood got,
 The charges of their flight defrayed not.
 To make the greedy *Cormorant* regard
 The *Sabbath* more, and of ill gaines appear'd.

False wares, false oathes, false meaſures, and false
 False promiſes, and falſified lights, (weights,
 Were puniſht with false hopes, false joyes, false fears,
 False ſervants, and false friends, to them and theirs.
 They who of late their neighbours did contemne,
 Had not a neighbour left to comfort them,
 When neighbourhood was needfull. Such as were
Selfe-lovers, by themſelves remained here ;
 And wanted thoſe contentments, which ariſe,
 From Chriſtian *Love*, and mutuall Amities.
 Moſt *Trades* were tradefaln, & few Merchāts thriv'd,
 Save thoſe men, who by *Death* and *Sickneſſe*, liv'd.
 The *Sextons*, *Searchers*, they that *Corpses* carie,
 The *Herb-wiſe*, *Druggiſt*, and *Apothecarie*,
Phyſitians, *Surgeons*, *Nurſes*, *Coffin-makers*,
 Bold *Mountebanckes*, and ſhameleſſe undertakers,
 To cure the *Peſt* in all ; theſe, rich become :
 And what we pray to be delivered from
 Was their advantage. Yea, the worſt of theſe
 Grew ſtout, and fat, and proud by this diſeaſe.

Some, vented reſuſe wares, at three times more,
 Than what is beſt, was prized at before.
 Some ſet upon their labours ſuch high rates,
 As paſſed Reason : ſo, they whoſe eſtates
 Did faile of reaching to a price ſo high,
 Were faine to periſh without remedy.

Some

Some, wolvisly, did prey upon the quick,
 Some, theevishly, purloyned from the sick.
 Some robb'd the dead of sheets, some, of a grave,
 That there another guest may lodging have :
 Yea, Custome had so hardned most of them,
 That they Gods Iudgements wholly did contemne.
 They, so hard-hearted, and so stupid grew,
 So dreadlesly their cōurse they did pursue,
 Yea so they flouted, and such jests did make
 At that, for which each Christian heart did ake,
 That greater were the Plague their mind to have,
 Then of the *Pestilence* to lye and rave.

Now muse I not at what *Thucydides*
 Reporteth of such wicked men as these,
 When *Athens* was depopulated nigh
 By such a Pestilence. Nor wonder I,
 That when the *Plague* did this time sixty yeare
 Oppresse the Towne of *Lyons*, that some there
 Were said to ravish women, ev'n when death
 Was drawing from them their last gaspe of breath.
 And when infectious Blaines on them they saw,
 Which might have kept their lustfull flesh in awe.
 For man once hardned in impenitence,
 Is left unto a reprobated sense.

Till God shall sanctifie it, weale, nor woe,
 Can make us feare him as we ought to doe.
 His love made wanton *Isr'el* spurne at him ;
 His plagues made *Phar'oh*, his sharpest rod contemn :
 And as the Sun from dunghils, and from sinks,
 Produceth nothing but ranck weeds, and stinks ;
 Yet makes a Garden of well-tilled ground,
 With wholefome fruits, and fragrant flowres abound :
 Or, as in bruising, one thing senteth well,
 Another yeelds a loathsome, stinking smell ;

So

So, *Plagues* and *Blessings*, their effects declare,
According as their severall objects are.

Indeed, my young experience never saw,
So much security, and so much awe
Dwell both together in one place, as here
In this mortality, there did appeare.
I am perswaded, time and place was never
In which afflicted men did more endeavor
By teares, vowes, prayers and true penitence,
To pacifie Gods wrath for their offence.
Nor ever was it seene, I think, before,
That men in wickednesse presumed more.

Here you should meet a man with bleared eyes,
Bewailing our encreasing miseries ;
Another there, quite reeling drunk, or spewing,
And by renewed sins, our woes renewing.
There sate a *peece of shamelesnesse*, whose flaring
Attires and looks, did show a monstrous daring :
For, in the postures of true impudence,
She seem'd as if she woo'd the *Pestilence*.
Yonn talkt a couple, matter worth your hearing :
Hard by, were others, telling lyes, or swearing.
Some streets had *Churches* full of people, weeping :
Some others, *Tavernes* had, rude-revel keeping :
Within some houses *Psalmes* and *Hymnes* wer sung :
With raylings, and loud scouldings, others rung.
More *Charity*, did never, yet, appeare :
Nor more malicioufnesse, then we had here.
True piety was eminently knowne ;
Hypocrisie as evidently showne.
More avarice, more gapers for the wealth
Of such as dy'd ; no former times of health
Afforded us ; nor men of larger heart,
Things needfull for their brethren, to impart.

Their

Their masters goods, some servants lewdly spent,
 In nightly feasting, foolish merriment,
 And lewd uncleanness. Other some againe,
 Did such an honest carefulnesse retaine,
 That their endeavors had a good successe,
 And, *Man* and *Master* met with joyfulness.

Yea, *Good* and *Evill*, penitence and sin
 Did here so drive each other out and in ;
 That in observing it, I saw, me thought,
 In fight of Heav'n, a dreadfull *Combat* fought,
 Concerning this whole *Iland*, which yet lyes,
 To be Gods purchase, or the devils prise.

Vice wounded *Vertue* ; *Vertue* oft compeld
 The strongest *Vices* to forsake the field.
Distrust rais'd up a storme, to drive away
Sure-helpe, our ship, which at *Hopes* anchor lay ;
 And brought supplies with ev'ry winde and tyde,
 Whereby this Land was fed and fortifi'd.
 The *Fort* of *Faith*, was plaid on by *Despaire* :
 But then the gun-shot of *Continuall-Pray'r*
 (Well aym'd at *Heav'n*) *Devotion* so did ply,
 That, he dismounts the *Foes Artillery*.
 The *Spirit* and the *Flesh* together strive,
 And, oft each other into perill drive.
Presumption, huge high *Scaling ladders*, reared,
 And then the taking of our *Fort* was feared.
 But awfull *Reverence* did him oppose,
 And with *Humilities* deepe *Trench* enclose
 The *Platforme* of that Fortresse, from whose Towres
 We fight with *Principalities*, and *Pow'rs*.

Suggestion lay *pur due* by *Contemplation*,
 And fought to disadvantage *Meditation*.
 The *Regiment* of *Prudence* was assailed,
 By head-strong *Ignorance*, who much prevailed.

Where

Where *Temperance* was quarter'd, there I saw
Excesse and *Riot*, both together draw
 Their troupes against her : and, I some espy'd
 To yeeld, and overcome on either side.

The place that valiant *Fortitude* made good,
Faint-heartednesse (though out of fight he flood)
 Did cowardly oppose, and courses take,
 Which otherwhile his Constancy did shake.
 For *Carnall-policy* her Engineer,
 Had closely funkce a *Mine*, which had gone neere
 To blow all up. But *Providence* divine
 Did soone prevent it by a *Counter-mine*.
 Yet *Morall-Iustice* (though a *Court of Guard*
 Was plac'd, and oft releev'd in her *Ward*)
 Had much adoe to make a strong defence
 Against her *Foes*. For, *Fraud*, and *Violence*,
Respect of persons, *Feare*, *Hate*, *Perjury*,
Faire-speaking, and corrupting *Bribery*,
 Did wound her much ; though she did often take
 Avengement ; and of some, examples make.

Some *Vices*, there, I saw themselves disguise
 Like *Vertues*, that their *Foes* they might surprize ;
 As doe the *Dunkirks*, when aboard to lay
 Our ships, an *English* flag they do display.
Pride went for *Comelinesse* : profuse *Excesse*,
 For *Hospitality* : base *Drunkennesse*
 Was call'd *Good fellowship* : blunt *Rashnesse* came
 Attyr'd like *Valour* : *Sloth* had got the name
 Of *Quietnesse* : accursed *Avarice*,
 Was term'd *Good husbandry*. Meere *Cowardice*
 Appear'd like prudent *Warinesse*, and might
 Have pass'd for a very valiant wight.
 Yea, ev'ry *Vice*, to gaine his purpose, had
 Some masks or vertue-like disguises made,

And

And, many times, such hellish plots were laid,
That divers morall *Vertues* were gainfaid,
Defam'd, pursu'd, and wounded by their owne ;
Whose glory had not else beene overthrowne.

Iust-dealing had beene tooke for *Cruelty* :
Pure-love for *Lust* : upright *Integrity*
For cunning *Falshood* : yea, divineſt *Graces*
Have beene at variance brought in divers Cafes,
(By wicked *Stratagems*) that vaine Inventions,
Might frustrate pious workes, and good intentions.

To further strife, great *Quarrels* broached are,
Twixt *Faith* and *Workes*. There is another jar
Begun erewhile, betwixt no worſe a paire,
Then *Preaching*, and her bleſſed Siſter *Pray'r*.
God grant they may agree ; for, I ne're knew
A quiet Church but where they kept one Pew.

Faith and *Repentance* alſo are, of late,
About their *Birth-right* fallen at debate.
But by the *Church-bookes* it appeares to me
Their *Births* and their *Conceptions* mention'd be
Without ſuch nice regard to their precedings,
As ſome have urg'd in their needleſſe pleadings,
And, ſo it pleas'd the *Father, Sonne* and *Spirit* :
Becaufe that *Law* by which they ſhall inherit
The promiſt meed ; doth never queſtion move,
How ſoone or late, but how ſincere they prove.

Moreover, in this *Battell* I eſpy'd
Some *Ambodexters*, fight on either ſide.
The *Moralist*, who all Religion wants ;
Church-Papiſts ; Time-obſerving *Proteſtants*.
All *Double-dealers* ; *Hypocrites*, and ſuch
Baſe *Neutrals*, who have ſcandalized much,
And much endanger'd thoſe who doe contend
This *Ile*, from Deſolation, to defend.

Befide

Beside these former *Combatants*, which fought
 Against or for us ; I perceiv'd, me thought,
 Both good and evill *Angels* fighting too,
 The one, to help ; the other, harme to doe.
 And though this battell yet appeareth not
 To common view, so cruell nor so hot
 As I conceive it : yet it will appeare
 To all in time, with comfort, or with feare.
 For, still, and ev'ry day, those enemies
 Stand arm'd and watching opportunities
 To feize us ; and will feize us if these times
 Shall make complete the measure of our Crimes ;
 Or our continuing Follies drive away
 Our Angell Guard, which doth our fall delay.
Oh slay them Lord ! and make that side the stronger,
For whom this Land shall yet be spared longer.

And let us, my deare Countrimen, with speed,
 Of that which so concerneth us, take heed.
 Observe, thou famoust City of this Land,
 How heavily on thee God layes his hand.
 The very rumour of this *Plague* did make
 The farthest dwellers of this *Ile* to shake :
 And such a sent of *Death* they seem'd to cary,
 Who in or neare about thy Climate tary,
 That, from the *Mount* to *Barwick* they were hated,
 Or shunn'd, as persons excommunicated.
 And three weekes ayling on old *Sarum* plaine,
 Would scarce a lodging for a brother gaine.
 Yea, mark, mark *London*, and confesse with me,
 That God hath justly, thus afflicted thee,
 And that in ev'ry point this *Plague* hath bin
 According to the nature of thy sin.
 In thy prosperity, such was thy pride,
 That thou the *Countries* plainnesse didst deride.

Thy

Thy wanton Children would oft straggle out,
 At honest husbandmen to jeere and flout.
 Their homely garments, did offend thine eyes :
 They did their rurall Dialects despise :
 Their games and merriments (which for them, be
 As commendable, as are thine for thee)
 Thou laughedst at ; their gestures, and their fashions,
 Their very diet, and their habitations
 Were sported at : yea, those ingratefull Things,
 Did scoffe them for their hearty *Welcomings* ;
 And taught ev'n those that had been country born
 The wholesome places of their birth to scorne.

And *see*, now *see*, those thanklesse ones are faine
 To seeke their fathers thatched Roofes againe ;
 And, aske those *good old women* blessing, whom
 They did not see, since they did rich become ;
 And never would have seene, perhaps, unlesse
 This *Plague* had whipped their ingratefulnesse.
 Yea, thine owne Naturall Children have beene glad,
 To scrape acquaintance where no friends they had,
 To praise a homely, and a smoky *Shed* ;
 A darke low *Parlour*, an uneasie *Bed* ;
 An ill drest diet ; yea, perchance, commend
 A churlish Landlord, for an honest Friend ;
 Yet be contented both to pray and pay,
 That they may leave obtaine with him to stay.

And peradventure, some of those who plaid
 The scoffers heretofore, were fully paid.
 Then, *Citizens*, were sharkt, and prey'd upon,
 In recompence of wrongs before time done
 To silly Countrimen ; and were defeated
 Of that, whereof, some Rusticks, they had cheated.

Moreover, for the *Countries* imitations
 Of thy fantastick, vaine, and fruitlesse fashions,

(Of

(Of thy apparell, and of thy excesse
 In Feasts, in Games, in Lust, in idlenesse ;
 With such abominations) some of those
 Who came from thee, shall doubtlesly dispose
 To ev'ry *Shire* a *Viall* of that wrath,
 Which thy transgression long deserved hath :
 That, thou and they, who sinners were together,
 May Rods be made to punish one another ;
 And give each other bitternesse to sup,
 As you have joyntly quast of *Pleasures* Cup.

As to and fro I walked, that I might
 On ev'ry ruthfull *Object* fix my sight,
 Vpon those *Golgatha's* I cast mine eye,
 Where all the common people buried lye.
 Lie buried did I say? I should have said,
Where Carkasses to bury Graves were laid.

Lord! what a sight was there? & what strong smells
 Ascended from among *Death's* loathsome Cells?
 You scarce could make a little Infants bed
 In all those *Plots*, but you should pare a head,
 An arme, a shoulder, or a leg away,
 Of one or other who there buried lay.
 One grave did often many scores enclose
 Of men and women: and, it may be those
 That could not in two Parishes agree,
 Now in one little roome at quiet be.

Yonn lay a heape of skulls; another there;
 Here, halfe unburied did a Corpse appeare.
 Close by, you might have seene a brace of feet
 That had kickt off the rotten winding-sheet.
 A little further saw we other some,
 Thrust out their armes for want of elbow-roome.
 A locke of womans hayre; a dead mans face
 Vncover'd; and a gastly sight it was.

Oh!

Oh! here, here view'd I what the glories be
Of pamper'd flesh : here plainly did I see
How grim those *Beauties* will e're long appeare,
Which we so dote on, and so covet, here.
Here was enough to coole the hottest flame
Of lawlesse lust. Here, was enough to tame
The madst ambition. And, all they that goe
Vnbetter'd from such objects ; worse doe grow.

From hence (for here was no abiding long)
Our *Allies* and our *Lanes*, I walkt among,
Where those *Artificers* their dwellings had,
By whom our idle *Traders* rich are made.
The *Plague* rav'd there indeed. For, who were they
Whom that *Contagion* fastest swept away
But those whose daily lab'ring hands did feed
Their honest Families? and greatly sneed
This place by their mechanick industries?
These are the swarmes of *Bees*, whose painfull thighes
Bring *Wax* unto this *Hive* ; and from whose bones
The *Honey* drops, that feedeth many *Drones*.
These are the *Bulwarks* of this senselesse *Towne*,
And when this *Wall of Bones* is overthrowne,
Our stately Dwellings, now both faire and tall,
Will quickly, of themselves, to ruine fall.

Of these, and of their housholds, daily dy'd
'Twice more then did of all sorts else beside ;
And hungry *Poverty* (without relieves)
Did much inrage and multiply their griefes.
The *Rich* could flye ; or, if they staid, they had
Such meanes that their diseafe the lesse was made.
Yea, those poor aged folkes that make a show
Of greatest need, did boldly come and goe,
To aske mens Almes ; or what their Parish granted :
And nothing at this time those people wanted,

But

But thankfulnesse ; lesse malice to each other ;
And grace to live more quietly together.
Their bodies, dry'd with age, were seldome struck
By this *Disease*. Their neighbours notice took
Of all their wants. Among them, were not many
That had full families. Or if that any
Of these had children sick ; some good supplies
Were sent them from the generall Charities.

Moreover, common *Beggars* are a nation
Not alwayes keeping in one habitation.
They can remove as time occasion brings :
They have their progresses as well as King ;
And most of these, when hence the rich did goe,
Remov'd themselves into the Country too.
The rest about our streets did ask their bread,
And never in their lives, were fuller fed.

But, those good people mentioned before,
Who, till their worke did faile them, fed the poore
As well as others ; and maintained had
Great families, by some laborious trade :
Ev'n those did suffer most. For, neither having
Provision left them, nor the face of craving ;
Nor meanes of labour : First, to pawne they sent
Their brasse and pewter : then, their bedding went.
Their garments next, or stufte of best esteeme :
At length, ev'n that which should the rest redeeme,
Their working Instruments. When that was gone,
Their Lease was pawned, if it might be done.
And peradventure, at the last of all,
These things were sold outright for fums but small ;
Or else quite forfeited. For, here were they
Who made of these poore foules, a gainfull prey.
And as one Plague had on the life a pow'r,
So did these other *Plagues*, their goods devoure.

When

When all was gone, afflicted they became
 With secret griefes, with poverty and shame.
 And, wanting cheerfull minds, and due refection,
 Were seized on, the sooner by *Infection* :
 For, hearts halfe broke, and households famisht neare,
 Are quickly spent, when visited they are.

The carefull *Master*, though it would have saved
 A servants life, to get him what he craved,
 No kinde of Med'cine able was to give him ;
 Nay scarce with bread and water to relieve him :
 The tender-hearted Mother, hath for meat
 Oft heard her dearest child, in vaine, intreat ;
 And had or foure or five on point of dying
 At once, for drink to ease their torment, crying.

The loving husband sitting by her side,
 To save whose life he gladly would have dy'd,
 Vnable was out of his whole estate,
 To purchase her a dram of *Mithridate* ;
 One messe of Cordiall broth, or such like thing,
 Although it might prevent her perishing.

Sometime, at such a need, abroad they came,
 To aske for helpe ; but, then, the feare of shame,
 Of scorne, or of deniall, them with-held
 To put in practice, what their want compell'd.

Vpon an Evening (when the waining light
 Was that which could be call'd nor day nor night)
 I met with one of these, who on me cast
 A ruthfull eye : and as he by me past,
 Me thought, I heard him, softly, somewhat say,
 As if that he for some reliefe did pray :
 Whereat (he seeming in good clothes to be)
 I staid, and askt him, if he spake to me.
 He bashfully replied ; that, indeed
 He was asham'd to speake aloud, what *Need*

Did

Did make him softly mutter. Somewhat more
 He would have spoken, but his tongue forbore
 To tell the rest ; because his eyes did see
 Their teares had (almost) drawne forth tears frō me,
 And that my hand was ready to bestow
 That helpe which my poore fortunes could allow :

Nor his, nor all mens tongues, could more relate,
 Then I my selfe conceiv'd of his estate.
 Me thought, I saw, as if I had beene there,
 What wants in his, and such mens houses were ;
 How empty, and how naked it became ;
 How nasty, *Poverty* had made the same :
 Me thought, I saw, how sicke his wife might lye ;
 Me thought I heard his halfe starv'd children cry ;
 Me thought I felt, with what a broken heart
 He lookt upon them, e're he could depart
 To try, if (by Gods favour) he could meet
 With any meanes of comfort in the street.
 And, *Lord my God*, thou know'st, that, when alone
 The griefes of such as these, I mus'd on ;
 My pitie I with watry eyes have showne,
 And more bewail'd their sorrowes, then my owne.

But, since those *Dewes* are vaine that fruitlesse be ;
 And since the share that is allotted me,
 Of this worlds heritage, will not suffice
 To bring reliefe to these mens miseries ;
 Oh ! let my teares (ye *rich men*) make your ground
 With fruits of Charity the more abound.
 Let me intreat you, that, when God shall bring
 Vpon this place, another *Visiting*,
 You would remember, some reliefe to send
 To those, who on their labours doe depend,
 And have not got their impudence of face,
 Who idly beg their bread from place to place.

God,

God, you the *Stewards* of his goods doth make,
And how you use them, he account will take.
It will not be enough, that you have paid
The publique taxes on your houses laid ;
Or that, you, now and then, doe send a summe
To be disposed, to you know not whom :
But, you your selves, must, by your selves alone,
Those neighbours, or acquaintance think upon,
Who likeliest are in such a time of need,
To want of that, wherein you doe exceed :
And, if you know of none, enquire them out ;
Or leave some honest neighbour thereabout,
To be your *Alm'ner* (when the Towne you leave)
That, you, and they, a *Blessing* may receive.
For, if that ev'ry wealthy man would find
But one, or two, to cherish in this kind :
Gods wrath would much the better be appeased,
And we should of our plagues be sooner eased.

As I request the Richer men to take
This pious course : A suit, I likewise take
That our inferiour *Tradesmen*, would not so
Abuse their times of profit, as they doe.
For, most of those doe live at rates as high,
As all their gaires (at utmost) will supply.
Yea, many times they mount above the tops
Of present fortunes, and ensuing hopes :
That, if a sickness, or unlook'd-for Crosse,
Or want of trade, or any slender losse,
But for a *Yeare*, a *Quarter*, or a *Terme*,
Befalls them : it soone maketh so infirme
Their over-strain'd Estates ; that Almes are needed,
Ere any failings are by others heeded.

Of these, and other things I notions gained,
Whilst in our sickly *Citie* I remained ;

And

And much I contemplated what I saw,
Some profitable uses thence to draw.
But, feeling that my thoughts nigh tyred were,
With over-musing on those objects there :
I thought to walke abroad into the field,
To take those comforts, which fresh ayre doth yeeld ;
And, to revive my heart, which heavy grew,
With what the streets did offer to my view ;
But little ease I found ; for, there mine eyes
Discover'd *Sorrow* in a new disguise :
And in so many shapes himselfe he shewed,
That, still my passion was afresh renewed.
Here, dead upon the *Road*, a man did lye,
That was (an houre before) as well, as I ;
There, fate another, who did thither come
In health, but had not strength to beare him home.
Yonn, spraul'd a third, so sicke, he did not know
From whence he came, nor whither he should goe.
A little further off, a fourth did creepe
Into a ditch, and there his *Obit* keepe.
About the Fields ran one, who being fled
(In spite of his attendance) from his bed,
Lookt like a Lunatique from *Bedlem* broken ;
And, though of health he had no hopefull token ;
Yet, that he ailed ought, he would not yeeld,
Till *Death* had struck him dead upon the field.
This way, a *Stranger* by his Host expelled,
That way, a *Servant* (shut from where he dwelled)
Came weakly stagg'ring forth, and (crush'd beneath
Diseases, and unkindnesse) fought for *Death* ;
Which soone was found ; and glad was he, they say,
Who for his *Death-bed*, gain'd a Cock of Hay.
At this croffe path, were *Bearers* fetching home
A Neighbour, who in health did thither come :

Close

Cloſe by, were others digging up the ground,
 To hide a ſtranger whom they dead had found.
 Before me, went with Corpſes, many a one ;
 Behinde, as many mo did follow on,
 VVith *running-fores*, one begg'd at yonder gate :
 At next Lanes end, another *Lazar* fate.
 Some halted, as if wounded in the wars ;
 Some held their necks awry ; ſome ſhew'd their ſcars ;
 Some, met I weeping, for the loſſe of friends ;
 Some others, for their ſwift approaching ends ;
 And ev'ry thing with ſorrow was affected,
 On whatſoe're it was mine eye reflected.

The *Proſpect*, which was wont to greet mine eye
 With ſhowes of pleaſure in variety,
 (And lookt, as if it cheerfully did ſmile,
 Vpon the bordring *Villages*, erewhile.)
 Had no ſuch pleaſingneſſe as heretofore,
 For ev'ry place, a mask of ſorrow wore.
 The walks are unfrequented, and the path
 Late trodden bare, a graſſie Carpet hath.
 I could not ſee (of all thoſe Gallants) one
 That viſited *Hide-parke*, and *Mary-borne*.
 None wandred through the paſtures, up and downe,
 But, as about ſome petty Country towne :
 Nor could I view in many Summers dayes,
 One man of note to ride upon our wayes.

*Lord, what a diff'rence didſt thou put betweene
 That Summer, and the reſt that I have ſeene !
 How didſt thou change our Fields ! and what a face
 Of Sadneſſe, didſt thou ſet upon each place !
 Yet oh ! how few remember it, or feele
 The touches of it, on their hearts of ſteele !
 And when our baniſht tmirh thou didſt renew,
 Who did returne to thee the praiſes due ?*

L

What

What others apprehended, they know best ;
 But if it could be fully here exprest
 What of that alteration I conceiv'd,
 When of their pleasures, God our fields bereav'd ;
 It would much more be minded : For they had
 Nought in them, but what moved to be sad.
 Not many weekes, before, it was not so.
 But, *pleasures*, had their passage to and fro.
 Which way soever from our Gates I went,
 I lately did behold with much content,
 The fields bestrow'd with people all about :
 Some pacing homeward, and some passing out.
 Some, by the bancks of *Thame* their pleasure taking ;
 Some, Sulli-bibs among the Milk-maids, making ;
 With musique, some upon the waters, rowing ;
 Some, to the next adjoyning *Hamlets* going ;
 And *Hogfdone*, *Islington*, and *Tothnam-Court*,
 For Cakes and Creame, had then no small resort.
 Some, fate and woo'd their Lovers in the shadowes ;
 Some, straggled to and fro athwart the meadowes ;
 Some, in discourse, their houres, away did passe ;
 Some, playd the toyish wantons on the grasse ;
 Some, of Religion ; some of bus'nesse talked ;
 Some coached were, some horfed ; and some walked.
 Here Citizens ; there Students, many a one ;
 Here two together ; and, yonn one alone.
 Of *Nymphs* and *Ladies*, I have often ey'd
 A thousand walking at one Evening tide ;
 As many Gentlemen : and yong and old
 Of meaner fort, as many, ten times told.

And, when I did from some high Towre survey
 The Rodes, and Paths, which round below me lay,
 Observing how each passage thronged was
 With men and Cattell, which both wayes did passe ;
How

How many petty paths, both far and neare,
 With rowes of people still supplied were ;
 What infinite provision still came in,
 And what abundance hath exported bin ;
 Me thought this populous *City* and the trade
 Which we from ev'ry Coast about her had,
 Was well resembled by an *Ant-hill*, which
 (In some old Forrest) is made large, and rich
 By those laborious creatures, who have thither
 Brought all their wealth, and *Colonies* together.
 For, as their peopled *Borough* hath resort
 From ev'ry quarter, by a severall Port,
 And from each Gate thereof a great Rode hath
 That branches into many a little Path ;
 And, as those *Negroes* doe not onely fill
 Each great and lesser tract unto their hill,
 But, also, spread themselves out of those wayes,
 Among the grasse, the leaves, and bushy sprays :
 Ev'n so, the people here, did come and goe
 Through our large Rodes ; disperse themselves into
 A thousand passages ; and, often stray
 O're neighbouring Pastures, in a pathlesse way,

This, formerly I saw ; and, on that *Station*,
 Where this I markt ; I had this *Contemplation*.

*How happy were this People, did they know
 What rest, our God upon them did bestow !
 On us, what shoures of blessings hath he rained,
 Which he from other Cities hath restrained ?
 And, from how many mischiefs hath he freed us,
 Which fall on those that in good workes exceed us ?
 Here lurke no ravenous Beasts to make a prey
 On those fat Cattell which these Fields o're-lay.
 Within our Groves no cruell Out-lawes hide,
 That in the blood of passengers are dy'd.*

L 2

Our

*Our Lambs, unwarry'd, lye abroad, benighted ;
 By day, our Virgins walke the Fields unfrighted.
 No neighbouring country doth our food forestall ;
 No Convoyes need to come and goe withall ;
 No forraine Prince can suddenly appall us,
 For Seas doe mote us, and huge Rocks doe wall us.
 No rotten Fennes doe make our ayre unfound ;
 No Foe, doth with a trench enclose us round.
 We neither tumults have by night or day,
 Nor rude unruly Garifons in pay.
 No Taxes, yet, our Land doth over-load ;
 Our Children are not prest for warres abroad,
 From Spanish Inquisitions we are free ;
 (God grant that we, for ever, so may be)
 We are compeld to no Idolatries ;
 Our people doe not in rebellions rise :
 No factious spirits much disturbe the State ;
 No Plagues, our dwellings, yet, depopulate.
 No Rots or Murraines have our Cattell kild :
 Our Barnes and Store-houses, with fruits are fild :
 On ev'ry threshold, store of children play ;
 Our breeding Cattell fill both street and way.
 And, were we thankfull unto him that gave them,
 There are no blessings, but we here might have them.
 See, how like Bees upon a Summer-Eve,
 (When their young Nymphes have over-fill'd the hive)
 They swarme about the City, sporting so,
 As if a winter gale would never blow.
 How little doe they dreame, how many times,
 While they deserved ruine for their Crimes,
 God naithelesse, hath shewed mercies on them,
 And slopt those Plagues that comming were upon them !
 How feldome is it thought, the pow'r of him,
 Whose love they much forget (if not contemne)*

Might

*Might heape upon them all those fearfull things,
Which he upon our neighbouring Nations brings.
For, in a moment, he could summon hither
His Iudgements, and inflict them, all together.
Ev'n all. But, one of those which he hath brought
On other Cities, would enough be thought.*

*If in displeasure he should call from thence
Where now it raves, the slaughtring Pestilence,
Or else the Famine; what a change were that,
To them that are so healthy, and so fat?
How desolate, in lesse then halfe a yeare,
Might all our lodgings and our streets appeare?
How unfrequented would that randevow
Be made, in which, we throng, and jussle now?
How lonely would these walkes and fields be found,
Wherein I see the people so abound?*

*Or, should he whistle for his armed Bands,
(Which now are wasting other Christian Lands)
To put in action on our Commick Stage
The Tragedies of VVar, and brutish rage:
What lamentations then here would be made,
And calling unto minde, what peace we had?
Should we in ev'ry house, at boord and bed
Have Souldiers, and rude Captaines billeted,
That would command, and swagger as if they
Had all the Towneship (where they lodge) in pay,
To wait upon their pleasures; and should see
Our owne defenders, our devourers be.
Should we behold these fields (now full of sport)
Cut out with Trenches; there, a warlike Fort;
Another here; A Sconce not farre from that;
A new rais'd Mount, or some fire-spitting Cat,
From which the Foes our actions might survey,
And make their Bullets on our houses play.*

L 3

Should

Should we behold our Dwellings beaten downe ;
 Our Temples batter'd ; Turrets over throwne ;
 Our seats of pleasure burning from asarre ;
 Heare, from without, the thundring Voice of War ;
 Within, the shricket of children, or the cry
 Of women, stricke with feares, or famisht nigh.
 Should we behold, what painfully we got,
 Possess'd by those that seeke to cut our throat ;
 Our children slaine before us, on the ground ;
 Our selves pierc't through with some deep mortall wound ;
 And see (ev'n there) where we have wantoniz'd,
 Our beauteous wives, by some sterne Troupe surpriz'd,
 And ravi'sht in our view. Or (which is worse)
 When we have seene all this, be forc't perforce
 To live ; and live their slaves that shall possesse
 Our wives, and all our ourward happinesse ;
 And, then, want also, that pure Word of Grace
 To comfort us, which yet adorne this place.

Should such a Destiny (as God defend)
 This people, and this place, thought I, attend.
 (For, this may be ; and ev'ry day we heare
 That other Nations doe this burthen beare)
 Should we who now for pleasure walke the field,
 Be faine to search what weeds the pastures yeeld
 To feed us ; and peake hungerly about,
 Some Roots, or Hawes, or Berries to finde out,
 To keepe from starving ; and not gaine a food
 So meane, without the hazard of our blood :
 Should some contagious sicknesse, noisome make
 This place, wherein, such pleasure now we take :
 Should in these places, whither we repaire
 Our bodies to refresh with wholesome ayre,
 Those blastings or Serenes upon us fall,
 Which other places are annoy'd withall.

Should

*Should from the wife the husband he divorc'd,
Or from the parent should the child be forc'd,
While here they walkt, and perish by the sword:
Or, should here be a famine of the Word,
On which would follow, to our grieve and shame,
A thousand other Plagues which I could name.
Should those things be; then what our blessings are
It would by such a curse too soone appeare.*

*Then, feele we should, what comforts might arise
From those great mercies, which we now despise,
Or think not on. Yea, so we might enjoy
But part of that which now we mis-employ,
We thinke it would, a greater happinesse,
Then, yet we finde in all we now possesse.
We then should know how much we have beene blest
In our long time of plenty health, and rest:
How sweet it is that we may to and fro
Without restraint, or feare, or danger goe;
How much we owe to him that hath so long
Our Granards filled, and our Gates made strong;
Permitting us to walke for our delight
About our fields, whilst others march to fight;
And suffering us to feast, whilst others fast,
Or, of the bread of sowre Affliction tast.*

*As heretofore the peopled Fields I walked,
To this effect, my thoughts within me talked;
And though all present *Objets* gave content,
My heart did such *Ideaes* represent
Of *Judgements* likely to be cast upon
So great a City, and a finfull one;
That much I feared, I should live to see,
Some such afflictions, as here mention'd be.
And loe, (though yet, I hope, not in his wrath)
God, part of that I fear'd, inflicted hath;*

L 4

A

A warning *War* he hath begun to wage
 Against the crying finnes of this our age,
 And of this place : And in a gentle wife
 Pour'd out a taste of those Calamities
 Which other feeble at large : that, we should mourne
 For our transgressions, and to him returne.
Vouchsafe, oh ! God, that soone returne we may,
Left thou in anger, sweepe us all away.

If we observed, well, what God hath done,
 And in what manner, he with us begun ;
 How he forewarn'd us, of those *Plagues*, which he
 Vouchsafed *David* should a chuser be :
 (And how, ev'n he himselfe, in mercy chused,
 To keepe us from what *David* had refused)
 We should perceive, that our most loving God
 At first did threaten, with a *Fathers* rod.

A little while before this *Pestilence*,
 Of his just wrath we had intelligence
 By divers tokens, which we did contemne,
 Or, at the best, but little heeded them.
 The *Spring* before this *Plague*, one jerke we had
 By *WAR*, which made no little number sad,
 By calling many from their ease ; by taking
 Some husbands from their wives, & childless making
 Some *Parents* : which permitted was to shew us
 In part, what sharpe corrections God did owe us.
 And make us minde, that this unhallow'd place
 Is thus long spared meerely of his grace.
 Else, to awake us with some touch of that
 Which he hath brought on many a forraine State.

For, that he might but touch us, he did call
 No *Armies* hither, to afflict us all.
 But, as a *Generall* in time of war,
 When all his Troupes of somewhat guilty are ;

On

On them the fortune of the *lot* doth try,
 That some as warnings to the rest may dye :
 Ev'n so, the *God of Armies*, in like case,
 Pickt, here and there a man, from ev'ry place,
 To meet the sword : that, ev'ry place might learne,
 His *Mercies*, and his *Iustice* to discerne,
 And, leave off sinne ; which, if we breake not from,
 His *Plagues*, and terrors all, will shortly come.

If any shall object, we lost in these
 But some corrupted blood, which did disease
 The common *Body* : Let them understand,
 That it portends hot *Fevers* in the Land,
 When such *Phlebotomy* is needfull thought :
 And, that, good blood, as well as what is nought,
 Is lost at ev'ry op'ning of a veine.
 The foot was prickt, and we did feele no pain ;
 The next blood-letting may be in the *Arme*,
 Where lyes our strength. God shend us frō the harm
 Of such like *Surgery* ; unlesse we see
 The *Signe* be better then it seemes to be.

God scar'd us, lately, also, by a *Dearth*,
 And for the peoples faults did curse the Earth.
 The *Winter* last before the *Pest* began,
 Throughout some Northerne *Shires* a Famine ranne,
 That starved some ; and other some were faine,
 Their hungry appetites to entertaine
 With swine, and sheep, and hores, which have dy'd
 By chance : For, better could they not provide,
 Some others on boild nettles gladly fed,
 Or else had oft gone supperlesse to bed.
 And this was much, considering the soile
 And ordinary plenties of this *Ile*.

Nay, since the *Sicknesse*, we small hopes possessed,
 Of that, wherewith, this Kingdom, God hath blessed.

L 5

For,

For, when *Earths* wombe did big with plenty grow,
 When her large bosome, and full breasts, did show
 Such signes of faire encrease, that hope of more
 Was never in our life-times heretofore :
 A later frost, our early blossomes crompt ;
 The heav'ns, upon our labours, leanneesse dropt ;
 And such perpetuall showres, and flouds we had,
 That of a *Famine*, we were fearfull made,
 And scarce had any hope (in common reason)
 Of harvest either in, or out of season.
 Yet he with-held that *Plague*. The Sky grew cleare ;
 A kindly wheather drove away our feare,
 The Floods did sinck ; the Mildewes were expell'd ;
 The bending eares of corne, their heads up held ;
 And *Harvest* came, which fild our Granards more,
 Then in the fruitfull't, of sev'n yeares before.

And, doubtlesse, had we gone to meet our God,
 With true repentance, when this fearfull Rod
 Was raised first ; it had away beene flung,
 And not continued in this *Realme* so long.
 For, as a *Father*, when his dearest child
 Growes disobedient, rude, and over-wilde,
 First warnes ; then threatens ; then, the rod doth show ;
 Then frownes ; and then doth feare him with a blow.
 Then doubles, and redoubles it, untill
 He makes him grow more plyant to his will,
 And leave those wanton tricks which in conclusion
 May prove the parents grieve, and childes confusion.
 Ev'n as this Father ; so, our God hath wrought.
 Vs, by his *Word of Grace*, he first besought :
 Then, of his *Wrath*, and *Iustice* spake unto us :
 Next, hanging over us, he plagues did show us.
 Yea, divers months before this Vengeance came,
 The spotted *Fever* did forewarne the same.

VVas

Was made her *Harbenger* ; and in one week
Sent hundreds, in the Grave, their bed to seek.
Which nought prevailing, he did thereupon
(As being loath to strike) first strike but one.
Then, two or three : then staid a while ; and than
To smite another number he began,
And then a greater. Neither did God show
This mercy, onely, in the publike blow ;
But daign'd it, also, in that chastisement,
Which he to ev'ry man in private sent.
To hasten his repentance ; first, he smote
Some one of those he knew, in place remote,
Within a weeke, another better knowne ;
Next week a friend ; the next a dearer-one ;
A little after that, perhaps, another ;
And then a kinsman, or an onely brother.
Which no amendment working, God did come
(To make him heedfull) somewhat nearer home :
Knockt at his neighbours house, and tooke out all
Or most who lodg'd on tother side the wall :
Then called at his doore, and seized on
A servant first ; soone afterward, a sonne ;
Next night was hazarded a daughters life ;
And e're that morning came, he lost his wife :
At last fell sicke himselfe, and then repented,
Or dy'd, or liveth to be worse tormented.

Thus, as it were by steps, God came upon us,
That either Love or Terror might have won us,
To seeke our peace. But, yet, so few were warned,
(And this long suffering, so few foules discerned)
That some the nature of this *Plague* beli'd ;
The number of the dead, some strove to hide.
On groundles hopes, Gods Iudgmēts, some deferred,
Some scoffed others, when they were deterred,

Some

Some rais'd a profit from it. Yea, so few
 Conceived what was likely to ensue ;
 That when we should like *Niniveh* have fared,
 For sports, and causelesse *Triumphs* we prepared.
 Of pleasure, in excessive wise, we tasted.
 We *feasted*, when we rather should have *fasted*.
 And when in sack-cloth we should loud have cry'd,
 Ev'n then we ruffled in our greatest pride.

Which God perceiving, and that we were growne
 Regardlesse of his smiles, and of his frowne ;
 He did command his *Mercy*, to let goe
 That hand which did restraine his *Iustice* so.
 Then, catching up a *Viall* of his wrath,
 (Which he in store for such offenders hath)
 He did on this our Citie, poure it downe.
 And, as strong poison shed upon the crowne,
 Descendeth to the members, from the head ;
 And, soone, doth over all the body spread :
 Ev'n so, this noysome plague of *Pestilence*,
 On our head City falling, did from thence,
 Disperse and soake throughout this *Empery*,
 In spight of all our carnall policie.

Our want of penitency to allay
 Gods wrath, and stop his anger in the way,
 Enflamed and exasperated so
 This *Fiend*, that he did thousands over-throw
 In some few minuts : and, the greedy *Grave*
 Devour'd as if it none alive would save.
Death lurkt at ev'ry angle of the street,
 And did arrest whom ever he did meet.
 There scarcely was that house or lodging found,
 In which he did not either slay or wound.
 In ev'ry roome his murthers acted he,
 Our Closets nay our Temples were not free

From

From his attemptings ; no not while men pray'd,
 Could his unbridled fury be delay'd.
 In fundry *Families* there was not one
 Whom his rude hand did take compassion on :
 Nay many times he did not spare the last,
 Vntill the buriall of the first was past.
 For, e're the *Bearers* back againe could come,
 The rest were ready for their graves at home.
 Nor bad nor good, nor rich nor poore did scape him :
 Nor foole nor wiseman, an excuse could shape him :
 He shunned not the yong man in the sadle,
 Nor him that lay and cryed in the cradle.
 So dreadfull was his looke, so sterne and grim,
 That many dy'd through very feare of him.
 For, to mens fancies he did oft appeare
 In shapes which so exceedind gastly were,
 That flesh and blood, unable was, to brooke,
 The horror of his all affrighting look.

Ev'n in that house, whose rooffe did cover me,
 Of this, a sad experiment had we :
 For, there, a plague-sicke man (at least) conceiued
 That Death a shape assuming, he perceiued
 Deform'd and vgly ; whereat loud he cryes,
Oh ! hide me, hide me, from his dreadfull eyes.
Looke, oh ! looke there he comes : now by the bed
He stands ; now at the feet ; now at the head.
Oh ! draw, draw, draw the Curtaine, Sirs I pray,
That his grim looke no more behold I may.
 To this effect, and such like words he spake,
 But that their hearers hearts they more did shake.
 Then, rested he a while, and by and by
 Vp starting, with a lamentable cry,
 Ran to a Couch, whereon his wife (who waking
 Two nights before had beene) some rest was taking ;
 There

There, kneeling downe, & both his hands up rearing,
 As if his eye had seene pale *Death* appearing
 To strike his wife ; *Good Sir*, said he, *forbeare*
To kill or harme that poore yong woman there :
For God's sake do not strike her ; for you see
She's great with child. Lo, you have wounded me
In twenty places ; and I doe not care
How me you mischiefe so that her you spare.
 Ev'n this, and more then I to minde can call,
 He acted with a looke so tragicall,
 That, all by standers, might have thought, his eyes
 Saw reall objects and no fantasies.

To others, *Death*, no doubt, himselfe convaيد
 In other formes, and other *Pageants* plaid.
 Whilst in her armes the mother thought she kept
 Her Infant safe ; *Death* stole him when she slept.
 Sometime he tooke the mothers life away,
 And left the little babe, to lye and play
 With her cold paps, and childish game to make
 About those eyes, that never more shall wake.

Sometimes whē friends where talking he did force
 The one to leave unfinished his discourse. (ted,
 Sometimes, their morning meetings he hath thwar-
 Who thought not they for ever had been parted,
 The night before. And many a lovely *Bride*,
 He hath defloured by the *Bridegroomes* side.
 At ev'ry hand, lay one or other dying :
 On ev'ry part, were men and women crying,
 One for a husband ; for a friend another ;
 One for a sister, wife, or onely brother :
 Some children for their parents mone were making ;
 Some, for the losse of servants care were taking ;
 Some parents for a childe ; and some againe
 For losse of all their children did complaine.

The

The mother dared not to close her eyes,
 Through feare that while she sleepest, her baby dyes.
 Wives trusted not their husbands out of doore,
 Left they might back againe returne no more.
 And in their absence if they did but heare
 One knock or call in hast, they quak'd through feare,
 That some unlucky messenger had brought
 The newes of those mischances they forethought.
 And if (with care and grieve o're-tyr'd) they slept,
 They dream'd of *Ghosts*, & *Graves*, & shriekt, & wept.

He that o're night went healthy to his bed,
 Lookt, ere the morning, to be sicke, or dead.
 He that rose lusty, at the rising Sunne,
 Grew faint, and breathlesse, e're the day was done.
 And, he that for his friend, this day did sorrow,
 Lay close beside him in a grave the morrow.
 Some men amidst their pleasures were diseased :
 Some, in the very act of sin were seized :
 Some, hence were taken laughing, and some singing :
 Some, as they others to their graves were bringing,
 Yea, so impartiall was this kind of *Death*,
 And so extreemly venomous his breath,
 That they who did not in this place expire,
 Where saved, like the *Children in the fire*.

*It may be that to some it will appeare,
 My Muse hath onely poetized here ;
 And that I fain'd expressions doe rehearse,
 As most of those that use to write in verse :
 But, in this Poeme I pursue the story
 Of reall Truth, without an Allegory :
 And many yet surviving witnesse may.
 That I come short of what I more might say.
 But, what I can I utter ; and I touch
 This mournfull string, so often, and so much,*

As

*As in this Book I doe ; that I might show
 To them that of these griefes forgetfull grow,
 What forrowes and what dangers they have had ;
 That all of us more thankfull may be made :
 And if to any these things doe appeare
 Or tedious, or impertinent ; I feare
 That most of them are they, who take no pleasure,
 For good and usefull things to be at leisure.
 And more delight in Poems worded out,
 Then those that are Gods works employ'd about.*

Me thinkes, I cannot speake enough of that
 Which I have seene ; nor full enough relate
 What I declare ; but still it seemes to me
 I leave out somewhat that should utt'ed be.
 For, though in most, the sence thereof be gone,
 It was God's *Iudgement*, and a fearfull one.

And, *L O N D O N*, what availed then thy pride,
 Thy pleasures and thy wealth so multiply'd ?
 Or, then, oh ! what advantage didst thou get
 By those vaine things, whereon thy heart is set ?
 How many sev'rall *Plagues* did God prevent,
 Before this *Iudgement* was upon thee sent ?
 How many loving favours had he done thee,
 Before so roughly he did seize upon thee ?
 And, that thou mightst his purposes discover,
 How long together, did he send thee over
 The weekly newes, of those great Desolations,
 Which he inflict on many other Nations ?
 How often did he send, e're this befell,
 His *Prophets*, of his *Iudgements* to foretell ?
 How many thousand *Preachers* hath he sent,
 With teares, to pray, and woo thee to repent ;
 To tell thee, that thy pride, and thy excessse,
 Thy lusts, thy surfets, and thy drunkenness,

Thine

Thine idleneſſe, thy great impieties,
Thy much prophaneneſſe, thy hypocrifies,
And other vanities, would bring at laſt
Thoſe plagues whereof thou now ſome feeling haſt ?

How did thy *Paſtors* to repent conjure thee ?
How ſtrongly did Gods Miniſters aſſure thee
That all thy love, thy labour, and thy coſt
Beſtow'd on carnall pleaſures, would be loſt ?
That, thou hereafter ſhouldeſt become aſhamed
Of that whereof thy comforts thou haſt framed ;
And that thoſe evils would at length befall
From which no mortall hand reprieve thee ſhall.

Thou canſt not but acknowledge theſe things were
Ev'n ev'ry moment, rounded in thy eare ;
And that thy *Sonnes of Thunder* did preſage
What, for thy finnes, ſhould be thine heritage.
Yet, thou to heare their meſſage didſt reſuſe.
And, as the ſtubborne unbeleeving *Jewes*,
Deſpiſed all thoſe *Prophets*, who foreſhew'd
The times of their approaching ſervitude,
Yea, puniſht them, as troublers of the Land,
And ſuch as weakned much the peoples hand :
So, thou accountedſt of thy Teachers, then,
But as a crew of buſie-headed men,
Who cauſleſſy, thy quietneſſe diſturbſing,
Had for their ſaucineſſe, deſerved curbing.
But with amazement, now thou doſt behold,
That they have no uncertainties foretold.
For, God in this one ſingle *Plague*, compriſed
Thoſe other *Judgements*, all, epitomized ;
Which for thy ruine he at large will ſend,
If this be not enough to work his end.
Obſerve this *Peſtilence*, and thou ſhalt ſee,
That as there may be ſome one *ſin* in thee

With

With other great *Transgressions* interlaced,
So, divers *Plagues* in this great *Plague* were placed.

It shew'd thee (in some fashion) their distresses,
Whom *WAR*, in a besieged Fort oppresses :
For, lo, thou wert deprived of all Trade,
As if thy Foes blockt up thy *River* had.
And, though no armed Host thy wall surrounded,
Yet (which was worfe) thou by thy friends wert boun-
For, whatsoever person passed from (ded :
Thy Ports, upon an enemy did come.
And none more cruell to thy children proved,
Then some of thine, who from thy *Plagues* removed.

Confusion, and *Disorder*, threatned thee,
(On which attendeth all the *Plagues* that be)
For, most of thy grave *Senate*, who did beare
Thy names of office, far departed were,
To other places ; leaving thee, nigh spent
And languishing for want of Government.
Yea, they that were thy *Trust*, and thy *Delight*,
In times of health, did then forsake thee quite ;
To teach us, that those men, and vanities,
Which have our hearts, in our prosperities,
Will in affliction be the first who leave us ;
And, when we most expect, then most deceive us.

Oh ! whither then ; oh ! whither were they gone,
Who, thy admired Beauty doted on ?
Where did thy *Lovers* in those dayes appeare,
Who did so court thee, and so often sweare
Affection to thee ? whither were they fled,
Whom thou hast oft with sweetest junkets fed ?
And they, whom thou so many yeares, at ease,
Didst lodge within thy fairest *Palaces* ?

Where *London*, were thy skarlet *Fathers* hous'd,
Who in thy glory, were to thee espous'd ?

What

What were become of all thy children, which
 Were nursed at thy breast, made great, and rich
 By thy *good-huswifry*? and whom we see
 In thy prosperity so hugg'd of thee?

Where were thy rev'rend *Pastors*, who had pay
 To feed thy Flocks, and for thy sinne to pray?
 (I must confesse) the meanest, and some few
 Of better sort, were in affection true,
 And gave thee comfort. But, oh! where were those,
 Those greater ones, on whom thy hand bestowes
 The largest portions? Those, who have profest
 A zealous care of thee, above the rest?
 Those, who (as I conceive) had undertaken
 A charge that should not then have beene forsaken?
 Those many *filken-Doctors*, who did here
 In shining fatten Coffers late appeare?
 They who (till now, a thing scarce heard of ever)
 Do flaunt it in their Velvet, Plush, and Beaver.
 And they, whom thou didst honor far above
 Those meane ones, who, then, shewed thee most love?

Where were they? &, where were thy Lawyers too
 That heretofore, did make so much adoe
 Within thy Courts of *Iustice*? Prethee, where
 Were those *Physitians*, who so forward were
 To give thee phyfick, when thou neededst lesse,
 And wert but sicke, of ease, and wantonnesse?
 Where did their foot cloths wait? where couldst thou
 For their assistance? what became of all (call
 Their *Diets*, and *Receipts*? and why did they
 In that necessity depart away?

Where lurckt those *Poetafters*, who were wont
 To pen thy *Mummings*, and vainly hunt
 For base reward, by soothing up the Crimes
 Of our Grand *Epicures*, in lofty Rimes;

And

And doe before each others *Poems* raise
 The fruitlesse Trophees of a truthlesse praise?
 Dar'd none of all those matchlesse wits to tary
 This brunt? That his experienc'd Muse might cary
 This Newes to after times; and move compassion,
 By his all moving straines of *Lamentation*?
 What, none but me? me onely leave they to it,
 To whom they shame to yeeld the Name of *Poet*?
 Well; if they ever had a minde to weare
 The *Lawreat Wreath*, they might have got it here:
 For though that my performance may be bad,
 A braver Subject, *Muses* never had.

Where were thy troupes of *Rorers*? where were they
 Who in thy Chambers did the wantons play?
 Provoking God Almighty, downe to cast
 Those plagues from which they fled away so fast?
 Yea, whither were those *Nothings*, all retir'd,
 Of whom thou wert, of late, so much desir'd?
 Alas! was there not any of all these
 Who staid to comfort thee, in this Disease?
 Did all depart away? And, being gone,
 Leave thee to beare thy sorrowes all alone?
 Left they upon thy *Tally* all that sin,
 Which had by them and thee, committed bin?

Yes, yes, they left thee: ev'n all these: and they
 So left thee, *London*, when they went away,
 That thy afflictions they did aggravate,
 And make more bitter thy deplored *Fate*.

A *Dearth* mixt also in this *Pest* was found,
 For they who did in riches most abound,
 (And should have holpen to relieue the poore)
 Departing hence, diminished thy store.
 To other *Boroughes* they themselves betooke:
 Their sick distressed brethren, they forsooke,

And

And, left on those that would be hospitable,
A burthen which to beare they were unable.
Those few, of worth, who did in thee remaine,
Had multitudes of beggers to sustaine ;
And, from the Country (as before I said)
The sending of supply was long delaid.

There was a *Famine* also, which exceeded
This other ; though the same by few was heeded.
We had not so much scarcity of bread,
As of that food wherewith our soules are fed.
For, of our *Pastors* (in the greatest dangers)
Some left us to the charity of Strangers.
And, many soules, whom they were bound to cherish
Depriv'd of timely sustenance, did perish.

Who could have thought, this *Vineyard*, heretofore
So fruitfull ; and wherein the salvage *Bore*
Of *Turky* rooted not : and whose thick fence
Hath long time kept the *Bulls* of *Bashan* thence ;
Should then (ev'n in the *Vintage* time) be found
So bare of what, so lately did abound ?
And, then (a thing worth note) when ev'ry Field
And meanest *Villages* did plenties yeeld ?

Indeed, not long before, we surfeted,
And plaid the wantons with our heav'nly bread.
Our appetite was cloy'd ; and we grew dainty,
And either loath'd, or murmur'd at our plenty.
Yea, many of us, when at will we had it,
By private *Cookeries*, unwholesome made it.
For which, and for our base unthankfulnesse,
Our portion and allowance waxed lesse :
And, we who (like fond children) would not eat,
Vnlesse, this man, or that man carv'd our meat,
Then (like poore folkes that of meere almes doe live)
Were glad to take of any that would give.

The

The *Laborers* were few ; the *Harvest* large :
 And of the best of those that had the charge
 To spread Gods *Table* ; some grew faint and tired
 By their perpetuall travaile : some expired
 Their painfull foules, and freely sacrific'd
 Themselves for us, that we might be suffiz'd.

Among which happy number I doe bleffe
 The memory of learned *Makernesse*,
 And zealous *Eton*, whose large Congregations,
 Bemoan'd their losse with hearty lamentations.
 And worthily : for, they did labour here
 With cheerfulness ; and in their *Callings* were
 So truly diligent whilst vigour lasted,
 That they their life blood, yea their spirits wasted ;
 And ev'n unslackt the very nerves and powres
 Of their owne foules, to helpe enable ours.

To *bury*, nigh a hundred in a day,
 To *church*, to *marry*, *study*, *preach* and *pray* ;
 To *wake betimes* ; at night *late watch to keepe* ;
 To be *disturb'd* at midnight from their *sleepe* ;
 To *visit* him that on his *death-bed* lyes ;
 Oft to *communicate* ; more oft *baptize* ;
 And daily (and all day) to be in action,
 As were those two, to give due satisfaction
 To their great *Flocks* ; more Laborers there needed ;
 And their consumed strengths, it much exceeded.

But, they are now at *rest* : their *worke* is done,
 Their *Fight* is finished : their *Goale* is won :
 And, though no *Trophee* I to them can raise,
 Save, this poore wither'd *Wreath* of mortall praise ;
 Their *Master* (to reward their faithfulness)
 For them reserved Crownes of Happiness ;
 Because, unto his *household*, they the *Bread*
Of Life, in season, have distributed.

Nor

Nor was the Food of life diminisht more
 By such mens want alone, then heretofore.
 But, to our discontent, we also had
 Our due allowances the shorter made
 Ev'n by command. For, some (I know not why)
 Had falsely mis-inform'd *Authority*,
 That our promiscuous meetings, at the *Fast*,
 Increas'd the *Plague*: which was beleev'd in hast.
 And being urg'd, perhaps, with such faire shewes
 Of *Reason*, as *Conjecture* could infuse;
 (The matter being aggravated too,
 With such untruths, as travell to and fro)
 The publike preaching on the *Fasting day*,
 Was, in an evill season, tooke away.

For, when the flesh was fed, and soule deprived
 Of two Repasts, which weekly we received,
 Prophanenesse, and hard-heartednesse began
 To get new rooting in the mind of man.
 We missed those good helps, and those examples
 Which had been preached to us in our Temples.
 The poore did want full quickly, to their grieve,
 Those Almes the *Fast* brought out for their reliefe.
 And, when with *Prayers*, *Preaching* did not goe,
 Our cold *Devotions*, did far colder grow.

VWhat instrument of mischief might he be
 VWho caus'd that? and, what a Foole was he!
 If *Wensday-Sermons* holpe infect; I pray
 VWhat kept us safer on the *Sabbath day*?
 Since most fast then till noone without refection?
 Or what at *Funeralls*, did stop infection?

Good God! in thy affaires, how vaine (to me)
 Doth carnall *Policy* appeare to be?
 How apt is flesh and blood to run a course,
 Which makes the soules condition, worfe and worfe?

To

To venture on eternall death how toward !
And in a temporall danger what a coward !

Sure, had not such a project, had a scope
Beyond the reaching of the *Devils* hope,
And been too damnable for any one
To be his *Procurator* thereupon ;

Some would have made the motion that we might
Have liv'd excluded from our *Churches* quite :
And, that till God his hand should please to stay,
None should in publike, either preach, or pray.

'Twas well the weekly number of the dead,
By Gods meere mercy, was diminished,
Before the prohibition of the *Faſt* :
The *Fiend* had else, for evermore, disgrac't
That *Discipline* : and carnall *Policy*
Had so insulted o're *Divinity*,
That, in succeeding Ages, men unholy,
Would thence have proved, such Devotion, Folly.
But, God prevented it, that we should take
Good notice of it ; and good uses make :
And I have mention'd it, that here I may
God's *Wifedome* and man's foolishnesse display.

Oh ! let us to our *Faſts* againe returne ;
Let us, for our omiffions truly mourne ;
And not capitulate with God, as tho
He, firſt his Rod out of his hand should throw,
Eere we would come unto him : for, if thus
A ſon of ours should beare himſelfe to us,
It would our ire exaſperate the more ;
And make the fault ſeem greater then before.

Why ſhould we in an action that is juſt
The mercy of our gracious God diſtruſt ?
Or, unto any place be loath to go,
Where God is to be heard, or ſpoken to,

Though

Through feare of that which may be caught at home
 And in a thousand places where we come?
 Our finnes and plagues were publike: so should wee
 In *Pray'rs*, and *Teares*, and *Almes*, and *Fastings* be.
 For, that strong *Deuill* which hath tortur'd thus
 Our generall body, is not cast from us
 By single *Exorcismes*: neither shall
 Our privacies advantage us at all,
 Except in what conduces to the health
 Of private men, or of their private wealth.

If we in close retirements (by our feare)
 At markets, or where worfe Assemblies are,
 Infected grow: the *Deuill*, by and by
 With us perswadeth, either to belye
 The *Church*, our constant *Fasting*, or some one
 Good worke, or pious action we have done.
 (As visiting the sick, in time of need,
 Or any other such like Christian deed)
 For, he those practices doth greatly spight,
 And, to disparage them hath much delight:
 Because he sees, that such as are inclinde
 To pious meanes, will soone by triall finde,
 Good hopes to thrive beyond their expectations;
 Their knowledge, foole his cunning machinations;
 Their faiths grow strong; temptations weak appeare;
 Their joy most perfect, where most sorrowes are;
 And know, that when the *Lord of Hosts* is armed,
 With all his *Iudgements*, that, he least is harmed,
 Who, bold through *Love*, *selfe-trust* quite from him
 And, runs with confidence to meet his blows. (throws

Let no man then be fearfull to repaire
 Vnto the house of *Preaching*, or of *Pray'r*;
 Or, any whither else, those works to doe,
 Which he by Conscience is obliged to:

M

No,

No, though the Devill in the passage lay,
Or strow'd most fearfull dangers in the way.
For, if in such a case, our death we take,
Our death, shall for our best advantage make.

Yet, let none thinke I this opinion cary,
That ev'ry *Church*, will be a *Sanctuary*,
To all that come. For, sure, if any dare
Without *Devotion*, in Gods house appeare,
To them, that place, more perill threatens, then,
A chamber thronged with infected men.

Some fainted in the *Church*, as others did
Within their houses (where themselves they hid)
Yet not so often. For, though some did please
To blame the *Church* for spreading this disease,
No places were more harmlesse. None did we
Behold more healthy, or to scape more free
From this *Infection*, then those persons, whom
We saw most often, to Gods worship come.
Nor were there any houses more infected
Then theirs, who most the house of God neglected.
I speake not this by rumor: For, ev'n thither
Resorted I, where thronged were together
The greatest multitudes: And day by day
I fate, where all the croud I could survey.
Yet, I nor man, nor childe, nor woman saw,
To sinke, looke pale, or from their place withdraw.
And, doubtlesse, if such faintings there had beene,
As many prated of; I some had seene.
Which, since I did not see, I wish againe,
None would at such a time, Gods house refrain,
Except in Congregations not their owne,
And where infection feared is, or knowne:
Or in their owne Assembly, where disorder
Committed wilfully, the Pest may further.

Or

Or, when their bodie's weakenes, or the Aire
 Their safeties may some other waies impaire.
 Excepting to (in times of *Visitation*,
 When they are markt with markes of *Separation*,
 As *Rising*, *Blaines*, or *Sores*. Or, newly from
 The company of such like persons, come.
 Or, whensoever they or doe, or may
 Suppose themselves Infectious any way.

These (as the *Lepers* did, by *Moses* Law)
 From publike Congregations should withdraw,
 For, sure, if any such themselves intrude
 To mixe among a healthy Multitude,
 (Though prayers or devotions they pretend,
 Or whatsoever other pious end)
 Their foolish practise is unwarrantable ;
 Yea, their condition so uncharitable,
 That I abhorre it : and beleeeve that for
 So doing, God their *prayers* doth abhorre :

*And, here, (although it may impertinent
 By some be thought) I cannot chuse but vent,
 How I dislike our so much liked fashion
 Of buriall, where the publike Congregation
 Are bound to meet : And then, especially,
 When of infectious griefes great numbers dye.
 I know both Custome, and Opinion, have
 So rooted this, that I my breath may save
 In reprehending it. Yet, when I must
 Be taken hence, and turne againe to dust,
 Let nought but Earth and Heav'n my carcassee cover,
 And neither Church nor Chappell roofover me ;
 Nor any other Buildings, saving those
 That onely serve, such reliques to enclose.*

*For, though I doe ingenuously confesse,
 We should to show our Christian hopefulnesse*

M 2

Of

*Of rising from the dead, lodge decently
 Their flesh, who in Christs Faith professe to dye :
 And, that Churchyards, or plots distinguisht from
 The vulgar use, doe best of all become
 That purpose. Yet, I know the common guise
 Of bur'ing in the Church, did first arise
 From ancient Superstition ; and to gaine
 Some outward profit, to the priestly traine.
 For, many simple men were made conceive
 That if (when they were dead) they might have leave
 To rest within those plots of hallowed ground,
 Which either Church or Chappell did furround ;
 No wicked Spirit should permittance have,
 To trouble or abuse them, in the grave :
 Whereas (which yet old fooles beleieve they doe)
 They might else rise, and walke at midnight too
 About their streets, and houses, or crosse wayes ;
 Till some Masse-monger them at quiet layes :
 And then it was suppos'd, how much the nigher
 They lay unto their Altar, or their Choire,
 By so much more the safer they should rest ;
 Which brought no petty summes to Dagon's chest.*

*Thence was it, that our Churches, first of all,
 Were glaz'd with Scutchions like a Heralds hall ;
 And that this age in them depainted fees
 So many vaine and lying Pedigrees.
 Thence comes it that we now adayes behold
 Some Chancels filled up with rotten, old,
 And foolish monuments. From hence we see
 So many puppet Images to be
 On ev'ry wall within our Oratories :
 So many Epitaphs, and lying stories,
 Of men deceast: and, thence the guise was gotten,
 To let so many Banners dropping rotten*

Deforme

*Deforme our pillars ; and withdraw our eyes
From pious objects to those vanities.*

*If any man desirous be to lye
Within a Monument, when he shall dye :
Let ev'ry noble Family erect
Within their Cities some faire Architect,
Within the compasse of whose roofed wall
There may be founded some good Hospitall
Or buildings for the lawfull recreation
Of youth, and for the honor of the Nation.
And of that Name or kin, when any dyes,
There lay their bones ; or to their memories
Erect there Tables. And, let them that had
Such minds, and fortunes, to the Structure adde.
Yea thither (if they please) let them translate
Their ancefslors. But, I have spoke too late,
Those times are past in which our noble ones
Were able to erect such piles of stones
As might be eminent. Our kingly race
Had by the seventh Henry, such a place
Erected for them, so magnificent,
That to this Land it is an ornament.
Let them that cannot reach the cost of these,
Raife Cawfies, Bridges, and make Docks, and Keyes
For publike use : which with as little cost
As now upon their pedling Tombe, is lost,
Should make them live farre longer in their fames ;
For, we would those entitle by their Names.*

*All they that love their Country, now they know
Which way they may their money best bestow,
(To memorize their Friends, with profiting
The publike) will consider of this thing
And build them Tombes where we may praise the work ;
Not in a Church obscure, unseene to lurke,*

M 3

Where

*Where few shall view them ; and where most who shall
Behold them, take no heed of them at all.*

*If some good Patriots would begin the fashion,
It might allure, perhaps, to imitation.*

And if it were not greedinesse of gaine

Among Church-Officers, which did maintaine

Such Customes ; we should somewhat more forbear

To lay so many stinking bodies there

Where God we seeke (and him should seeke to finde,

With purity of body, and of minde)

Indeed our sinne, alone pollutes ; and yet

An outward decency is also fit.

*Was't well, that in the Church (where throngs and heat
Did make us in the croud to pant and sweat)*

Ev'n in the midst of our Devotions too,

Men should, as oft it pleas'd them to doe,

Thrust in (where we could hardly stand in ease)

With foure or five strong smelling Carkasses ?

Was't fit, so many Graves, at such a season

Should gape and breath upon us ? was it reason,

That heaps of rubbish, Coffin-boards, and stones,

Late bury'd bodies, and halfe rotten bones,

Gods Temple should pollute ? and make it far

More loathsome, then most Charnell houses are ?

Was't fitting that to gaine their griping fees,

They should endanger multitudes to leese

Their lives, or healths ? or, that they should fulfill

A foolish motion in a dead mans will,

By wronging of the living ? God forbid

It should be reason ; and yet, thus they did.

Thus did they ? yea, far worse : for should I tell

At what high rates, some Churchmen, here did sell

Their burying grounds : What fees they did exact :

How Readers, Clarkes, and Sextons did compact,

To

*To racke the dead : to what a goodly summe
 Their large Church-duties (in some cases) come :
 What must be paid for Bearers, though men have
 Their friends to helpe convey them to the grave :
 What for the Bells, though not a bell be rung :
 What, for their mourning-clothes, though none be hung
 Vpon them but their owne : what pay did passe
 For Fun'rall Sermons, where no Sermon was :
 And, what was oft extorted (without shame)
 To give him leafe to preach, who freely came :
 If here (I say) I should discover what
 I might, of those things mentioned, relate,
 Those men who die, that charges they may save,
 Would feare they might be begger'd in the Grave :
 For, more to take that lodging hath beene spent,
 Then would have bought a pretty tenement.*

Thus, as one matter drew another on,
 My *Muse* hath diuers things discours'd upon
 To many fundry purposes : but, what
 I chiefly in this *Canto* aimed at
 Vvas, to preferue in mind an awfull sense
 Of what we suffred in this *Pestilence* :
 VVhat we deserved, and how variouly,
 Gods *Iustice*, this one *Corfive* did apply,
 To eate out all Corruptions, which be spotted
 Our foules, and had ere this our bodies rotted.

I might as well have memorized here,
 How diversly God's *Mercies* did appeare,
 Amid his *Iudgements* : how he comforted,
 VVhen outward comfort failed : how he fed,
 VVhen oile and meale were wasted : how he gaue
 Their lives to them, whose feet were in the graue.
 VVhat *Patience*, what high *Fortitude* he granted,
 And, how he still supplied what we wanted.

M 4

I

I might commemorate, a world of Grace
Bestow'd in this affliction, on this place,
Both common, and in private. Many a vow
(Of theirs, who will, I feare, forget it now)
Was daily heard. Ten thousand suits were daign'd ;
Reprieves, for foules condemned were obtained.
Friends prayd for friends ; the parents for the lives
Of their deare children. Husbands for their wives ;
Wives for their husbands beg'd with teares & passiō,
And, God with pitie heard their lamentation.

In friends, in servants, in the temporall wealth,
In life, in death, in sicknesse, and health,
God manifested *Mercy*. Some did finde
A *Friend*, to whom till then, none had beene kind.
Some, had their servants better'd, for them, there,
By Gods correction. Some, left wealthy were
By dying kindred, who the day before
Were like to beg their bread from doore to doore.
Some, by their timely *deaths* were taken from
Such present paines, or from such woes to come,
That they are happy. Vnto some, from heav'n,
The blessing of a longer life was giv'n,
That they might call to minde their youthfull times,
Repent omiffions, and committed crimes ;
Amend their courses, and be warifome
That they displeas'd not God, in times to come.

Againe, some others by their sicknesse,
And by the feares they had in this *Disease*,
Grew awfull of Gods Iudgements ; and within
Their harts, good motions were, wher none had bin ;
Ev'n in their hearts who fear'd nor God nor Devill,
Nor guilt of sin, nor punishment for evill.
And, some had health continu'd, that they might
Gods praise extoll, and in his love delight.

Should

Should I declare, in what unusuall wise
 God op'ned here their foules dimfighted eyes,
 Who blinded were before ; how nigh had reacht
 To highest *Mysteries* : what things they preacht
 Ev'n to their neighbours, and their family,
 Before their foules did from their bodies flye ;
 Or, should I tell but what young *Children* here
 Did speake, to take from elder folke their feare
 Of Sicknesse and Death ; what they exprest
 Of heav'nly blisse, and of this worlds unrest ;
 What faith they had ; what strange illuminations ;
 What strong assurances of their saluations ;
 And with what proper termes, and boldnesse they
 Beyond their yeares, such things did open lay,
 It would amaze our *Naturallists*, and raise
 A goodly *Trophee* to our Makers praise.
 But, this for me were too too large a task,
 And many yeares and volumes it would aske,
 Should I in these particulars record
 The never ending mercies of the *Lord*.
 For he that would his meanest act recite,
 Attempts to measure what is infinite.

That story therefore, in particular
 To meddle with I purpose to defer
 Till in the Kingdome of eternity
 My soule in honor of his Majesty
 Shall *Hallelujah* sing ; and over-looke
 With hallow'd eyes, that great eternall Booke,
 Which in a moment to my view shall bring
 Each passed, present, and each future thing,
 And there my soule shall read, and see revealed
 What is not by the *LAMBE*, as yet, unsealed.

Meane while Ile cry *Hofannah*, and for all
 His love to me, and mercies generall,

M 5

His

His three times holy, and thrice blessed Name
I praise, and vow for aye to praise the same.

The fifth *Canto*.

*The Author justifies againe
His Method, and his low'y Straine.
Next, having formerly made knowne
The Common Feares, he tels his owne.
Shewes with what thoughts he was diseased,
When first the Plague his lodging seized :
Of what God's Iustice him accused ;
Vpon what Doubts, or Hopes, he mused ;
On what, and how, he did resolve ;
And who from Death, did him absolve.
The Plagues encrease, he then expresseth :
The Mercies of the L O R D confesseth :
Emplores that he himselfe may never
Forget them, but, be thankefull ever :
Then, mounting Contemplations wings,
Ascends to high and usefull things.
From thence his Muse is called downe,
To make Great Britaines errors knowne :
Wherein, he doth confesse a failing ;
And (his infirmities bewailing)
Is fitted and resolv'd anew,
His purpos'd Message to pursue :
And, having first anticipated,
His Arrant is, in part, related.*

PERhaps, the nicer *Critickes* of these times,
When they shall sleightly view my lowly *Rimes*,
(Not to an end, these *Poems* fully reading,
Nor their *Occasion*, not my *Aymes*, well heeding)

May

May taxe my *Muse* that she at random flies ;
For want of *Method*, makes *Tautologies* ;
And commeth off, and on, in such a fashion,
That, oft she failes their curious expectation.

It is enough to me, that I doe know
What they commend, and what they disallow.
And let it be enough to them, that I
Am pleas'd to make such faults for them to spy.
For I intend the *Method* which I use ;
And, if they doe not like it, they may chuse.
They who in their *Composures*, keep the fashion
Of older times, and write by imitation ;
Whose quaint *Inventions* must be trimd and trickt,
With curious dressings, from old *Authors* pickt ;
And whose maine workes, are little else, but either
Old scattred *Peeces*, finely glew'd together,
Or, some concealed *Structures* of the Braine,
Found out (where long obscured they have laine)
And new attir'd : These must (and well they may)
Their *Poesies* in formall garbes aray,
Their naturall defects by Art to hide ;
And, make their *old new-straines* the Test abide.

These, doe not much amisse, if they assume
Some *Estridge* feathers, or the *Peacockes* plume
To strut withall : nor had I greatly heeded
That course of theirs, if they had not proceeded
To censure mine. My *Muse* no whit envies
That they from all their heathnish *Poesies*
Have skumm'd the *Creame* ; & to themselves (for that)
The stile of *Prince of Poets* arrogate.
For, *Plautus*, *Horace*, *Perseus*, *Iuvenal*,
Yea *Greece* and *Romes* best *Muses*, we may call
Their *Tributaries* ; since from them came in
Those *Treasures* which their princely *Titles* win.

Some

Sometime, as well as they I play the *Bee* :
 But, like the *Silkworme*, it best pleaseth me
 To spin out mine owne Bowells, and prepare them
 For those, who thinke it not a shame to weare them.
 My *Matter*, with my *Method*, is mine owne ;
 And I doe plucke my *Flow'rs* as they are blowne.

A *Maiden* when she walkes abroad to gather
 Some herbs to strow the dwellings of her *Father*,
 (Or fragrant flow'rs to deck her wedding Bowre,
 Or make a nosegay for her *Paramour*)
 She comes into the Garden, and first seizeth
 The Flow'rs which first she sees, or what she pleaseth ;
 Then runs to those whom use or memory,
 Presenteth to her thought, or to her eye :
 As toward them she hasteth, she doth finde
 Some others, which were wholly out of minde,
 Ev'n till that very moment : while she makes
 Her prize of those, she notice likewise takes
 Of *Herbs* unknowne before, that lurking lay
 Among the pleasant *Plants* within her way :
 She crops off these, of those she taketh none,
 Makes use of some, and lets as good alone ;
 Here plucks the *Cowslips*, *Roses* of the *prime*,
 There *Lavander*, sweet *Marjoram*, and *Thyme*,
 Yonn *Iuly flow'rs*, or the *Damask Rose*,
 Or sweet-breath'd *Violet*, that hidden grows :
 Then some againe forenam'd (if need she thinks)
 Then *Daisies*, and then *Marigolds*, and *Pincks* :
 Then *Herbs* anew, then *Flow'rs* afresh doth pull,
 Of ev'ry fort, untill her lap is full.
 And otherwhile, before that worke be done,
 To kill a *Caterpillar* she doth run,
 Or catch a *Butterfly* ; which varies from
 That purpose whereabout she first did come.

So,

So, from the *Muses* Gardens, when I meane
Those flow'rs of usefull *Poesie* to gleane,
Which being well united may content
My Christian Friends ; or with a pleasing sent
Perfume Gods house, or beautifie, or cheere
My soule, which else would rude, and sad appeare :
When this I meane ; I paint out ev'ry *Thought*,
As to my heart I feele it to be brought :
I treat of things, as cause conduces them,
And as occasions, unto me, doe show them.
Sometimes, I from the matter seeme to goe,
For purposes, which none but I may know.
Sometime, an usefull *Flow'r* I may forget ;
Anon, into my *Nosegay*, I doe set
Some other twice ; because, perchance, the place
Affords it better use, or better grace.
As one conceit I seriously pursue,
That, brings perhaps another to my view,
And that another ; and that, many a one,
Which if in *Methods* Allies I had gone,
Had, peradventure, else remain'd unseene ;
And, in my *Garland* might have missed beene.
E're I my pen assume, I feele the motions
Of doing somewhat, and have gen'rall *notions*
Of what I purpose : But, *Mogul* doth know
As well as I, what path my *Muse* will goe.
What, in particular, I shall expresse,
I know not (as I hope for happinesse)
And though my matter, when I first begin,
Will hardly fill one page ; yet being in,
Methinks, if neither faintnesse, friends, nor night,
Disturbed me, for ever I could write.
Vpon an instant I oft feele my brest
With infinite variety possest ;

And

And fuch a troupe of things together throngs,
 Within my braine ; that, had I twenty tongues
 I should (whilst I affaid to utter it)
 Twice more, then I could mention, quite forget.

A hundred *Musings*, which I meane to say,
 Before I can expresse them, slip away ;
 Which to recall, although I much endeavor,
 Oft passe out of my *memory*, for ever ;
 And cary forth (ev'n to the worlds farre end)
 Some other thoughts, which did on them depend.

Whilst I my pen am dipping downe in inke,
 That's lost which next to tell you I did thinke ;
 And, somewhat instantly doth follow on,
 Which till that present, I ne're thought upon.

This, forceth me those *Methods* to forgoe,
 Which others in their *Poems* fancy fo.
 This makes me birth to my *Conceptions* give,
 As fast as they their *Beings* doe receive.
 Lest whilst I for the common *Midwife* tary,
 The flitting issue of my braine miscary.
 And, howfoe're they please to censure me,
 Who but *Stepfathers* to their *Poemes* be ;
 This, is that way of uttrance, that each *Muse*
 Makes practice of, whom *Nature* doth infuse :
 And, warrant from their *Naturall-straines* doth set,
 Whom *Artificiall Poets* counterfeit.

These are true *Raptures* ; theirs are *imitations*,
 Or, rather, of old *Raptures*, new *Translations*.
 This *Method* long agoe, old *Moses* used,
 When God his *Hymne* of praise, to him infused.
 Thus, *Solomon* his *Song of Songs*, composed :
 And, when thy finger, *Isr'el*, was disposed
 To praise the *Lord*, or speake unto his God,
 Or vent his passions in a mournfull *Ode*,

In

In this contemned wife, from him did flow,
Those heav'nly *Raptures* which we honor so.

As God's good *Spirit* cary'd him along,
So vary'd he, the matter of each *Song*.
Now *prayer*; straight *praiseth*; instantly *lamenteth*;
Then halfe *despaires*; is by and by *contented*;
The *person* of the *changeth*; oft *repeateth*
One sentence; and one fuit oft *iterateth*.
Which manner of expreffion, seemes to some
So methodlesse, and so to wander from
A certainty, in what he did intend,
That they his well-knit *Raptures* discommend,
As broken and dis-jointed; when, indeed,
From ignorance (or from their little heed
To such expreffions, and such mysteries)
Their causelesse disesteeme, did first arise.
Yea, *Ignorance*, not knowing what they meant,
When such an uncouth path the *Muses* went;
Was wont (long since) to call our soule-rapt *straines*,
Poetick Furies: And that Name remains.

Yet, this old tract I follow; this I use;
And, this no true-borne *Poet* can refuse.
My scope, I ever keepe, in all my *Layes*;
Which is, to *please*, and *profit*, to Gods praise:
But, in one *path*, or in one *pace* to ride,
It is not fit a *Poet* should be ty'd.
Sometime he must be *grave*; lest else, the *wife*
The matter, or the manner, may despise.
Sometime he must endeavor to be plaine,
Lest all that he delivers be in vaine:
Another while, he *Parables* must use,
And *Riddles*, lest some should the truth abuse,
And they that are the *Nymrods* of the times
Grow mad, in stead of leaving off their crimes.

Some-

Sometimes he must be *pleasing*, lest he may
 Drive all his froward *Readers* quite away.
 Sometimes he must have *bitter-straines*, to keepe
 The fullen Reader from a drowfie sleepe;
 And whip those wantons, from an evill course,
 That, without warning, would be daily worfe.
 Sometimes againe, he must be somewhat *merry*,
 Lest *Fooles*, of good instruction, should be weary.
 Yea, he to all men all things should become,
 That he, of many, might advantage some.

This, makes me change the *Person*, and the *Style*,
 And vary from the matter, other while.
 This, makes me mixe smal things, and great together;
 Here, I am grave; there, play I with a feather.
 One page, doth make some *Reader* halfe beleieve,
 That I am angry: In the next, I give
 The Childe an Aple. In one leafe, I chide;
 I somewhat in another doe provide,
 To helpe excuse those frailties I reprov'd:
 And those excuses, are in place removed,
 From such reproofes; lest following on too nigh,
 The *Check*, might without heed, be pass'd by.

This course becomes the *Muses*. This doth save
 Our *Lines* from just reproofe, when *Tyrants* rave
 At our free *Numbers*: and when *Fooles* condemne
 Our *Straines*, because they understand not them.
 Such *Poesie* is right: and, therefore, they
 Who study matter, and what words to say,
 Doe falsly arrogate to be inspired;
 Since, when they boast their foules are this way fired,
 It is but *Wine*, or *Passion* makes them rave:
 And thence the *Muses* their disgraces have.
 Most times, when I *compose*, I watch, and fast.
 I cannot find my *Spirits*, when I taste

Of

Of meats and drinks ; nor can I write a line,
 Sometime, should I but take one draught of *wine*.
 Men say, it makes a *Poet*, and doth warme
 His braine, and him with strong invention arme.
 No marvell then, that most doe reckon me
 For none, who of this Age the *Poets* be ;
 And, that so enviously at me they strike,
 For they and I are not inspir'd alike.
 In such like workes as these, if I should fill
 My head, my *Muse* would have an empty quill ;
 And, that which to expresse she then prefumes,
 Would smother'd be, with vapourings and fumes.
 But, when those write ; themselves they first make mery
 With *Claret*, with *Canary*, or with *Sherry*.
 And these are sure the Deities which make
 A sensuall eare, of them, best liking take.

When such as they reprove a sinfull *State*,
 Or would those great enormities relate,
 Wherein their times offend ; they may be brought
 To question for it ; and it may be thought
 Their spleene, revenge, or envy, did incite
 Their braines to hammer, what their pens did write,
 Because they did premeditate, and straine
 Their faculties, their projects to attaine.
 But, when a man one *Subject* purposing,
 Sits downe to write it, and another thing
 (Vnthought upon before) quite thrusteth out
 The matter which at first he went about :
 When he remembers, that nor spight, nor spleene,
 Nor envy hath his *primus motor* beene :
 When he perceives, nor dangers, nor disgrace
 Can fright him, when such *Raptures* are in place :
 When he doth find, that with much ease & pleasure
 He utters what exceeds the common measure

Of

Of his owne *Gifts* : And that (although his Rimes
 Are none of those *strong lines* that catch the times)
 They from the *Vertuous*, good respect can draw,
 And keepe the proudest *vitious-men* in awe :
 What should he thinke, but that the pow'r of God
 Inspireth him, to shew his will abroad ?
 What need he feare, but, most undantedly,
 Make use of his inspired *Facultie* ?
 No arrogance it were, if he, or I,
 Should say that God our pens had spoken by,
 To those we live among ; since, we might say,
 He speakes by all his creatures, ev'ry day :
 Yea, since in elder times it came to passe,
 That he declar'd his pleasure by an *Affe*.

What should we do but speak, when we are willed ?
 Whan can we doe but speake when we are filled ?
 While wicked men we doe remaine among,
 With *David*, we a while may curb the tongue ;
 But, burne it will within us, till we speake,
 And forth, at last, some thundring voice will breake.

And what should then our hearers doe, but learne
 Their errors, by our *Poems*, to discerne ?
 Why should they raile at us, who neither feare
 Their fury, nor for all their threatnings care ?
 Why doe they, childishly, our Lines condemne,
 That strike but at their *follies*, not at *them* ?
 Why, so unjustly still, are we pursued,
 Who shew them how their *falls* may be eschewed ?
 And why doe they by seeking of our shame,
 Encrease our glories, and themselves defame ?
 Whence comes all this, but from that sottishnesse
 Which doth most people of this age possesse ?

But, let these questions passe ; lest by degrees,
 They draw us on, untill our marke we leese.

Thus

Thus far my *Muse* hath wilfully digrest,
And of her *purpose*, now she vents the rest.
When divers weeks together I had wasted
In viewing those afflictions others tasted ;
When day by day, I long had walkt abroad, !
Beholding how the scourging hand of God,
Afflicted other men, and how, each morning
My going out, and how my back returning,
Was ev'ry night in safety ; I began
Gods care and my unworthinesse to scan.
And, 'twas, me thought, a favour, which required
To be both much acknowledg'd, and admired ;
That (when so many houses, ev'ry day,
Were visited) the place wherein I lay
Stood free so long ; considering we were many,
And, then, resorted to, as much as any.
But, there was somewhat needfull to be knowne,
Which no mans griefe could teach me, but mine own.
And, that I might thereof informed be,
God sent at last his *Judgements* home to me.
Yea, peradventure, in my foule he saw
Some failings of my former filiall awe ;
Some thanklesnesse ; some inward pride of heart ;
Or over-weening of mine owne desert,
Arising from the mercifull protection
Which he vouchsafed me from this *Infection* ;
And therefore sent as my *Remembrancer*,
His dreadfull, and his bloody *Messenger*
To take his lodging, where my lodgings were ;
And put his rage in execution there.
For, in upon us, that *Contagion* broke,
Five soules out of our Gate, it quickly tooke,
And left another wounded ; that I might
Conceive my danger, and Gods love, aright.

It

It fell about the time in which their sum
 Who weekly died, to the full was come :
 Then, when infection to such height was grownne,
 That many dropped on a sudden downe
 In ev'ry street : yea, when some fooles did tell
 The lying Fables of the *Falling-Bell*
 At *Westminster* ; and how that then did flye
 No Bird through *Londons* ayre which did not dye.
 Ev'n then it was. And, though some few did please,
 By such like tales, and strange *Hyperboles*,
 To overstraine the stories of our sorrow :
 They did much needlessly their fictions borrow
 To set it forth. Nay, their false rumors made
 Our woes appeare lesse great, then those we had.

Till now, I made the smart of others knowne :
 The *Griefes* I next will tell you, are mine owne.
 At first, I stood as one who from a Towre
 Beholding how the sword doth such devour
 (Who in the streets beneath him fighting be)
 Accounts himselfe from danger to be free.
 But, at the last, I fared, as it fares
 With such, whose Foes have made, at unawares,
 A breach upon their *Bulwarke* ; and I stood
 No meane assaults, to make my standing good.
 For, both within me, and without me, too,
 I had enough, and full enough to doe.

No sooner to my Chamber was I gone,
 But, I was follow'd straight, and set upon
 By strong *Affailants*, who did much intrude,
 And much disease me, by their multitude.
 My *Reason*, who to *Faith* did lately stoop,
 Revolted, and brought on a mighty troupe
 Of trayt'rous *Arguments*, whereby she thought,
 On this my disadvantage, to have wrought.

Tempta-

Temptations, flye-*Suggestions*, *Feare* and *Doubt*,
 Did undermine, and clofe me, round about.
 My *Conscience* did begin to be afraid
 My *Faith* had beene a false one ; who betraid
 My Soule to Death : and (whether then it were
 The pow'r of strong *Infection*, or else *Feare*,
 Occasion'd by those combatings within,
 Or both together) I did then begin
 To finde my body weakned more and more,
 And felt those pangs till then unfelt before.

Ev'n many dayes together, fo it fared :
 And fure if *Superstition* could have scared
 My better fetled heart, there hapned that,
 Which I had fear'd, and fomewhat startled at :
 And (though I never outwardly complained
 To any one, of that which I fustained)
 That week, in which our houfe was vifited,
 And made complete the number of their dead ;
 I had a fleeplefse night ; in which with heat
 Opprest, I purged out (in ftead of sweat)
Round-ruddy-fpots (and, that, no little flore)
 Which on my brest, and fhoulders, long I wore.

Perhaps, it was the *Pestilence*, which then
 So marked me ; and I, as other men,
 By her had beene devour'd, had I not
 Through Gods great mercy, my free *pardon* got.
 Which, how, and on what termes, the fame I gain'd,
 Ile now declare. For, though they feeme but fain'd,
 Or melancholy thoughts, which here I tell ;
 Yet, fure, to fmother them, I did not well.
 For, fome, perhaps, will thinke (as well as I)
 That none fhould fleyghtly paffe fuch mufings by :
 And fome (who at firft viewing will furmife,
 That in thefe things I meerly poetife)

Will

VWill find, perchance, in times that shall ensue,
 Experimentall proofes that all is true ;
 Should *Darknesse*, where her visage, *Danger*, shoves,
 (At such a disadvantage) them enclose.

VWhen all alone I lay, and apprehended,
 How many mischiefes my poore soule attended ;
 I plainly saw (though not with carnall eyes)
 God's dreadfull *Angell*, ready to surprize
 My trembling soule ; and ev'ry hideous feare,
 VWhich can to any naturall man appeare,
 (In such a case, to aggravate his terror)
 Approacht, with ev'ry circumstance of horror.
 I saw the *Muster* of each passed evill,
 And all my youthfull follies, by the *Devill*
 Brought in against me, marshall'd, and prepared,
 To fight the battell which I long had feared,
 And such a multitude of them surrounded
 My *Conscience*, that I was almost confounded.

A thousand sinnes appear'd which were forgot,
 And which I till that moment minded not,
 Since first committed ; and more ugly far
 They seem'd, then when they perpetrated were.
 Yea many things whereof I bragg'd, and thought
 That I, in doing them, some good had wrought,
 Declar'd themselves against me ; and I found
 That they did give my soule the deepest wound.
 VWhen these had quite enclosed me, I saw
 The *Tables*, and the *Volumes* of the *Law*,
 To me laid open : and I was, me thought,
 Before the presence of Gods *Iustice* brought,
 VWho from her eye did frownes upon me dart,
 And seemed, thus to speake unto my heart.

(Oh ! *Readers* marke it well ; for to this *Doom*,
 Or to a worse then this, you all must come.

Sup-

*Suppose thou not, vaine man, thou dost possesse
This life till now, for thine owne righteoufnesse,
Or that thou meritest more grace to have
Then they who now are sent to fill the Grave :
Lo, here, thy Foe hath brought of thy offences
An Army, and so many evidences
Of thy Corruption ; that plead what thou wilt
Of merit in thy selve, they prove a guilt
So hainous, that thy foule thou canst not free :
Yet other sinfull thoughts of thine I see.*

*I search thy heart, and I discover there
Deceits, which cannot to thy selfe appeare.
I know thy many secret imperfections,
I know thy passions, and thy vaine affections ;
And, that performances thou hast not made
According to those favours thou hast had.
Vaine glory, profit, or some carnall end,
Thy best endeavor alwayes did attend ;
And, as distrusting, God would thee beguile,
An arme of flesh thou seekest otherwhile :
Not as the second, but the chiefeest Cause :
Which from the glory of thy God withdrawes.*

*Mine eye doth see what arrogance and pride
Thou dost among thy fairest vertues hide ;
And, what impieties, thou shouldst have done,
Had I not slopt the course thou thoughtst to run.
Oft times, when others Vices, thou hast showne,
Thou hast forgotten to repent thine owne.
And, many times, thy tart reproofes have beene
The fruits, not of thy Vertue, but of Spleene.
Thy wanton Lusts (but that I did restraine
Their fury, when thou wouldst have slackt the Reine)
Had borne thee headlong to those deeds of shame,
With which thy evill willers blur thy Name.*

Shouldst

*Shouldst thou have done the best that thou wert able,
 Thy services had beene unprofitable :
 But, thou scarce halfe thy Talent hast employ'd ;
 And, that small good thou didst, is nigh destroy'd,
 By giving some occasion, needlessly,
 Of questioning thy true sincerity.*

*God oft hath hid thy frailties, and thy sinne,
 Which being knowne, would thy disgrace have bin.
 The show of Wit and Vertue, thou hast had,
 He, to the world more eminent hath made,
 Then theirs, who wiser, and much better are,
 Though outward helpes, and fortunes, wanting were.
 And, though thy knowledge, and thy former Layes,
 Among your formall Wizzards got no praise,
 Yet, what they counted foolishnesse, became
 A greater honor to thy sleighted Name,
 Then they obtained : And, that Grace (I see)
 Begot more pride, then thankfulnessse in thee :
 And, I was faine, to let some scandals flye,
 To teach unto thee, more humility.*

*In all thy wants, thou still hast beene relieved ;
 From heav'n thou comfort hadst, whē thou wert grieved ;
 When Princes threatned, thou wert fearlesse made ;
 In all thy dangers, thou a Guard hast had ;
 In closest prison, thou best freedome gainedst ;
 In great contempts, thou most esteeme obtainedst ;
 When, most thy foes did labour to undoe thee,
 They brought most honor, and most profit to thee.
 Yea, still when thy destruction was expected,
 Then, God, thy peace beyond thy hope, effected.
 And, in the stead of praising him for this,
 Thou robdst him of much honour that was his.
 Thou wert content, to heare the vulgar say,
 Thy Spirit, and thine Innocence made way*

To

*To thy escape. Whereas thy Conscience knew,
Thou wert a Coward, till God did endue
Thy heart with Fortitude, and freely gave thee
That innocency which from harme did save thee.*

*When God thy Name divulg'd for some good end
(Which his wise Providence did foreintend)*

*Thou tookst the glory of it for thine owne,
And, justly, therefore, thy so being knowne,
Hath beene a meanes whereby thy Foes have sent
Their scandal farther, then they else had went.*

*As soone as God from trouble did release thee,
(Or, but with hopes of outward things possesse thee)
Some fruitlesse thoughts did quite thy heart estrange,
And after such vaine Projects make thee range,
That he was oft compeld to put thee from
Those blessings, which ev'n to thy lips were come;
Lest, being then unseasonably received,
Thou mightst of better things have beene bereaved.
Few men so nigh great Hopes attained ever,
With such small fortunes, and without endeavor,
As thou hast done; and fewer have beene crost
That way (which thou hast beene) in what was lost;
That see and know thou mightst, such losse and gaine,
He sent; and, that he neither sent in vaine
Yea, that those evils which thou hadst in thought,
Should scape the being into action brought,
Ill tongues were stured to prevent the fact,
By blazing what was never yet in act:
But, might have beene, perhaps, had not that armed
Thy heart; whereby thy foes would thee have harmed.*

*Thou to refresh thy soule, hast pleasures had,
And thou by their abuse, hast feebler made
Her usefull Faculties. Thou hast enjoyed
Youth, strength, and health; and, them hast mis-employed.*

N

Thy

*Thy God hath made thee gracious in their eyes,
 Whose good esteeme, thy soule doth highly prize;
 And (of ill purpose though Ile not condemne
 Thy love, or meaning, to thyselfe or them)
 Thou hast full often stole their hearts away,
 Ev'n from themselves; and made thine owne a prey
 To many passions; which did sometimes bring
 Vpon your selves, a mutuall torturing:
 Because you did not in your loves propose
 Those ends, for which, Affection, God bestowes.
 But, spent your houres (that should have beene employ'd
 To learne and teach how you should have enjoy'd
 Gods love) that flame, to kindle, in each other;
 Wherein, you might have perished together.*

*Thou aggravated hast thy pard'ned crimes,
 And, iterated them, a thousand times.
 Ev'n yet, thou dost renew them ev'ry day;
 And when for Mercy thou dost come to pray,
 Thou meritest confusion, through that folly,
 Which makes thy prayers to become unholy.*

*Nay, at this time, and in this very place,
 Where God in Iudgement stands before thy face,
 Thou oft forgetst the danger thou art in;
 Forgetst Gods mercy, and dost hourly sin.
 Thou dost neglect thy time, and trifle out
 Those dayes, that should have beene employ'd about
 The service of thy Maker. Thou dost give
 Thy selfe that liberty, as if to live
 Or dye, were at thy choice; and that at pleasure,
 Thou mightst pursue his worke; and at thy leasure.
 Thy Talent thou mispendst; and here, as though
 To looke upon Gods Iudgements were enough
 For thee to doe; thou dost with negligence
 Performe thy vowes; which adde to thy offence.*

And,

*And loe, for these thy faults, and many moe ;
Whereof thy Conscience thee doth guilty know,
My spotted-Hound hath seized thee : from whom,
That thou with life shouldst licence have to come,
What canst thou say ? I could not make reply ;
For, Feare, and Guilt, and that dread Majesty
Which I had apprehended, tooke away
My speach ; and not a word had I to say.*

But *Mercy* who came arme in arme along
With *Iustice*, and about her alwayes hung ;
Did looke, me thought, upon me, with an eye
So truly pitifull, that instantly
My heart was cheer'd, and (*Mercy* prompting her)
Such words, or thoughts as these she did prefer.

*Tis true most awfull Iustice, that my sin
Hath greater then thy accusations bin.
The most refined actions of my soule,
Are in thy presence, horrible and foule.
And if thou take account of what is done,
I cannot of ten thousand answer one.
As soone as I am censured from my sinne,
To soile my selfe anew I doe begin.
I to my vomit, like a Dog, retire,
And like a Sow, to wallow in the mire :
I have within my soule, distempers, passions ;
And hourly am besieged with strong temptations.
My Flesh is weake, except it be to sin ;
My Spirit faints, when I the goale should winne.
My Will Affeeteth most, what is most vaine ;
My Memory doth evill best retaine.
That little good I would, I cannot doe ;
Those evils I detest, I fall into.
The vapours which from earthly things arise,
Too often veile heav'ns glories from mine eyes.*

N 2

And

*And I, who can sometimes by contemplation,
Advance my soule above the common station,
(The world contemning) doe sometimes agen,
Lye groveling on the ground with other men:
My Faith doth faile; my mounting wings are clipt;
Of all my braveries I quite am stript;
My hopes are hid; my sins doe me defile;
And in my owne esteeme, my soule is vile.
I will acknowledge all my aberrations,
According to their utmost aggravations;
And here confesse, that I deserve therefore
The losse of Mercies love for evermore;
Which were a greater plague, then to abide
All torments here, and all hell plagues beside.*

*But, I repent my sinne: loe, I abhor it,
And, with my heart, am truly sory for it.
I feare thine anger, (but, to feare the love
Of Mercy could be lost, would in me prove
A greater horror) and no slavish dread,
But loving feare, this grieve in me hath bred.
It paines my soule, that I who have conceived
Such pleasures in thy favours, and received
Such tokens of thy love, from day to day,
Should passe a moment of my time away
In any vanity; or live to be
One minutes space without a thought of thee.
But, more I grieve, that I should more transgresse
Then many doe, whom thou hast favour'd lesse.*

*Although I am a sinner, yet I vow,
I doe not in my soule my sinnes allow;
But, I detest them, and oft pray, and strive,
That, I according to thy Law may live.
(At least I thinke I doe) and hopefull am,
My love to thee is true, though much to blame.*

In

*In me there howrely rise (against my will)
Those lusts which I should mortifie and kill :
And as I am enabled, I doe smite
As well the fat, as leane Amalekite.*

*But, if I have a sin that is become
My Agag ; or as deare as Absolom,
I wish a Samuel, or a Ioab may
Destroy it e're my foule it shall betray.
For, if my heart hath not it selfe deceived,
It would, with willingnesse, be quite bereaved
Of what it most affects (yea, sacrifice
That which is dearer then my hands, or eyes)
E're cherish, wittingly, within my brest,
A thought, which thy uprightnesse doth detest.*

*Thou knowest, that I take no pleasures in
That act which I doe feare to be a sin :
Much lesse if I doe know it so : and, this
Doth bitter make it, when I doe amisse :
Though in my wayes my walkings, now and then,
Appeare irregular to other men ;
(And other while may shows of evill make)
Because from thence offences others take,
Yet, thought I not, it lesse offended thee
To use it, then unus'd to let it be,
I would not tread once more in such a path,
To save my life, and all the joy it hath.
But, should it cost my life I cannot tell
If (in some actions) I doe ill or well,
For, many times, when I doe seeke to shun
A plash, into a whirlepoole I doe run.
The Wolfe I flye, and loe, a Lyon frights me ;
I shun the Lyon, and a Viper bites me.
A scandall followes, if I take my course ;
If I divert it, there ensues a worse.*

N 3

I

*If I persist in that which I intend,
 It giveth some occasion to offend :
 If I forgoe it ; my owne knowledge sayes
 I sin, and scandall give some other wayes.
 I find not in my actions, or affections
 That thing that is not full of imperfections.
 I cannot doe a good or pious act
 But there is somewhat evill in the fact,
 Or in the manner ; and it either tends
 To this mans dammage, or that man offends.
 Whatever I resolve upon, I finde
 It doth not fully satisfie my minde.
 I am so straitned, that I know not whence
 To finde the meanes of shunning an offence ;
 And, if dear Mercy, thou assist me not,
 My fairest act will prove my foulest blot.*

*The World, our Friends, our Passions, or our Feare,
 Hath so intangled us, at unaware,
 With manifold engagements ; and so drawes
 And windes us, by degrees, into that Maze
 Of endlesse Wandrings ; that it leads us to
 That sin, sometimes, which we abhor to doe :
 And, otherwhile so strangely giddifies
 The Reason, and the soules best Faculties ;
 That (as I said before) we doe not know
 What in our selves to like, or disallow.
 Yea, we such turnings and croffe wayes doe finde,
 That oft, our Guides (as well as we) are blinde.*

*The Spirit and the Flesh have their delight,
 In things, so diverse, and so opposite :
 And, such a Law of Sinne doth still abide
 Within our Members ; that, we swarve aside
 Doe what we can : and, while we helpe the one,
 To what seemes needfull, th'other is undone.*

If

*If by the Spirits motion, I proceed
 To compasse what I thinke my Soule may need,
 My Body wants the while ; and I am faine
 To leave my course ; that her I may sustaine :
 Lest my engagements, or necessities,
 Might my well meant endeavor scandalize.
 If I but feed my Body, that it may
 Assist my Spirit in some lawfull way ;
 It straight growes wanton : If I fast, it makes
 My spirit faint in what she undertakes :
 And, if I keepe a meane ; meane fruits are they,
 (And little worth) which then produce I may.*

*If in a Christian love some hours I spend
 To be a comfort to some female friend,
 Who needs my counsell : I doe cause, the while,
 Another with hot jealousies, to boyle :
 Nor know I how my selfe excuse I may
 Vnlesse anothers weaknesse I display.
 Which if I doe not, or some lye invent,
 They censure me unkinde, or impudent.*

*I can nor doe, nor speake, nor thinke that thing,
 But, still, some inconvenience it will bring ;
 Or, some occasion of an evill, be
 To me, or others ; or to them, and me.
 And from the body of this Death, by whom
 But, by my Saviour, can I freed become ?*

*Oh ! therefore, sweet Redeemer, succor lend me,
 And, from these bogs, and snares of sin, defend me ;
 Deare God, assist in these perplexities,
 Which from our fraile condition doe arise.
 Set straight, I pray thee, Lord, the crookednesse
 Of erring Nature ; and these faults redresse.
 So out of frame, is ev'ry thing, in me,
 That, I can hope for cure, from none, but thee.*

N 4

To

*To thee I therefore kneele ; to thee I pray ;
 To thee my soule complaineth ; ev'ry day :
 Doe thou but say, Be whole ; or be thou cleane ;
 And, I shall soone be pure, and sound, agen.*

*The Will thou gav'st me, to affect thy Will,
 Though it continue not so perfect still,
 As when thou first bestow'dst the same ; accept it,
 Ev'n such as my polluted Vessell kept in.
 For, though it wounded be, through many fights
 Continu'd with my carnall appetites :
 Yet, if my hearts desire to me be knowne,
 Thy Pleasure I preferre before mine owne.
 If I could chuse, I would not guilty be
 Of any act displeasing unto thee.
 In all my life, I would not speake a word,
 But, that which to thy liking might accord.
 I would not thinke a thought, but what might show,
 That from thy Spirit, all my musings flow.
 I would nor hate, nor Love, nor hope, nor feare,
 But, as unto thy praise it usefull were.
 I would not have a joy within my heart,
 Of which thou should'st not be the greater part.
 Nor would I live or dye, or happy be
 In life or death ; but (Lord) to honour thee.
 Oh ! let this Will (which is the precious seed
 Of thine owne Love) be taken for the deed.
 Assist thou me against the potent evill
 Of my great Foes, the World, the Flesh, the Devill.
 Renew my fainting pow'rs, my heart revive ;
 Refresh my spirits, and my soule relieve.
 Lord draw me, by the cords of thy affection,
 And I shall fall in love with thy perfection.
 Vnloose my chaines, and I shall then be free ;
 Convert me, and converted I shall be.*

Yea,

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BY

GEORGE WITHER.

PART II.

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1880.

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(cId IdcXXVIII.)

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*Yea, to my soule (oh God!) and to my senses
 Display thy beauties and thy excellencies
 So plaine, that I may have them still in sight;
 And thou shalt ever be my sole delight.
 The world though she should into pieces teare me
 With troubles; from thy love should never scare me;
 Nor able be to tempt me from one duty
 To thee, with all her pleasures and her beauty.*

*Behold; I came to seeke thee, Lord; ev'n here,
 Where, to attend thy presence most men feare.
 Though here I saw the Pestilence withstand me,
 I staid to know what worke thou wouldst command me,
 From all the pleasures of the world, and from
 Her hopes of safety, I am hither come
 Where thou art angry: and to see thy frowne
 Am at thy feet, with terror, fallen downe.
 Yet, hence I would not flye (although I might)
 To gaine the chiefeſt of this worlds delight,
 Till I perceive thou bid'st me goe away;
 And, then, for twenty worlds, I would not stay.*

*I came as heartily as flesh and blood
 Could come (that hath in it so little good)
 To doe thee service: and, if dye I must,
 Loe, here I am; and, I pronounce thee just.
 Although thou slay me yet my soule well knowes
 Thou lov'st me: And, fle trust in thee repose.
 Though in my selfe I feele I am polluted;
 I finde a better righteouſneſſe imputed
 Then I have lost. Thy blessed Love doth fill me
 With joys, that will revive me, though thou kill me.
 My sins are great; but thy compassion's greater.
 I have thy Quittance, though I am thy Debtor.
 And, though my temp'rall hopes may be deſtroid;
 Yet, I have those, that never shall be void.*

N 5

Th

Thus, to the Lord, my foule I powred out,
 When I with dangers was enclos'd about ;
 And though I was a sinner, this appeased
 His wrath in Christ, and my griev'd foule was eas'd.
 He graciously accepted, in a good part,
 This poore oblation of an humbled heart.
 His *Mercy* seal'd my *pardon* ; and I shook
 The *Pestilence* (which hold upon me tooke)
 From off my shoulder, without sence of harme,
 As *Paul* did shake the Viper from his arme.

That weeke, moreover, God began to slack
 His *Bow*, and call his bloody *Angell* backe ;
 VVho by degrees retyr'd, as he came on.
 For, weeke by weeke, untill it fell to none,
 The number which the *Pestilence* did kill,
 VVas constantly, and much abated still.

VVhen we were floating on that *Inundation*,
 At first we sent a carnall *Lamentation* ;
 VVhich like the Raven (from *Noahs* Arke) did flye,
 And found nor rest, nor hope of remedy.
 Then sent we *Dove-like Mournings* : but their feet
 A while could with no resting places meet.
 Then forth againe we sent them, out from hence,
 VVing'd with more Charity, and Penitence.
 And then, they brought an *Olive-branch* of peace,
 VVhich made us hopefull of this *Floods* decrease.
 The Lord, did favour to this *Kingdome* daigne,
 And, brought from thrall, his *Jacob* back againe.
 His peoples crimes he freely did release ;
 His ire abated ; his hot rage did cease.
 His praise had in our Land a dwelling place ;
 And *Mercy* there, with *Iustice* did embrace.

And 'twas a grace to be considered,
 That a Disease, so generally spread,

(And

(And so contagious) in few weeks should from
So many thousands, to a *cypher* come.
That our infectious beds, and roomes, and stuffe,
(VVhich in all likelyhood had beene enough
To keepe the *Plague* among us, till it had
Our Cities, and our Townes unpeopled made,
Should from their noysomnesse, so foone be freed,
Is out of doubt a matter worth our heed.
Yea, tis a *Mercy* (though most mind it not)
VVhich in this Land should never be forgot :
That from an enemy so dangerous,
So great a City and so populous
Should in three months be purified so,
That all men might with safety, come and goe.

For, e're the following *Winter* was expired,
The *Citizens* where to their homes retired :
The *Terme* from *Reading*, was recalled hither,
From ev'ry Quarter, *Clients* came together ;
New trading was begun ; another brood
Soone fild the houses which unpeopled stood ;
Our *Gentry*, tooke up their old randevow ;
And such a concourse through our streets did flow,
That ev'ry place was fill'd : and, of all those,
(Those many thousands) who their lives did lose
(But some few months before) no want was found,
The people ev'ry where did so abound.

To thee oh *Lord*, to thee oh *Lord* ! be praise :
For, thou dost wound and cure, strike down and raise
Thou kill'st, and mak'st alive : thou frown'st at night,
And, thou art pleased e're the morning light.
VVhen we offend thee, thou a while dost leave us ;
VVhen we repent, thou dost againe receive us.
To ruine thou deliver'st us ; and then,
Returne againe (thou saist) *ye sonnes of men*,

For

For, in thy wisedome thou considered hast,
 That man is like a bubble, or a blast :
 A heape of *Dust*, a tuft of witherd'd *Grasse*,
 A fading *Flowre*, that soone away doth passe :
 A *Moment* fled, which never shall retire ;
 Or smoaking *Flaxe*, that quickly loseth fire.
 An idle *Dream*e, which nothing doth betoken ;
 A bruised *Reed*, which may with ease be broken :
 And therefore dost in *Iudgement*, *Mercy* minde,
 Yea, in thy greatest anger thou art kinde.

As is the space twixt heav'n and earth, above,
 So large, to those that feare thee, is thy love.
 As far as doth from *East*, the *West* reside,
 So far thou dost from us our sins divide.
 Such as a father to his childe doth beare,
 Such love is thine, to those who thee doe feare.
 Thy *Iustice* thou from age to age declarest ;
 But, such as love thee, thou for ever sparest.
 If thou but turne away, from us, thy face,
 Loe, we are breathlesse in a moments space.
 Thy looke doth us with life againe endue,
 And all our losses instantly renew.
 As oft as we rebell, thou dost forgive us ;
 And, though into distresse, sometime thou drive us ;
 Yet, alwayes in our sorrowes we were eyed,
 And thou didst please to heare us when we cried.

With thirst and hunger faint, some stray'd aside,
 To seeke a place where safe they might abide.
 With worse then bands of *iron*, they where chained ;
 And, in the gloomy shades of *Death* detained.
 With heat, and sicknesse, they dejected were ;
 And to deliver them, no helpe was there.
 Their wickednesse, when they were plagued for,
 Their soules the sweetest morsels did abhor.

They

They for their follies, did afflicted lye,
And, to the gates of Death approached nigh.
Their foules within them were nigh dead with feare ;
Yea, they distracted, and amazed were.

But, when to thee they called, they were eased,
And out of all their troubles quite releafed.
Thou sent'st abroad thy Word, and they were healed ;
Thy *Writ of Indignation* was repealed.
Frō out of *Death's* black shades they were reprieved ;
And in their sorrowes and their paines relieved.
From East and West, from North & South, and from
Their sev'rall wandrings, thou didst call them home :
In ev'ry quarter of the *Realme* thou foughtst them ;
Yea to their *City* back againe thou broughtst them :
And there (now) joyfull, and in health they be ;
From all their feares, and all their dangers free.

Oh ! would that men this love would think upon,
And tell their seed what wonders thou hast done :
Would they, *Oblations*, of thanksgiving, bringing,
Thy works would praise, and publish them in singing.
Oh ! would they were so wise that they might learne
Thine infinite compassion to discern ;
And that they would assist me to declare,
How great thy *Judgements* and thy *Mercies* are !

Though none can of thy favours make relation,
Nor fully utter all thy commendation ;
Yet, let us doe our best, that we may raise
A thankfull *Trophee* to thy boundlesse praise.
Let us, whom thou hast saved, thee confesse,
And to our utmost pow'r thy goodnesse blesse.
Let us proclaime thy bounties, in the street,
And, preach thee where thy *Congregations* meet.
Let us in private, at noone, morne, and night,
And in all places, in thy praise delight.

Let

Let *Prince*, and *Priest*, and *People*, old, and yong,
 The rich, the poore, the feeble, and the strong,
 Men, Angels, and all creatures that have name,
 Vnite their pow'rs, to publish out thy fame.

But, howsoever, others may endeavor,
 Let me oh! God, let me oh God! perfever
 To magnifie thy glory. Let not day,
 Nor any morne, or evening, passe away,
 In which I shall not to remembrance bring
 Thy *Judgements*; and of thy great *Mercy*, sing.
 Let, never whilst I live, my heart forget
 Those *Dangers*, and that strong entangled *Net*,
 In which my foule was hamper'd. Let me see
 (When, in this world, I shall best pleased be)
 My dangers such appearing as they were,
 When me, they round about enclosed here:
 Yea, when, o'rewhelm'd, with terrors, I did call,
 Like *Jonas*, from the belly of the *Whale*,
 And was deliver'd. *Lord*, remember thou,
 That with unfainednesse, I beg thee, now,
 To keepe me alwayes mindefull of thy love.
 And, if hereafter, I forgetfull prove;
 Let this *unfainednesse* which thou dost give,
 An *Earnest* be, of what I shall receive
 In time to come. Refresh my cooled *zeale*,
 And let thy *Spirit*, thy *hid Love* reveale.

Let not the fawning *World*, nor cunning *Deuill*,
 Nor wanton *Flesh*, incite my heart to evill.
 Let not my wandring eyes, be tempted by
 Those *Objects*, that allure to Vanity;
 Nor let my eares be charmed by their tongues,
 Who to betray me, chant out *Syren-songs*.

Let men nor taste a *Pleasure*, nor obtaine
 That carnall *Rest*, whereof I am so faine,

Till

Till it shall make me plainly to perceive
 Thy love ; and teach me, foolish paths, to leave.
 Let me be still in want ; and ever striving
 With some afflictions (whilst that I am living)
 Till they for better *Fortunes*, better me :
 And, then, let into *Rest*, my entrance be.
 From yeare to yeare, (as thou hast yearly done)
 New sorrowes, and new trials bring thou on
 My stubborne heart, till thou hast softned it,
 And, made it, for thy service, truly fit :
 But, give me hopes, and daily comforts too,
 To strengthen me, as thou hast us'd to doe.
 And, that in *Iustice*, *Mercy* may appeare,
 Infiſt (Oh *Lord* !) no more then I can beare.

I feele (and tremble that I feele it thus)
 My flesh hath frailties which are dangerous,
 To mine owne safety : and as soone as thou
 Shalt quite remove the feares that seize me now ;
 My sense of thee, and those good thoughts (I doubt)
 May faile within me, or be rooted out. (them,
 Some *Lust* may quéch them, or some *Care* may choke
 Vaine *hopes* may vaile thē, or *new-thoughts* revoke thē ;
 The wisdom of the world, or of the Devill,
 Or, some suggestion, in my selfe, that's evill,
 May urge, perhaps, that it is *melancholy*,
 Which fills me now ; that superstitious folly
 Begot this awfulness ; that this *Disease*
 Did accidentally, our *City* seize ;
 And, that 'tis vaine to make so much upon
 Those times or troubles, that are past and gone.

Oh ! rather, then it should in me be so,
 Some other house of *Sorrow* send me to ;
 And keepe me, *Lord*, perpetuall pris'ner there,
 Till all such dangers ove passed are.

Nor

Nor weale nor woe I crave, but part of either,
 As with my temper best agrees together.
 For, joy without thy grace, is griefes encreasing,
 And wealth is poverty, without thy blessing.
 But if by passing this lifes purging fires,
 Thou shalt so purifie my hearts desires,
 That without perill to my hopes of heav'n,
 A temp'rall rest may at the last be giv'n ;
 Vouchsafe it *Lord*, ev'n for the good of them
 Who my best resolutions, yet, condemne.
 Let them discerne, thou blessings hast provided,
 For that, which they unjustly have derided.
 Thou heretofore didst heare thy *Servant* call,
 And mad'st me free when I was close in thrall.
 Oh ! to those *mortalls* make me not a scorne,
 Who to my *Shame* my *Glory* seeke to turne :
 But let it in thy time to them appeare,
 That thou didst me *elect*, and me wilt heare.
 Let them perceive (though they my *Lott* disdaine)
 The *promise of this Life* dost appertaine
 To me as unto them. And for their sakes
 Whose weaknesse, otherwhile, offences takes
 At my perpetuall scandals ; let their eye
 Behold the turne of my *Captivity* ;
 And know that I have walked in a path,
 Which, in this life time, some smooth paces hath.
But, nought repine I, though this boone thou grant not.
For, that which thou to me deny'st I want not.
I know thy Wisedome knowes what best will fit me :
I know thy Pow'r enough those things to get me :
I know thy Love is large enough to me :
I know thy Pleasure should my pleasure be :
Thy will be done, and hallowed be thy Name,
Although it be through my perpetuall shame.

Whilst

Whilst on such *Meditations* I was feeding
 My pleas'd soule (and Gods great goodnes heeding)
 That I might fill her with contemplating
 On him, from whom all happineſſe doth ſpring :
 A ſuddaine *Rapture* did my *Muſe* prepare
 For higher things then ſhe did lately dare.

Me thought, I ſaw Gods *Juſtice* and his *Love*
 Installed on one *throne*, in heav'n above.
 I had imperfect ſights, and glimmering *notions*,
 Concerning ſome of their partic'lar motions,
 About this *Orbe*. I much perceiv'd me thought,
 Of thoſe their wondrous works w^c they had wrought
 In former dayes. And, as within a Glaſſe,
 Some things I ſaw, which they will bring to paſſe
 In future times. By helpe of Gods great *Booke*,
 (Which for my *Ephimerides* I tooke)
 I had procur'd a large intelligence
 Of *Juſtice* and of *Mercies Influence*.
 There, learned I the ſeverall *Aſpects*,
 And, of thoſe *Starres* the ſeverall effects :
 While in *Conjunction* thoſe two *Lights* I ſaw ;
 The beſt *Aſtrogers* could never draw
 From all the planetary *Conſtellations*
 (Ev'n at their beſt) ſuch heav'nly *Conſolations*.
 I could conjecture of their worke divine,
 In *Sextile*, or in *Quadrine*, or in *Trine* ;
 And what prodigious *Plagues* the world ſhould fright
 If their *aſpect* were wholly *Oppoſite*.

Some things, by calculation I diſcerned,
 Which this our *Britiſh* Latitude concerned ;
 And moſt of them not much impertinent
 For all *Meridians* through Earths *Continent*.
 I ſaw of *Weale* and *Woe* the many ranges :
 I ſaw the reſtleſſe *Whee*l of mortall changes :

I

I saw how *Cities*, *Common-wealths*, and *Men*,
 Did rise and fall, and rise and fall agen.
 I saw the reason, why all *Times* and *States*,
 Have such vicissitudes, and various fates.
 I saw what doth occasion *War*, and *Peace*;
 What causeth *Dearth*, and what doth bring *Encrease*.
 I saw what hardens, and what mollifies;
 And whence all *Blessings*, and all *Plagues* arise.
 I saw how sins are linked in together
 As in a *Chaine*; how one doth cause another;
 And how to ev'ry linke throughout the *Chaine*,
 Are fixt those *Plagues* which to that *Crime* pertaine.
 I saw unfeal'd, that hellish *Mystery*,
 Of carnall and meere worldly *Policy*,
 Whereby the *Devill* fooles this generation,
 And brings on *Christendome* such molestation.
 I saw (as plaine, as ever I did see
 The Sun at none) what damned *projects* be
 Veild o're with *Piety*, and *Holy zeale*:
 And how, a *Christian Ath'isme* now doth steale
 Vpon this age. Forgive me that I saw
 A *Christian Ath'isme*; for, ev'n to betray
Christ Iesus, *Christ* and *Iesus*, those two *Names*,
 Are oft usurped; and it us defames.

I saw, why some abuse their holy *Calling*,
 And why so many *Stars* from heav'n are falling.
 I had a *Licence* given me, to come
 Where I might see the Devils *Tiring-roome*,
 And, all the *Masks*, the *Visards*, and *Disguises*,
 Which he to murder, cheat, or rob, devises.
 And weares himselfe, or lends false hearted brothers
 Therewith to foole themselves, or cozen others.

Here lay a *Box* of zeale professing *Eyes*,
 Which serve for acting for *Hypocrisies*.

Hard

Hard by, another, full of *Double-hearts*,
 For those who play the *Ambodexters* parts.
 There, stood a *Chest* of counterfeited *Graces* ;
 Another, full of *honest-seeming Faces*.
 Yonn, hung a fuit, which, had some *Traytor* got,
 He might have passed for a *Patroit*.
 Close by, were presse fuls of such fuits, as they
 Doe weare (in ev'ry Kingdome at this day)
 Who passe for *Statfsmen* ; when, God knowes, they be
 As far from that, as knaves from loving me.

There, hung those *masking-fuits*, in which the *Popes*,
 And *Cardinals*, purfue their carnall hopes.
 There, were those formall *Garbs*, wherein false friends
 Disguise themselves, for some unfaithfull ends.
 Faire counterfeits for *Bishops* saw I there,
 So like their habits that are most sincere,
 (And so befainted) that if they were set
 Vpon the back of our *Arch counterfeit*,
 He could not be distinguisht from the best
 Of all those *Prelates*, that have *Christ* profest.

There view'd I all those juggling sleights with w^{ch}
 Men worke false miracles ; and, so, bewitch
 Deluded foules. There, saw I all the tricks
 And *Fantosmes* wherewithall our *Schismaticks*
 Abuse themselves and others. There (with ruth)
 I saw *selfe-Doctrines*, trimm'd about with *Truth* ;
 Fac'd out, with *Fathers* ; peec'd, and neatly dearned,
 With *Sentences*, and *Sayings*, of the *Learned*.
 Yea, with God's holy Scriptures, interweaved,
 So cunningly, as would have nigh deceived
 Ev'n his *Elekt* : (and, many a one, alas,
 Of these, for Christian *Verities* doth passe.)

I saw, moreover, with what *Robes of Light*,
 The *King of Darknesse* doth his person dight,

To

To make it *Angel* like ; and how he scrues
 Himselfe among our musings, to abuse
 Our understandings ; how he layes his hooks,
 And baits, at *Sermons*, and in *godly-books* ;
 (Although the *Authors* had, in their invention,
 A pious meaning, and a good intention)
 I saw what *venome* he doth hurle into
 Our heart'est prayers, and those works we doe
 In purest charity : and how he strives
 To poison us in our *preservatives*.

When all these *Maskings*, and a thousand moe,
 My apprehensions eye had lookt into :
 From thence my *Contemplation* rais'd my thought,
 And, to a higher *Station* I was brought.
 There, I beheld what ruine and confusion,
 Was of these *Mummeries*, the sad conclusion.
 There, saw I what *Catastrophes* attend
 Those Vanities, wherein our times we spend :
 How God still counterworks, and overthrowes
 The projects of the *Devill*, and our Foes.
 And, tell I could (but that it would be prated,
 I some *Prophetick spirit* arrogated)
 Strange newes to those mens eares, who have not
 What may, by *Meditation*, be discerned. (learned

Yet, all that I conceive I cannot write :
 Nor would I though I could : for, so I might
 Throw *Pearles to Swine* ; of whom I may be torne,
 Be trampled in the mire, and made a scorne.
 Nay, tell my selfe I dare not, what I spy,
 When I have thoughts of most transcendency ;
 Left Pride possesse me, and should cast me downe,
 As far below, as I on high have flowne :
 For, when we nearest unto heav'n do soare,
 (Till we are there) our perils are the more ;

Since

Since, there is *wickednesse* which we doe call
The wickednesse that is spirituall
In heav'nly places. And as we doe know
 There is a *Lightning* which doth often goe
 Quite through the body, to the vitall part,
 And kill the very *spirits* at the heart,
 Yet never harme the flesh ; because it may
 Through ev'ry porous member make it way
 Without impressiō : So, from our offences,
 The *Devill* doth extract some *Quintessences*,
 Which we may rightly name, *the spirit of sin* ;
 And, till our *thoughts* have sublimated bin,
 They are too grosse for that to worke upon.
 But, when such *Sublimations* are begun,
 He doth infuse his *Chymicall* receipt,
 And, either workes *precipitation*, straight,
 Or makes those *Vertues*, which pure gold were thought
 When they shall come to triall, worfe then nought.

I saw this danger (as my soule did flye
 To God ward) and the Devills *Chymistry*,
 I learned how to frustrate ; by assuming
Humility, and shunning high presuming.
 I, of those lovely *Graces*, got the view,
 Which teach us how such perils to eschew.
 I learned there, how they might be procured ;
 How their continuance might be still secured ;
 And, in my pow'r it is not to expresse,
 How I was fill'd with hopes of happinesse.

My thoughts (yet) climbed higher, and perceived
 A glimpse of things that cannot be conceived.
 The *Love of God* ; the *joyes that are to come* ;
 And many fights, that long were hidden from
 My blinded Soule. This, set my heart on fire
 To climbe a little, and a little higher ;

Till

Till I was up so high, that I did see
 The *World*, but like an *Atome*, under me.
 Me thought, it was not worth my looking on ;
 Much lesse, the setting of my love upon.
 My soule did strive to mixe her selfe among
 The *Cherubins*, and in their *Angell-song*
 To beare a part ; and, *secrets* to unskreene,
 That cannot by our mortall eyes be seene.
 And, I would gladly thither have ascended,
 Where joyes are perfect, and all woes are ended.
 As thus I mounted ; by degrees, I felt
 My *strength* to faile me, and my *wings* to melt :
 My *flesh* waxt faint ; my *objects* grew too pure,
 For my grosse understanding to endure.
 A kind of shuddring did my heart surprise,
 Like that which comes when sudden thoughts arise.
 I far'd like him, who sleeping, dreams of store,
 And waking, finds himselfe exceeding poore.
 A *pow'r* unseene, did hold upon me take,
 And, to my soule, to this effect it spake.
 " I say it was *Gods Spirit* ; if you doubt
 " I arrogate, come heare the matter out :
 " For, who the *Speaker* is, that will disclose :
 " And, if 'twere he, his *Flocke*, his language knows.
 Despaire not *Soule*, (it said) though thou art faine
 To sinke from these, to common thoughts againe.
 Nor murmur thou, that yet thou must not rise
 To thy wisht *height*. God's favour will suffice
 For that which wants ; and these high thoughts are
 In earnest of that part of thine in heav'n, (giv'n
 Which by thy Royall *Master* is prepared ;
 And, in thy time allotted, shall be shared.
 Strive to attend ; but straine not over long,
 Thy climbing *spirits*, lest thou doe them wrong.

The

The *Flesh* is heavy, though the *Soule* be light ;
And, *Heav'n* is seldome reached at one flight.
Mount high ; but, mount not higher then thy *bound* ;
Left thou be lost, and all that thou hast found.
Search deepe ; but fearch no deeper then thy pow'r ;
Left some infernall *Depth* may thee devour.
Observe thy *Makers* glory by reflection ;
But, gaze not overmuch at his perfection ;
Left that great lustre blinde thee. Take thou heed,
Left while thou thinkst thou homeward dost proceed,
Thou quite be lost : For, though these *flights* do raise
Thy Soule with pleasure, they are dangerous wayes.
When higher then the vulgar pitch't she towres
She meets with *Principalities*, and *Pow'rs*,
Who wrestle with her that she may not rise ;
Or tempt her on, by *Curiosities*,
To lead the mind astray, untill it wanders
Among the windings of unsafe *Meanders*.
Then doth it whirl about, to see things hidden ;
Pryes after *Secrecies* that are forbidden ;
And by a *path*, which tends to *Heav'n*, in show,
Ariveth, unaware, at *Hell* below.

Take heed of this ; the way to heav'n is steep ;
Yet, e're thou climbe it, thou must often creep.
The worke appointed thee, is yet unended,
And, Gods good pleasure must be still attended
Ev'n in this world, untill he call thee thence.
His *Kingdome* must be got by violence.
Thou must with many frailties, yet, contend,
Before thy Christian *warfare* hath an end.
The World is brewing yet another *Cup*
Of Bitternesse, for thee to swallow up.
Thou hast from *Heav'n* an *Arrand* yet to doe,
Which (if God hinder not) will call thee to

More

More troubles, and more hatred bring upon thee,
 Then all thy former *Messages* have won thee.
 And be thou sure, the Devill will devise
 All flanders, and all wicked infamies
 That many disparage thee ; or fruitlesse make,
 That usefull worke which thou dost undertake.

Thou must prepare thine eares to heare the noise
 Of causlesse *threatnings*, or the foolish voice
 Of ignorant *Reprovers* ; and expect
 The secret *Censures* of each giddy *Señ*.
 Thou must provide thy selfe, to heare great *Lords*
 Talke, without reason, big impetuous words.
 Thou must contented be to make repaire
 (If need require) before the *Scorners* Chaire,
 To heere them jeere, and flout, and take in hand
 To scoffe at what they doe not understand.
 Or say, perhaps, that of thy selfe thou mak'st
 Some goodly thing ; or that thou undertak'st
 Above thy *Calling* ; or unwarranted :
 Not heeding from whose mouth it hath bin fed,
 " Gods *Wisdome* oft elects, what men despise ;
 " And foolish things, to foile the worldly wife.

But feare thou not. For, he that in all places,
 And from all dangers, wants, and all disgraces,
 Hath hitherto preserv'd thee ; will secure
 Thy safety now. That hand which did procure
 Release from thy close *Thralldomes*, and maintained
 Thy heart content, while thou wert so restrained ;
 Will be the same for ever : and, like stubble,
 Consume ; or, like the weakest water-bubble,
 Dissolve the force of ev'ry machination,
 Whereby the world shall seek thy molestation.

Though thou in knowledge art a *Child*, as yet ;
 And, seemest not by outward *Calling* fit

For

For such a taske : yet, doe not thou disable
 What God shall please to say is warrantable.
 His Word, remaineth still in date, which sayes,
 That, *On the children of the later dayes,*
He would poure out a measure of his Spirit ;
 And, thou thereof a portion shall inherit.
 Though thou despised art ; yet God by thee
 Shall bring to passe a worke which strange will be
 To most beholders ; and, no doubt, it shall
 Occasion some to stand, and some to fall.
 For, men to ruine doom'd, will misconceive it ;
 And, they that shall have safety, will receive it.
 Thy God hath toucht thy *Tongue*, and tipt thy Pen ;
 And, therefore, feare not thou the face of men,
 Lest he destroy thee. For, this day to stand
 'Gainst *Princes*, *Priests*, and *People* of this *Land*,
 Thou art appointed : and they shall in vaine
 Contend. For thou the conquest shalt obtaine.
 Although that viperous *Brood* upon thee lights,
 Whose pois'ned tongue with killing *slander* smites ;
 And, though the barbarous *People* of this *Ile*,
 Doe thereupon adjudge thee, for a while,
 A man so wicked, that (although thou hast
 The *Sea* of Troubles, without shipwrack, past)
 Gods *Vengeance* will not suffer thee to live
 The life of honest *Fame* : Let that not grieve
 Thy heart a whit. For, though their eyes doe see
Reproaches, which like *Vipers*, hanging be,
 Vpon their flesh ; they shall perceive e're long,
 That thou (unharm'd) them away hast flung.
 And they who did expect to see thee fall,
 For thy firme standing, praise Gods mercy shall.
 Against oppression, he will safe maintaine thee,
 Ev'n God, who oft did his protection daigne thee ;

O

And

And tooke thy part against all those, that fought
 How they thy *Muse*, to silence, might have brought.
 He, that preserv'd thee from this *plague*, will save thee;
 For, he thy life ev'n of meere mercy, gave thee,
 To serve him with. Thou knowst thou art a *Brand*,
 Snatcht from the flaming fire, by Gods owne hand;
 And that to him thou owest, all thou art,
 And all thy *Faculties*, in ev'ry part.

Take heed, therefore, that nothing thou refuse
 To utter, which he prompts unto thy *Muse*.
 Be constant: and, *Elihu*-like, beware
 That thou accept not persons; nor declare
 With glozing *titles*, that which thou shalt say;
 Lest God may take thee suddenly away:
 But, publish that which he of thee requires,
 In termes, and words, as he the same inspires.

For, to this *Realme* and *City* thou art sent,
 To warne, that of their follies they repent;
 To shew for what omiffions, and offences,
 God sendeth *Famines*, *Wars*, and *Pestilences*;
 And to pronounce what other plagues will come,
 If their Transgressions they depart not from.

Indeed, of *Priests* and *Prophets*, store have they,
 And, some of them are like enough to say;
When came the Spirit of the Lord to thee,
From us, who no such danger can foresee
As thou pretendest? These are they that share
 The pleasures of the time, with such as are
 The *Lands* perdition. These are they which tye
 Soft pillowes to mens elbowes; and still cry
Peace, peace; ev'n when perdition, hanging over
 The peoples heads, they plainly may discover.
 But, they that are true *Priests* of God among them,
 And his true *Prophets*, think not, he doth wrong the,
 If

If he doe chuse a *Heardman* : nor will such
 Envy the same (or at the blessing grutch)
 If all were *Prophets*, and God pleased were
 To make that *Gift* to ev'ry man appeare.

Though Gods own prefence, had made *Moses* wife ;
 Yet, *Jethro's* counsell would he not despise.
 He, whom the *Angell* fed, did also eat
 Ev'n when the *Ravens* came to bring him meat :
 And, all that of their *spirit* partners be,
 Will heare what's good, though published by thee.

Behold ; this thanklesse People (from whose *Land*
 God hath but newly tooke his heavy hand)
 Forget already what his mercy hath
 Vouchsafed ; and his late enflamed wrath.
 See, how they flock together, to pursue
 New mischiefes, and old follies to renew.
 Their evill courfes, they afresh begin ;
 And, ev'n those very purpofes of fin,
 Whose profecution this great *Plague* hath flaid,
 To finish now they are no whit afraid.
 Those *Discords* which they, many times, pretended,
 Amid their feares, should christianly be ended,
 (If God would spare them) are againe revived ;
 And divers new malicious plots contrived.
 Those *Lusts* of which they seemed much afhamed :
 Those *Vanities*, for which themselves they blamed ;
 Those Bargains, which their confcience did perfwade
 Were wicked ; & of God abhorred make them ; (thē,
 That Pride ; that Sloth ; that Envy ; that Exceffe ;
 That Cruelty ; that Irreligioufneffe ;
 Yea, all that wickedneffe perfude before,
 (And which they fain'd fo truly to deplore)
 Returnes with intereft ; and they contemne
 Good things ; as if the *Plague* had hardened them.

Like *Phar'oh*, they repented while the Rod
Was laid upon them. But, as soone as God
Removed it ; their mindes they changed too ;
And would not let their evill *customes* goe.

Goe therefore instantly, goe draw the *Map*
Of that great *Plague* from which they did escape :
Set thou before their eyes, as in a glasse,
How great Gods *Mercy*, and their danger was.
Lay open their grosse crimes, that they may see
How hatefull, and how infinite they be.
Declare what mischiefes their enormities
Have caused ; and will daily cause to rise.
Pronounce those *Iudgements* which Gods holy *Word*
Doth for the *Wages* of their Crimes record.
And (as the blessed *Spirit* shall enable,
Thy *Muse* ; and, shew thee what is warrantable)
Tell boldly, what will on their wayes attend,
Vnlesse their lives and courses they amend.

Delay it not ; and let no worke of thine ;
No goodly-seeming hope, or faire designe,
(How promising soever) draw thee from
This *Taske*, untill unto an end it come.
For, no affaire of thine shall finde succeffe,
Till thou hast finisht this great *Busnesse*.

If any man that is thy friend, or foe,
Shall this deride ; and say it is not so ;
But, that thy *Fancy* onely eggeth on
Thy *Muse* : or, that to doe, or leave undone
This worke, were much alike. If any say
Thou maist proceed herein, with such delay,
As, vulgarly, *discretion* thinketh fit :
Or, as thy common *Busnesse* will permit.

Nay, if thou meet, as thou maist meet with some,
Who like a *Prophet*, unto thee will come ;

And

And (as the *Man of God* seduced was,
 Who told in *Bethel* what should come to passe
 Concerning *Ieroboams* Altar there)
 Perfwading thee, those thoughts delusions are :
 That, selfe-conceit, or pride, hath made thee dreame
 That thou art bound to prosecute this *Theame* :
 Beleeve them not. For, if that *Man of God*
 Here mentioned, did feele so sharpe a rod,
 When his delay was but to eate and drinke ;
 (Perchance through hunger) and when he did think
 A *Prophet* sent by God, had licenc'd him :
 Take heed thou doe not this advice contemne.
 For, since this *motion* urgeth nought that's ill,
 Nor contradiçteth Gods revealed will ;
 But rather helpes effect it : since he moves it
 So nat'rally, that thine owne soule approves it
 To be his act ; beware how thou suspect it,
 Or how thou shalt be carelesse to effect it.

Let not a worldly wisedome, (nor the scoffe
 Of any) from this motive drive thee off.
 Take heed the feare of dangers, nor the losse
 Of carnall hopes, thy purpose, herein, crosse.
 Take heed that *Ionas*-like, thou be not bent
 To *Tharfus*, when thou knowst that thou art sent
 To *Niniveh*. For all thy doubts, and feare,
 Will be as causelesse, as his doubtings were :
 And be thou sure, that wheresoe're thou be,
 A *Tempest* and a *Whale* shall follow thee.

My heart receiv'd this *Message* ; did allow
 It came from God ; and made a solemne *Vow*,
 It would not entertaine a serious thought
 Of any worldly thing, till that were brought
 To full perfection : no, although it might
 Endanger losing my best fortune quite.

O 3

But,

But, oh ! how fraile is Man ? and how unable
 In any goodnesse to continue stable ?
 How subtile is the *Devill* ? and what baits,
 And undermining policies and sleights,
 Hath he to coozen us ? My soule was raifed
 So high, e'rewhile, that I admir'd and praifed
 My blest estate : And, thought, with *David*, then,
My heart shall never be remov'd agen.

But, see, how soone, if God withdraw his eye,
 We fall to hell, that up to heav'n did flye.
 I would have sworne (when in my *Contemplation*,
 I was ascended to that lofty *Station*,
 So lately mention'd) that I should have scorn'd
 The goodl'est prize the *Devill* could have suborn'd
 To tempt me by. I thought, if God had said,
Doe this ; that (though the *World* had all beene laid
 To be my wages, if I should delay
 The doing of the same, but halfe a day)
 I should have rather chose to have forsaken
 My life ; then so to have beene overtaken.

Yet, loe ; so craftily a bait was laid ;
 Such shoves of *Goodnesse*, thereinto convaide,
 Such meanes of helpe to *Piety*, pretended ;
 To me so seem'd it, to be recommended
 By God himselfe ; and, such necessity
 Appear'd of taking opportunity
 As then it offred was, that I suspected
 I had done ill, the same to have neglected.
 Nay, to my Vnderstanding, true Discretion,
 And, all the Wisdome of this Generation,
 Did so concur together to betray
 My heart ; that I did foolishly delay
 The Task enjoyn'd. Yea, what I had begun,
 (Proceeded in) and purpos'd should be done

Before

Before my best affaires ; ev'n that I threw
 Aside ; and other hopes I did pursue.
 I brake my *Vow*, and I was led awry
 For that which was more light then Vanity ;
 And so my hopes my judgement did beguile,
 That, I supposed all was well the while.
 Most, also, thought me wisely to have done,
 And, such a fortune to have lighted on ;
 That others, of my happinesse, began
 To talke ; and reckon me a prosperous man.

But, many scandals, passions, and vexations,
 Much hinderance, and a world of perturbations,
 Pursued me ; to let me understand,
 That I had taken some wrong act in hand.
 For, though like *Jonas*, I resolv'd not quite
 From Gods commands to make a stubborne flight ;
 Yet went I to his *Worke* the furthest way :
 And, travell'd, as my owne occasions lay.
 Which he perceiving, sent a *Storme* that crost me ;
 Made shipwracke of my hopes ; my labour lost me ;
 Befool'd my wisdom ; of much joy bereft me ;
 Within the *Sea* of many troubles left me ;
 And, what with speed and ease I might have done
 At first ; hath long with paine bene lingred on.

Yea, when the *Harvest* of my great repute
 Was looked for (and most expected fruit)
 It proved chaffe ; and plainly I perceived,
 That God had suffred me to be deceived ;
 To warne me, that hereafter, I should never
 Omit, for any reason whatsoever,
 His *motions* ; nor with holy *vowes* dispense :
 But worke his pleasure, with all diligence.
 Which after I had heeded, I descry'd
 By what, and whither, I was drawne aside.

I plainly saw, that what I then had fought
 With hope of comfort, would my woe have wrought.
 I found that likely to have beene to me
 A *Curse*, which promised my *Blisse* to be.
 I praised God, as for a favour done,
 That he did lose me, what I might have won :
 And what the world did think me haplesse in,
 I found a gracious blessing to have bin.
 I saw my fault ; I saw, in vaine I fought
 To worke my *will*, till I Gods will had wrought.
 I saw that while the furthest way I went,
 Gods *Mercy* did my foolishnesse prevent :
 Yea, made it (by his providence divine)
 A great advantage to his owne *Designe*.
 And, for my negligence when I had mourned,
 To my proposed Labour, I returned.

I begg'd of God that he would give me grace,
 To be more constant in a godly race.
 I did beseech him to bestow againe
 Those *Apprehensions*, which my *hopes in vaine*
 Had made me lose : and that for my demerit,
 He would not quench in me his holy Spirit :
 But, grant me pow'r to prosecute my story,
 And utter forth his *Messsage*, to his glory.
 My sute was heard : I got what I desired :
 My foule, with matter, was anew inspired.
 My eyes were clear'd ; my heart was new enlarged :
 Bold *Resolutions* had all Feares discharged :
 And, that which was disclosed unto me,
 Doth appertaine, *Great Britaine*, unto thee.
 Come heare me therefore ; for, howe're thou take it,
 My Conscience bids me, and I meane to speake it.
 Within thy pow'r thou hast me ; and what e're
 Shall good and right in thine owne eyes appeare,
 Thou

Thou maist inflict upon me : But, this know,
 That what I shall declare God bids me show ;
 And that, if I for this, have harme, or shame ;
 My God shall at thy hands require the fame.
 Oh ! let not my requests in vaine be made ;
 Nor to thy former sinnes, another adde.

And, my sweet *Country*, and deare *Countrimen*,
 Let not these overflowings of my pen
 Distastfull be ; as if their spring had beene
 But either from the Gall, or from the Spleene.
 Let not this ages false *Interpreter*,
 (Which makes both *Judgement* and *Affection* erre)
 Corrupt my *Text*, by their false *Commentary*,
 To make your good opinions to miscary.
 For, though in me (as in all flesh and blood)
 Much error hinders from that perfect good
 Which I affect : yet I his meed may claime,
 Who makes God's glory, and your weale his ayme ;
 And, begs but of his words a patient hearing ;
 And, from your follies a discreet forbearing.

If there be *Truth*, and Reason, in the *Message*,
 Let not my person hinder my *Ambassage*.
 If God shall in his *Mercy* pleased be,
 To make a *Factor* for his praise of me ;
 Let none the poorenesse of my gifts deride,
 Since he to no externall meanes is ty'd.
 Despise not what I speake, for what I am ;
 Vnlesse you finde the matter be to blame.
 For, God by Babes and Sucklings, oft, reveales,
 What from the wisest worldlings he conceales.

Both *Heav'n* and *Earth*, to witnesse here I call,
 I dar'd not speake what now I utter shall,
 Vnlesse I thought, that God did me inspire ;
 And would this duty at my hands require.

O 5

Nor

Nor dar'd I to be silent, though I knew
 That ev'ry man had vow'd to pursue
 My Soule to *Death*; because my Conscience takes
 Acknowledgement, that God within me speaks.

I doe not this, for that I senselesse am,
 (*Oh! England*) of thy infamy or shame:
 For, thy dishonor doth concerne me nearly;
 And thee my heart affecteth far more dearly,
 Then cowards doe their lives. I would distill
 My blood (as inke is drained from my quill)
 Ev'n drop by drop; or else, at once, let all
 Gush forth, to save thy *honor* from a fall.

I aime not at a vaine or fruitlesse glory,
 By daring: for, I know the mortall story
 Of all the gloriousst actions, that are under
 The heav'ns large curtain, are but nine daies wöder.
 And that the most deserving workes we doe,
 May ruine us, and helpe disgrace us too.

I doe it not, that I may wealthy grow:
 For, I the worlds rewards already know
 In such attempts. Experience I have gained,
 What poore preferments this way are obtained:
 My former *Straines* (which did but way prepare
 For that, which I hereafter should declare)
 Received evermore the worst reward,
 As they grew better worthy of regard.
 And (if God let not) as these are my best,
 My troubles, will for them, exceed the rest.

'Tis odds, but that the wilfull *Generation*,
 For whom I write this large *Anticipation*,
 (To stay their censure) will scarce reade so far,
 As hitherto, where these *Preventions* are:
 But, here, and there, picke out some tart relations,
 Without observing of those moderations

That

That follow or precede them. Else, perchance
Their brazen and *Herculean Ignorance*
Will strongly keepe that *Vnderstanding* from them,
Whereby the pow'r of *Reason* might o'recome them.
Some also, peradventure, will forget,
How, when I formerly was round beset
With many troubles, I did still despise
The raging fury of mine enemies.

Yea some, no doubt, will have a minde to see
What kinde of pow'r, there is in them, or me;
And whilst such men there are, he thinks amisse,
Who thinkes to thrive by such a course as this.

'Tis not from envy of their *Lott*, who grow
Great men, or wealthy, whence these lines doe flow.
For, I rejoyce in each mans happinesse,
That to Gods praise, good fortunes doth possesse:
And they that know my person, witnesse can,
My lookes assure, I am no envious man.

It is not malice that hath wrought upon
My *Passions*: for, I vow, I malice none.
No *line* or *word* of this which now I write,
Proceeds from rancor, or unchristian spight.
When I have wrong received, if I say
Wherein; what harme doe I in that I pray?
'Twere much, if when we injury sustaine,
We neither may have helpe, nor yet complaine:
'Twere hard, if knowing I had many foes,
I might not say so, lest some should suppose
What *Names* they bear. To no man this wil show the,
But, unto such as doe already know them.
Nor, when I mention wrongs, doe I intend
Their shame who doe them; but some better end.
For, they that yet are enemies of mine,
May prove Gods friends, and to my good encline.

I

I wish them well, what e're they wish to me ;
 And of their harme would no procurer be.
 In gen'rall termes, I point out those that erre ;
 With none I meddle in particular :
 For, knaves and honest men are so alike,
 In many things, that I amisse may strike.
 I finde the faults ; let others finde the men.
 I no man judge ; let no man judge me then.

My *Muse* hath not usurped this *Commision* :
 Nor arrogateth to mine owne condition,
 More excellence then others : But, I share
 A part in those reproofes that others beare.
 I doe not thinke mine owne a spotlesse eye,
 Because it faults in others can espye.
 I never thought it was enough for me,
 A *Criticke* in my neighbours faults to be,
 Vnlesse I markt mine owne : which heere I doe,
 And check the worlds, and mine owne errors too.

I meane to winke at none ; at none I ayme ;
 To heed or friends or foes, I doe disclaime.
 My Bow is bent, and I must shoot a flight
 Of shafts, that will in divers places light.
 Perhaps some of them my best friends may wound :
 Vpon my selfe, some others may rebound.
 Some (shot aloft) may scar the Kites that flye
 Above the Clouds, themselves to Eagliffe.
 Some pierce their sides, who thoght they had bin got
 Beyond the reaching of my winged shot.
 And, some who thought they had concealed beene,
 May feele my arrowes, where they lurke unseene.
Light where they will, the care's already tooke :
Since none but he that's guilty, can be strooke.

Hast thou forgot, oh ! *Britaine*, (and so soone)
 Thy lates afflictions, and Gods gracious boone ?

As soone as e're thy necke unslacked feelles
 The curbing Reine, dost thou let flye thy heeles?
 Shall not Gods *Injustice*, nor his matchlesse *Love*,
 Thy flinty nature to repentance move?
 But wilt thou still in crooked paths persever,
 And of thy Vanities repent thee never?

Oh! looke about thee; yea, looke backe, and see
 What wondrous things thy God hath done for thee.
 Thou wert in future times, an uncouth place,
 That had of *wildnesse* the deformed face.
 Thou wert long time the seat of *Desolation*,
 And when thou hadst but slender reputation,
 God lookt upon thee, with the first of all
 Those *Gentiles*, whom in mercy he did call.
 Of his beloved *Vineyards*, thou wert one;
 And situate like that, once plac'd upon
 The fruitfullst *Hill* God, for thy *Fence* prepared
 A naturall wall, by his owne hand upreared.
 He tooke away that stony heartednesse,
 Which did thy heathnisch children first possesse;
 And hath beene pleased, many times, since then,
 To gather out those flinty hearted men,
 Who by a bloody persecuting hand,
 Did harme thy tender *Saplings* in thy Land.
 He plucked out of thee the stinking *weeds*
 Of *Sin* and *Superstition*; that the *seeds*
 Of *Truth* and *Holineesse* might here be sowne,
 Where wickednesse the foule had overgrowne.

The choicest *Plants* (of that *Vine-mysticall*,
 His *only-Sonne*) he planted thee withall.
 The stately *Watch towre* of his *Providence*
 Compleatly furnished for thy defence,
 In thee was builded up; and did appeare
 To many other Kingdomes, far and neare:

And

And on the lofty 'Turrets of the same
 He set his *Flags*, and *Ensignes* of his *Name*,
 Whose beautilous Colours being wide displaid,
 Did make thy adverfaries all afraid.

Within thy *Borders*, hath his *Love divine*
 The *Wine-pretse*, of a *Christian discipline*
 Erected; and in ev'ry season given
 (To make thee fruitful) dewes & showrs from heav'n.
 Yea thou hast had, since food of life grew scanty,
 Not barely seven, but seventy yeares of plenty.
 What grace soever might repeated be
 That God for *Isr'el* did, he did for thee.

He from a *thrالدome*, worfe then they sustained,
 While in th'*Ægyptian* bondage they remained,
 Did bring thy Children thorough *Baptismes* Flood,
 And drowne thy Foes, within a *Sea of Blood*.
 Thy Coast unto a large extent he stretcheth,
 For, ev'n from Sea to Sea it compasse fetcheth.
 Thy Land with Milke and Hony over-flows.
 In thee all pleasure, and all plenty grows.
 God kept thee as the apple of an eye;
 And, as when *Eglets* are first taught to flye,
 Their *Dam* about them hovers; so, thy God,
 Doth over thee, display his wings abroad.

A Land of Hills and Dales thou wert created;
 And in a Clime, so profitable, seated,
 That whereas many other Lands are faine
 To water all their feeds, and plants, with paine,
 Thou sav'st that labour: for, the Dewes yeeld matter
 To cheere thy Gardens, and the Clouds bring water.
 Faire Woods & Groves, do yet adorn thy Mountains;
 Thou art a Land of Rivers, and of Fountaines:
 Springs hot and cold, and fresh, and salt, there be;
 And, some that cure diseased folk in thee.

Thee,

Thee, both in Towne and Field, the *Lord* hath blest ;
Thy People and thy Cattell are encreast.
Blest wert thou in thy going forth to war ;
And blessings also thy returnings were.
He blest thee in thy store, and in thy basket :
Thine owne request he gave, when thou didst ask it :
He evermore hath timely fauours done thee :
Throughout the yeare his eye hath beene upon thee :
He carefull was, what perills might betide thee ;
And heedfull all things needfull to provide thee :
In Grasse, and Corne, and Fruits, thou dost excell :
Thy Horse are strong, thine Oxen labour well :
The udders of thy Kine grow large with milke :
Thy Sheep yeeld fleeces, like the *Persian* filk :
Thy Stones are *Iron*, and thy Hills are big
With *Minerals*, which from their wombs we dig :
Thy Soile is neither over moist, nor dry ;
The Sun nor keeps too far, nor comes too nigh :
Thy Ayre doth few contagious vapours breed :
Nor doth it, oft, in heat, or cold exceed.
Still, for thy sins, thou hadst thy due corrections ;
And, foundst compassion in thy great afflictions.
His *Prophets* and his *Preachers* God hath sent
In ev'ry age, to move thee to repent ;
And, them thou smot'st, and murderd'st, now & thē ;
Yet, gave he not to other Husbandmen
His wronged *Vineyard* : but, doth yet attend,
In expectation, when thou wilt amend.

He, over all thy Foes, the conquest gave thee :
He did from wrōg, by neighb'ring *Nations*, save thee :
And, they to feare and honor thee were moved,
Because they saw thee, of thy God, beloved.
Thou hadst a *Deborah* bestow'd upon thee,
Who freed thee from thy Foes, and glory won thee,

In

In spight of *Sifera*: For, God did please
 To make the Stars, the Clouds, the Winds, and Seas,
 To fight thy battels. When her turne was gone.
 He raised up another *Solomon*,
 Within thy Borders to establisth peace,
 Who to thy glories added an increase.

Thou wert as often warn'd, and punished;
 As much befought; as largely promised,
 As *Judah* was. Thy *Church* that lately seemed
 Like barren *Hannah* (and was disesteemed
 Of proud *Peninnah*) in a spirituall breed,
 Doth most of *Syons* Daughters, now exceed:
 And thou hast viewed many of thy sonnes,
 To fit and governe, on earths glorious *Thrones*.

The Iewish *Commonwealth* was never daigned
 More great *Deliverances* then thou hast gained.
 Nor was their helpe vouchsaf'd in better season;
 As *Eighty eight*, and our great *Powder-treason*,
 Can witnesse well. For, then thy preservation
 Was wrought by God (to all mens admiration)
 Ev'n when *Hels* lawes, on thee, were like to close;
 And when, for humane aide to interpose, (done
 There scarce was meanes, or time. All which was
 That thou Gods love mightst think the more upon.

Moreover, that no meanes might passe untride,
 Which God did for the *Iewes* of old provide;
 To thee he also sends his *onely Sonne*:
 Not, as to them, a poore contemned one,
 (That, *seeing* him, they might not him *perceive*,
 And, hearing him, no knowledge of him have)
 Not as a weakling, or illiterate:
 Or meane, or in a persecuted state:
 Or one whose person, beauty, and complexion,
 In them, had nothing stirring up affection;

Nor

Nor as a man that worthy seem'd of scorne,
 Of mocks, of whips, and of a crowne of thorne :
 He came not so to thee : for, thou hadst then
 Despis'd and crucified him agen,
 As well as they : yea, thou perchance, hadst more
 Despighted him, then others heretofore.

But, in a glorious wise to thee he came :
 With pow'r, with approbation, and with fame.
 His *Fishermen* (that heretofore did seeme
 To *Iewes* and *Gentiles*, of so meane esteeme)
 Had won whole Countries from Idolatry,
 And made them to confesse his sov'raignty.
 He comes to thee with honor, like a *King* :
 He did into (the *Church*) his *Kingdome*, bring
 A fetled Government. He had asswaged
 That *Iewish* and that *Ethnick* spight, which raged
 At his first comming. *Emperours* became
 His *Viceroyes* ; and did governe in his *Name*.
 Thou sawst fulfilled, many things (of old)
 Both by his *Prophets* and *Himselfe*, foretold ;
 Which did confirme him, that *Messiah*, whom
 Thou shouldst receive. His *Doctrines* well become
 His purity : and, witnessed is he
 By *Martyrs* and *Confessors*, him to be (made
 Whom thou shouldst heare. And (this hath greater
 Thy *Favours*, then that *Grace* the *Iewes* have had)
 Their threats, their punishments, their ignorances,
 Their pertinacy, and deliverances,
 Their fallings, risings, and relapses, are
 Recorded, that by them thou mightst beware.
 Thou knowst what *Desolation* they are in,
 In recompence of their despightfull sin,
 The murder of their *Brother* : yea, like *Cain*,
 Thou seest, that, yet, they vagabonds remaine.

Thou

Thou hear'st, their fruitfull *Land* hath ever since,
 Beene curst with barrenesse, for their offence :
 That, without *King, Priest, Prophet*, or good order,
 They through the world have wandred for their mur-
 Nigh fixteene hundred yeares : and that, altho (ther
 They be abhorred, wherefoe're they goe,
 They have upon them, still, the marke of *Caine*,
 Which will prevent their being wholly slaine ;
 Lest (as the blessed *Psalmist* hath foretold)
 The people of the *Lord*, forget it should.

Yet, nor their good *Examples*, nor their *Fall*,
 Nor all their *Blessings*, nor their *Sorrows* all,
 Have better'd thee : but, thou continu'st in
 Their obstinacies, and in all their sin.

Like them thou murmur'st, if God, but to try thee,
 Some blessing, for a little time deny thee.
 So, thou dost wanton it, as soone as e're,
 In any suffering, he thy voice doth heare.
 So, thou Gods wholsome counsell dost despise,
 To follow thine owne foolish *Policies*.
 So, thou dost mixe thy selfe with other Nations,
 And, learne to practise their abominations.
 So, on those broken Reeds thou dost rely,
 Which will deceive, in thy necessity.
 So, thou dost stop thine eares (to thine owne harme)
 Although the *Charmer* ne're so wifely charme.
 That which thy *Prophets* teach, and well advise ;
 Iust so, thou dost neglect ; just so, despise :
 Yea, though from time to time, thou seest the path
 Which thou dost follow, ill successes hath :
 Though thou hast found, that they who did foretell
 Thy course was foolish, did forewarne thee well :
 Though thou dost finde, no rest, nor peace, in that,
 Which thou art yet unwisely ayming at :

And,

And, though thy trueſt *Lovers*, ev'ry day,
Doe counſell thee, and for thy ſafety pray ;
Thou runneſt headlong, ſtill, thy wilfull courſe,
And waxeſt ev'ry moment, worſe and worſe.

Thy eyes are blinded, and thou canſt not ſee ;
Thy heart is hard, and will not ſoftned be.
To thy beſt Friends thou ſhewſt thy ſelfe a Foe,
As if, thou rip'ned wert, for overthrow :
And, till God pleaſe to turne thy heart againe,
All, that ſpeake truth to thee, ſhall ſpeake in vaine.

Whence doe thy troubles, and thy loſſes come,
But, from thy carnall *policies*, and from
Thine owne vaine *projects*, which thou doſt purſue,
By *courses*, that will ſtill thy cares renew ?
What gaine thy children, by their oft alliance
With *Babels* iſſue, or by their affiance,
But mungrell off-ſprings ; which will ready be,
To ſtir up everlaſting ſtrifes in thee ?
Though thou haſt heard, the *Midianites* doe give
Their daughters to no end, but to deceive ;
And that the people who to *Molock* pray,
Will for their *Idoll*, caſt their ſonnes away :
Though thou haſt heard what plagues enſu'd upon
The wivings of the wiſe King *Solomon* ;
And knoweſt that, by God, forbid it was,
A *Bullocke* ſhould be yoaked with an *Aſſe* :
Though thou haſt ſeene that their affinities
Are ev'n, among themſelves, poore ſlender ties ;
And ſuch as they doe nought at all reſpect,
Vnleſſe they ſerve their projects to effect :
Yet, in their courſe, thy Children doe proceed,
And ſow Gods *Garden* with a mixed ſeed :
Of which, unleſſe they truly doe repent,
And ſeeke, by carefull tillage to prevent,

What

What may ensue thereon (as yet they may)

Thy Land will suffer for't, another day.

Thy Guiltineffe (oh! *Britaine*) makes thee feare,

And often troubled where no terrors are.

Thy faith hath fail'd thee, and thou didst not see

Those armies, which have round enclosed thee

For thy protection. For, had they beene heeded,

Thou no *Egyptian* succours shouldst have needed.

If thou could'st walke within a constant path,

This *Iland* should not feare *Iberia's* wrath.

It should be needlesse for thee, to procure

Alliances, that cannot long endure.

Thou shouldst not care (but, as they *Christians* be)

What *Kings* on earth, were friends, or foes to thee.

No pow'r abroad, should make thy children tremble ;

Nor home-bred faction cause thee to dissemble :

But, being safe in God, thou should'st contemne

The greatest dangers, and get praise by them.

Oh! call to minde, the times now past away,

Those, which our *Fathers*, yet, remember may ;

And let thine *Elders* tell thee (for they know)

How strong in Gods protection thou didst grow.

What wantedst thou, when thou wert all alone ?

When thou hadst nothing to rely upon,

But Gods meere mercy? and such grace bestowne,

That thou couldst use those pow'rs that were thine

When blest *Eliza* wore but half thy *Crown*, (owne?)

And, almost all the world, on her did frowne ;

When *Romes* proud *Bishop* ; and, of *Christendome*

The pow'rfulst *Monarck*, did her foes become.

When she had no Alliance, to make strong

Her party : but, was hatefull growne, among

The neighb'ring *Princes* ; for her casting by

The yoke of *Babylonish* tyranny.

When

When she within her Kingdome had a swarme
Of *Hornets*, which did howrly threaten harme
Both to her State and person. VVhen their pow'r
And fury, was more likely to deuoure,
Then at this present it appeares to be.
VVhen her owne Court from traytors was not free,
VVhen she had *Irish* Rebels to correct;
Oppressed *Netherlanders* to protect;
And *France* to umpire in: ev'n when all these,
And other troubles did her *State* diseafe.
VVhat glory, wealth, and safety hast thou got,
That she, amid those dangers, purchast not?
Religion in her dayes did still encrease:
At home she had both *plentiousnesse* and *peace*;
Abroad, she was renown'd: she did not pause
In executing other wholesome Lawes,
Through feare of any Malecontents at home;
Or any threatnings from the Sea of *Rome*.
She triple *Gerions* forces, did contemne;
Her neighbours fought her ayd; she fought not thē.
She aw'd the *West*: she from the *Spanish* Coast
Did rend their *golden-fleeces*; and she crost
Their hopefull'st aimes. They could not undermine
Her Counsells; nor by any slye designe,
Defeat her Forces: *France* was prudent then,
And would not stir the wrath of *Englistmen*:
For, they preserv'd their honor, by preserving
Their trust in God; and constant paths observing.

Then, to affront us, did no *Dutchman* dare,
Nor, in our *Voyages* presume to share,
But, with our favour. VVe had fame by land;
Our pow'rfull *Navies* did the Seas command.
To ours, the strongest Fleets did strike their sailes;
They, that now bark, then, dar'd not wag their tailes:
Yea,

Yea, though our *Lions* not so many were,
Our strongest Foes, to rouse them, stood in feare.

No sonne of thine presumed, then, to be
So traitorous unto thy God, and thee,
As to allow a popish Liberty :
Much lesse to move, for that impiety,
In publick hearing. No man fought to sell,
For any summe, the peace of *Israell* :
No not within our *Irish* confines ; tho
It somewhat urgent seem'd to have it so :
Because that peacefull pow'r thou hadst not got,
Which now thou hast : nor then the neighb'ring *Scot*
So firme unto thy State ; nor so engaged
To tame that *Nation*, if a war it waged.

Thy *Patriots* perceiv'd, that to begin
With *Ireland*, would become the meanes to win
Great *Britaine* to the *Romish* yoake anew ;
And, give the *Spaniard* courage, to pursue
His great designe upon the *British* nations.
They saw what civill broyles their *Tolerations*
Have bred in *France*. For, if within her wombe,
Rebecca could not but diseas'd become,
(Whilst she, at once, two sons did nourish there,
Which Fathers of unlike *Religions* were)
They thought, that if one *Kingdome* should admit
Two such *Conceptions*, to grow ripe in it,
They would, by daily struggling with each other,
Afflict the body of their nat'rall Mother ;
And, cause an endlesse *Warfare*, untill one
Were settled in possession, all alone.

Thou didst not then, within thy *Bounds* afford
An Altar both to *Baal*, and to the *Lord*.
What thou resolv'dst, was put in execution ;
Thy zeale was chill'd with no irresolution.

No

No haltings were apparant. No difunion
Did hazard (though it troubled) thy *Communion* :
And, though thy many follies brought afflictions,
(Which, of those errors, were the due corrections)
Yet, was thy faith in God, lesse violated :
Apparant evils not so palliated :
Prophanenesse, not so patroniz'd, as now :
Nor didst thou such impieties allow.

But, thou art changed from what once thou wert ;
Thy worfe hath overcome thy better part.
Vpon thine owne distempers thou art tost :
Thy confidence in God is almost lost.
And, thence it comes, that though thou dost abound
In many blessings ; thou art needy found.
This makes *Transgressions* to encrease upon thee ;
They bring new troubles, and new dangers on thee ;
These make thee feare ; thy terror causes thee
Impatient of thy feared harmes to be :
Impatience makes thee so unfit to stay
Gods leasure ; that, thou runn'st another way,
And seek'st for helpe in thine owne *Fantasies*,
In fleshly *Leagues*, and humane *Policies*.

Those courses overwhelm thee with new sins :
From them another brood of *Plagues* begins,
Which doth not mollifie, but more obdure
Thy flinty brest : and will at last procure
Thy totall overthrow ; unlesse thou climbe
The hill of hearty *Penitence*, in time.

Growne fat with ease, & wealth, thou hast forfook
Thy God ; and many crooked courses tooke.
God, who did thee so love, and so esteeme ;
Who did create thee, and thy life redeeme ;
Thou hast forgotten : yea, rejected him,
And, fought those gods, thy Father did contemne.

His

His Counfells, and his law, thou haft defpised ;
 Nay, unto Devills, thou haft facrificed ;
 And, them and thine owne lufts, preferd before
 His honour, whom thou fhouldft have prized more.

The corne, and oile, & wine which thou enjoyedft
 As tokens of his love, thou mif-employedft.
 The jewels he vouchsafed to adorne thee,
 (For his own pleasure) thou on thofe that fcorne thee
 Bestowft againe. The beautie which he gave,
 That he the more delight in thee might have,
 Thou bafely prostitutedft unto thofe
 That are thy luftfull wooers, and his foes.
 Thy *Vines* like thofe of *Sodom* are become,
 Ev'n like thofe plants, that are derived from
Gommorrah's Vineyard ; and their Clusters all
 Are fowre ; or elfe, more bitter, far, then gall.
 Thy Wine is *Dragons* poifon : yea, thou haft
 In all thy pleafant things, a lothfome taft.

But, thus in groffe, why fhould I longer fpend
 My time, thy wickedneffe to reprehend ?
 Since thou art impudent, and haft the face,
 To make of thefe upbraidings my difgrace ?
 In my next *Canto's* therefore, Ile prefer
 Of thy *Transgreffions* a *PERTICULER*,
 So duly urg'd ; that none fhall juftly fay
 I utter what I fhould not open lay :
 Or that my *Verfe* doth brand thee with a crime,
 Whereof their lives not witneffe all this time.
 Obferve it ; and if ought I mention here,
 Not fitly fpoken to the publike eare ;
 Or if, but in a word, I wrong thee fhall ;
 Me to the moft impartiall cenfure call :
 Let my good purpofes be punifht more,
 And pittied, alfo leffe then heretofore.

Lct

Let me of all thy children be reviled ;
 From thy most pleasant *Borders* live exiled :
 And never be recall'd. But, if I tell
 What thy best Lovers shall approve of well.
 If *Truth* I utter ; and such Truth as is
 ' To be disclof'd : then marke what's found amisse.
 Amend thine errors. Let thy folly cease.
 Love him, that loves unfainedly thy peace.
 At least, despight him not. But, if thou doe,
 Yet he will serve thee still, and love thee too :
 Thy welfare rather then his owne prefer :
 And, leave this *Booke* for thy REMEMBRANCER.

The sixth *Canto*.

The Poet (weighing well his Warrant)
Goes on with his enjoyned Arrant.
Impartially he doth relate
This Ilands good and bad estate.
What sev'rall finnes in her have place ;
How grosse they are ; how they encrease,
He also tels : and, then he shewes
That nor the Gentiles, nor the Iewes,
Were check'd, or plagu'd for any Crimes,
Which are not reigning in these times.
Next that, he boldly doth reprove
The course in which our Nobles move ;
Derides their folly, blames their sin,
And warnes what dangers we are in.
Our Gentry then he reprehends ;
Their foolish humours discommends ;
And (having brought them to their sights)

P

Vpon

*Vpon the guilty Clergy lights;
On Lawyers that abuse the Lawes,
On Officers, and on the Cause
Of most Corruptions: Last of all
On some enormities doth fall
Which are in Court and City found;
And runs this Canto, there, aground.*

BVt, am I well advis'd? and doe I know
From whence, & from what *Spirit* this doth flow?
Doe I remember what, and who I am,
That I this famous *Monarchy* should blame?
Am I assur'd no ill-suggesting *Spirit*
(In hatred of thine honourable merit)
Seduceth me (oh *Britiane*) that I might
Become an instrument of his despight?
Have I considered of what esteeme
Thou art? How great thy Piety doth seeme?
What glorious titles, and transcendent stiles
Thou hast obtain'd above all other *Isles*?
What attributes unto thy selfe thou givest?
What of thine owne perfections thou beleevest?
And what thy flattrring *Priests* and *Prophets* say
Of thy admired happinesse this day?

Yes, yes; all this I ponder'd, and I know
What good or evill from this act may flow.
I am not ignorant, that thou hast beene
Among the neighb'ring Countries as a *Queene*,
Among her Ladies. Formes of Government,
Or Lawes, or Customes, through Earths Continent,
Are none received that more pious be,
Or more upright then those that are in thee.

Among faire *Sions* Daughters, none doth sit
More free from blemishes (then thou art yet)

In

In points of Christian Doctrine (though there are
 Some, who in that simpleness begin to marre)
 No people doth retaine a *Discipline*
 More *Apostolicall*, then some of thine.
 No *Church* that's visible, hath kept more pure
 The grounds of *Faith*, nor countenanced fewer
 Of *Romes* innumerable *Superstitions*;
 Of uselesse, or of burdensome *Traditions*,
 Then thou hast lately done. I feele thou hast
 Some warmth yet left. As yet, so brazen-fac'd
 Thou art not growne, but that thou dost despise
 Notorious Crimes, and open *Heresies*;
 Because the hidden *Leaven* of thy sin
 To sowre the Lumpe, is (yet) but new put in.

I'll doe thee right, and give thee all thy due,
 Before thy follies further I pursue.
 I know that thou with *patience* heretofore
 (Ev'n like the Church at *Ephesus*) hast bore
 Thy Christian Labours; that, thou hast been moved
 Against offenders; that, thou such hast proved,
 Who falsely did affirme themselves to be
Apostles; and, strong Faith was found in thee.
 Yea, thou didst long those heresies resist,
 Which God abhorreth; and didst them detest.

I know, that like the *Smyrnian* Congregation
 Thou hast through poverty and tribulation,
 Got heav'nly Riches: neither didst thou feare,
 When they, who of the Church of *Satan* were,
 Blasphem'd the Truth, and did themselves professe
 True *Isra'elites*, when they were nothing lesse.

I know, that when thy Lott it was to dwell
 Like *Pergamus*, ev'n where the throne of *Hell*
 Erected was (and in their bloody Raigne,
 By whom so many *Martyrs* here were slaine)

P 2

Thou

Thou didst not then the faith of *Christ* deny,
Nor from professing of his *Gospel* flye.

I know, that *Thyatira*-like thy love,
And thy devotion did unfained prove ;
And that thy piety, and righteousnessse
Did (for a season) more and more encrease.

I know, thy goodnesse is not quite bereft,
But that (like *Sardis*) thou some *Names* hast left
That walke with *Christ*, from all pollution free,
In those white Garments that unspotted be.

I know that like the Church of *Philadelph*,
Thou hast a little strength within thy selfe :
Gods word, and holy Sacraments yet are
(As pledges of his love) preserved here.
And I doe know, that, since thou heretofore
Didst love the Truth ; God will his grace restore,
On thy repentance ; and in all temptation
Become thy sole sufficient preservation ;
Yea make all them, who now false boasters be
Of true Religion, to subscribe to thee ;
Confesse he loves thee ; and to thee hath given
That *Cities* title, that came downe from heaven.

But, much is, yet amisse ; and (to prevent
Thy Ruine) I advise thee to repent.
Remember (oh ! remember thou) from whence
Thou fallen art ; and seeke by penitence
To rise againe. Thy former works renew ;
Thy lately practis'd wickednesse eschew ;
What thou hast lost, endeavor to regaine ;
Hold fast that *Faith* which yet thou dost retaine ;
Awake, and use thine utmost pow'rs, to cherish
Those Graces, which in thee are like to perish.
Oh ! doe it speedily, whilst he doth knock
That opes the doore, which no man can unlock,

And

And shuts, where none doth open : yea (lest he
Come suddenly, and take away from thee
Thy pretious *Candlestick*) renew thy zeale ;
And unto him thy sinne, betimes, reveale.

Marke, to the Churches, what the *Spirit* saith ;
And purchase thou of *Christ* (by lively faith)
To make thee rich, gold tryed in the fire,
To hide thy filthy nakednesse, desire
The pure white rayments of his Righteousnesse.
Thy former sight, that thou maist repofseffe,
His *eye-salve* take : The conquest strive to get,
That of the hidden *Manna* thou maist eate ;
And gaine the *Stone*, inscribed with a *Name*,
Which none can know, but he that weares the same.

For, I must tell thee, thou art run astray,
And (like a whorish wife) hast cast away
Thy old affection : thy first-love is gone,
And other friends thy heart hath doted on.
Thou hast not halfe that zeale, which thou hast bore
To thy *Redeemers* honor heretofore ;
That simplenesse, thou hast not in thy workes ;
But, base dissembling in thine actions lurkes.
Some Doctrines also are in thee profest,
Without reproofe, which God doth much detest.
Thou dost let goe unpunished in thee,
Those persons that notorious sinners be,
And impudently wicked : thou mak'st light
Of their misdeeds, in vertuous mens despight.
Thou hast conniv'd at those, who in the Land
Have with an high, and an imperious hand
(Like *Iezabel*) oppressed and bereav'n
The poore mans portion in contempt of Heav'n.
Thou hast blasphemers, who doe falsely say,
That they are *Catholiques*, (and none but they)

P 3

Yet

Yet, if they heeded what their words imply,
Their owne *Distinction* gives themselves the Lye.

The *Babylonish* Strumpet thou (as yet)
Within thy territories dost permit :
Who doth seduce Gods people, and thy Nations ;
And make them drunken with her *Fornications*.
Tho hast those *Hypocrites* that make a show
Of zealous hearts, when they are nothing so.
Thou hast those *Baalamites*, that in the way
Of weake Professors, stumbling blocks doe lay :
And practise cunning sleights of policy,
To bring thee backe unto *Idolatry*.

To trouble and distract thee, they invent
Strange questions, doubtfull, and impertinent.
By needlesse provings, by their vaine confutings,
By over nice distinctions, and disputings,
And by their multitudes of windy notions,
They have so interrupted thy devotions,
So over-whelm'd thy Faith ; so tired out
Thy knowledge, (with still running round about)
That there is left but little care in thee,
How much decayed thy *good manners* be.

Indeed, of thy lost Vertues, there's a *Fame*
Remaining still ; and thou hast yet a *Name*
To be alive ; but, some doe greatly feare
That thou art either dead, or very neare.
Though *Laodicea* like thou proudly vauntest,
That rich thou art, and that thou nothing wantest :
Though thou art happy in thine owne esteeme,
And dost to thine owne selfe quick-fighted seeme :
Yet, were thy *Judgement* cleared, thou wouldst finde
That thou art wretched, naked, poore, and blinde.
Thou dost almost that lukewarme temper hold,
Which neither can be termed hot, nor cold.

Thy

Thy wickednesse is (well neere) growne as ripe,
As hers, that served for thy Prototype.

Nay, Gods great *Volume* mentions not a sin,
Wherewith or place, or person, taxt hath bin,
But thou hast practis'd it ; and of thine owne
Hast added others, to those times unknowne.

With our first *Parents*, there are some in thee,
Who strive to eate of Gods forbidden tree ;
And have upon them such an itch to know
Those things which he vouchsafeth not to show :
That, from their eyes true wisdome it hath hid,
And more endanger'd them, then *Adam* did.

Thou hast a brood of *Cainites*, that envies
Their brethrens better pleasing sacrifice ;
And persecutes, and flanders, (what it may)
All those that walke not in their wicked way :
And thirst with greedinesse to shed their blood,
Who seeke their safeties, and effect their good.

There be, among thee, some just like that Race,
Who (being made the *Sonnes of God*, by Grace)
Did with mans female issue fall in love ;
And these beget a mongrell brood, that prove
The *Giants* of their times ; and, those, that will
The measure of the worlds misdeeds fulfill.

They (as those carelesse people did, on whom
An univerfall *Deluge* once did come)
Eate, drinke, and take their pleasure, without care,
How many or how great their follies are.
And, though a Iudgement on their head is pour'd,
They will not heed it, till they are devour'd.

As soone as any *Plague* from us is gone,
We build and plant, and in our sins run on :
Or when (with *Noah*) blessings we have had,
(Instead of being in Gods favour glad)

P 4

We

We doe in some vaine mirth bewray our folly ;
 In drunken feasting, or in games unholy.

Since out of beastly *Sodom* they were got,
 Thy Children have among themselves (like *Lot*)
 Committed much uncleanness ; whence proceeds
 A Race, which discord in thy borders breeds.

Like *Laban*, many wickedly detain
 The workmans hire ; and make unlawfull gaine
 From their owne Children. Some (with *Ismael*)
 Are bitter mockers ; some (with *Esfau*) sell
 Their heav'nly Birth-rights ; & for what d'ye thinke ?
 For worse then porridge ; ev'n for smoake and stinke.

We have as mighty *Hunters* (now adayes)
 As *Nimrod*, and as willfull in their wayes.
 Some, of their brethren merchandizes make,
 Like *Jacobs Sonnes*, and money for them take.

With *Simeon*, and with *Levi* ; some, pretend
Religious cause ; when for some other end
 They doe project ; and, maskes of holy zeale
 Doe often bloody cruelties conceale.

For wives, for wealth, and for our vaine delights,
 We change *Religion*, like the *Sichemites*.
 We have those Iudges, who will (*Judah*-like)
 Their brother, for his fault severely strike ;
 Deride, taunt, censure, and without compassion,
 To death condemne him, for the same transgression
 Which they are far more guilty of then he :
 And those the *Plague-fores* of this *Iland* be.

We have in either sex, of those that are
 As wicked as the wife of *Potiphar*.
 Ev'n those, who so wil slander, and accuse ;
 If any to obey their lust refuse.

Like *Er* and *Onan*, we have wicked heires,
 Who rather would consume themselves, and theirs,

In

In fruitlesse vanities, then part from ought
By which their brothers welfare might be wrought.

With *Phar'oh*, we Gods judgements do contemn,
And grow the bolder, and the worse by them.
When he most plagued us, we most presumed ;
And sinned most, when we were most consumed.

Nor blood, nor frogs, nor loathsome lice, nor flies,
Nor murraines, biles, nor botches can suffice
To make our Nations their bad lives reforme ;
Nor Locusts, nor the leafe devouring worme ;
Nor horrid darknesse, liable to sense,
Nor Haile, nor Thunders, nor the Pestilence ;
Nor bringing us to springs that bitter are ;
Nor sweetning those things that unfav'ry were ;
Nor strange deliv'rances by sea and land ;
Nor Gods protecting us with his owne hand ;
Nor Quailles, nor *Manna*, (blessings which be rare)
Nor favours which more ordinary are :
No, nor Gods dreadfull Anger, nor his Love,
Can our hard hearts unto repentance move ;
But, we (like *Ægypt*) in rebellion be,
And, full as faithlesse as the *Iewes*, are we.

Among us, we have wealthy men, who may
Whole Groves dispend ; yet on the *Sabbath* day
They'll gather sticks. Ev'n to the Devill, some
With no lesse worthy sacrifices come,
Then sons and daughters. For, what lesse do they
Who them in wedlocke wickedly betray
To open *Hereticks* ? Or, they that make
Their mar'ages, for wealth, and honors sake,
Without affection ? And (I pray) what lesse
Doe they, who force their children to professe
Unlawfull trades ? There be among us, living
Too many, that, ev'n whilst the *Law* is giving,

P 5

Doe

Doe fet up golden calves. Such men are they,
Who in the *Church*, or on Gods *Holiday*,
Are plodding on the world; whilst they should bend
Their eares to God, and on his will attend.

We have (our best proceedings to withstand)
A *Iannes*, and a *Iambres* in the Land,
Who (by their forceries) continue shall
Some people of this Monarchy in thrall:
Vntill a Plague (like *Ægypt's* lowfinesse)
Shall make them God Almightyes pow'r confesse.

Young *Nadabs* and *Abihues*, we have some,
That with strange fires unto Gods altar come:
Their dull devotions kindled are with sticks,
And wither'd leaves of humane Rhetoricks;
They offer up to God, their vaine *Orationes*,
Compos'd of *Clinchings*, and *Adnoninations*;
Which he abhorres; with all that frothy stuffe,
Of which this age hath more then thrice enough.

Our brethren by extortion we oppresse:
The stranger, (nay, our kin) are harbourlesse;
And those offences we have *Patron* for,
Which many Heathen people did abhor.

With *Miriam* and with *Aaron*, we have such,
Who at their brethrens due preferment grutch;
Hot spirits, troublefome to civill states;
Like *Corah* and his rude confederates.
These argue much for pop'lar parities,
And raile upon all civill dignities;
But when they can attaine them, none speake louder
In their defence; nor are there any prouder.

We Gailants have more impudent, then e're,
Yong *Zimri*, and his *Cozhi* did appeare:
And doubtlesse we have *Achans* who have hidden
Some *Babylonish* things which are forbidden.

For

For all the Land much troubled we may see ;
And many thinke, it shall not quiet be,
Till they be found. *Reveale thou their transgressions,*
O Lord ! and be thou prais'd in their confessions.

We have, this day, amongst us, many a *Bramble*,
That, like *Abimelech*, knowes how to scramble
Above their owne deservings : and (though base
Vnworthy shrubs) durst arrogate a place
More eminent, then dares the noblest Plant,
Whereof the Mountaine *Libanus* doth vaunt.
By others vertues these ascend on high,
And raise themselves to such authority,
That our most noble *Cedars* are o're-topt ;
Our pleasant *Figtrees*, are bescratcht and dropt ;
Our *Vines* are shadow'd, and unfruitfull made ;
Our *Olives* robbed of that oile they had ;
Yea, all our Forrest and our garden trees,
By their ambition, fruit, or honour, leese.

Thou nourisht hast, and fondly doted on
Those cunning *Dalilahs*, who having won
Thy good respect, doe practise how to spye
Wherein the chiefest of our strength doth lye ;
That (having by their flatt'ries lull'd asleepe
Those watchmē eyes that should our fortresses keep)
They may (unheeded) steale our pow'r away,
And to our greatest Foes our lives betray.

Here want not such as *Michah*, who with ease
Can make a new *Religion* when they please ;
Coine formes of worship proper to their *Self* ;
A private Church among themselves erect ;
Make *Priests* at their owne pleasure ; furnish them
Ev'n with their owne new-fangled *Teraphim* ;
And preach abroad for good divinity,
The tumours of their windy fantasie :

Nay, some of them far stranger things can doe ;
For, they can make their *gods*, and eate them too.

There be of us, as wilfull Favourites
Of wicked men as were the *Benjamites* ;
And, rather then we will deliver them
To feele the stroke of Iustice, who contemne
The wayes of goodnesse ; we will hazardize
Our peace, our fame, and our posterities.

We have those Prophets who (with *Balam*) know
Gods pleasure, and what way they ought to goe :
And, yet, will for preferment doe their best,
That they his plaine revealed *Will* may wrest.
And though they are, perhaps, asham'd to say
Their mindes in publique, closely they'll betray
The Lords inheritance ; and Scripture prooffe
Inferre for all things to their owne behoofe.

If of the pop'lar faction these become,
And thinke some gaine may be atchieved from
That side ; Gods word they will produce for those
That would disloyally their *King* oppose :
If by the *Prince* advantage may be had,
Then, God himfelse an instrument is made
To warrantize their claimes ; and, Tyranny,
Shall proved be a lawfull *Monarchy*.

As rash as *Iephtha*, in our vowes are we ;
As *Ehuds* gift, such oft our presents be.
In entertainments some like *Iael* are ;
And, in their complements may well compare
With bloody *Jeab* : for, they make their table
Become a snare : and (when most serviceable
They doe appeare) unheeded, they unsheath
Some fatall instrument, that wounds to death.

Like old indulgent *Eli*, some connive
At all the sins, in which their children live :

Nay,

Nay, glory in their lewdnesse ; and maintaine
 In them those follies, which they should reſtraine ;
 Till their owne ſhame, and their undoing followes,
 And their wilde brood be tamed at the Gallowes.
 Nor were the ſonnes of *Eli*, heretofore
 More wanton at the *Tabernacle* doore,
 Then ſome young Priests of ours ; whom to correct,
 The *Fathers* of our *Church* ſo much neglect,
 That if they long connive as they have done,
 The glory of our *Iſi'el* will be gone.

Like thoſe *Philiftians*, whoſe advice it was
 To fixe *God's* Arke, and *Dagon*, in one place,
 We have too many ; and, they cannot ſee,
 Why *God* and *Baal*, in one, ſhould not agree.
 But, when they raiſe their *Idol* in theſe Lands,
Lord, let it fall, and loſe both head and hands.

We are as curious as the *Bethſhemites*,
 And long as much to ſee forbidden fights :
 Like thoſe of *Ekron*, we profeſſe to know
 The trueſt God, and whence our troubles grow :
 Yet, are ſo ſtupid, that we ſleight his Grace,
 And, ſend him from us, to another place.
 Yea, like the *Gadarens*, we for our Swine,
 Would baniſh *Chriſt*, and ſleight his love divine :

With *Saul*, we doe neglect what ſhould be done ;
 And ſacrifice, when God requireth none.
 Fat Sheepe and Oxen we prefer before
 Obedience to the Lord ; and follow more
 Our will then his. When God ſaith *kill*, we ſpare,
 And where he bids, *be kinde*, we cruell are.
 No love, no kindneſſe, no ſincerity,
 No tokens of unfained piety
 Can ſlay our furies, or divert our mind,
 When we are once maliciously enclin'd.

Goliath

Goliah like, Gods army some contemne ;
 With *Rabshakeh*, some others doe blaspheme ;
 Some curse (with *Shimei*) Gods best beloved ;
 As causelesly, to grieve them they are moved,
 And are of gaine as greedy. For, if they
 Have but an uselesse *Groome* escap'd away,
 (Or lost a beast) for such a petty prise,
 They would not stick their lives to hazardize.

VVe have those *Michols*, which will scoffe & flout
 At such as are most zealously devout.
 We have those dog-like *Doegs* in our Courts,
 That gladly heare and utter all reports,
 To disadvantage them, whose wayes are pure,
 And cannot their impieties endure.

VVe have those *Nabals*, upon whom all cost,
 All curtesies, and kindnessees are lost.
 We have (like *Vzzah*) those that dare to touch
 Gods holy Arke. Nay, we have worfe then such,
 Ev'n those that rob it ; and themselves adorne
 With Iewels, from the *Sanctuary* torne.

With *David*, some have thought their sins to hide ;
 And, their *Adulteries*, in *Murther* dy'd.
 Officious knaves (like *Ziba*) we have some,
 VVho by their *Masters* falls, to greatnesse come ;
 And (though they did men innocent betray)
 VVithout reproving, they doe passe away.

VVe have those wicked *Ammons*, who defile
 Their sisters. And, to lay a cunning wile
 For helping their companions to a drab,
 VVe have more subtil Bauds then *Ionadab*.

Those disobedient *Abfoloms* there be
 Among us here, that wish to seeke and see
 Their Parents death ; like him, they can concale
 Their ends, till they (by faire dissembling) steale

Mens

Mens hearts away ; and then abuse them so,
That all seemes just, and honest which they doe.

VVe have *Achitophels*, that are as wise
Against Gods honor, projects to devise,
As if the *Delphian* Oracle were sought :
But, still in their owne pit-fals they are caught.
For, he that honest purposes doth blesse,
Converts their wisdome into foolishnesse.

VVe have with *Solomon* (though none so wise)
Men wonne by women to Idolatries.
VVith *Ieroboam*, we have those who strive
A settled temp'rall fortune to contrive
By ruining *Religion* ; and to win
An outward peace, by tolerating sin :
Not heeding that a greatnesse so procur'd,
Hath seldome to a third descent endur'd.
To serve an Idoll we like him proceed.
Although Gods Messengers reprove the deed.
And though our arme be wither'd, for our sin,
Our obstinacies we continue in.

VVe want not *Rehoboams* Counsellors,
VVhose unexperienc'd *Policy* prefers
Harsh courses, rather then a calme proceeding ;
VVhen times are troublesome, & dangers breeding.

VVe have (with *Ahab*) those who covet so
Their neighbours Vineyard, that they fullen grow,
And can nor eate, nor sleepe, till they may plot,
How their ungodly longings may be got :
And we have *Iezabels* enough, to further
Their claimes by flanders, perjury, and murther.
Nor want such *Elders*, and such *Nobles* here,
As those that Citizens with *Naboth* were.
For should (as God forbid) our faithfull *King*,
Desire to compasse any lawlesse thing,

Or

Or seeke his loyall *Subjects* to bereave
 Of what their *Ancestors* to them did leave :
 We have of those (I doubt) that would effect it
 According to their pow'r : nay, project it,
 And urge him, and perswade him, that (of right)
 He overthrow their lawfull freedomes might.

We have of those (I feare) that would command
 A Fast (like *Iezabels*) throughout the Land,
 And underneath a maske of Piety,
 Proceede to practise any Villany,
 Which might advance their greatnesse : and, I doubt
 Some *Priests*, would helpe to set the project out.

Yea, we those *Iudges*, and those *Elders* have,
 That if a man his neighbours Vineyard crave,
 He need not, for his purpose, name the King.
 Or Letters from the royall *Signet* bring
 To move the same : Nor were it necessary
 That (to corrupt them) he Epistles cary
 From some great Lords. For if he can but make
 The tongues of golden Angels for him speake ;
 Or get some one, on his behalfe to write,
 That is but servant to a *Favourite* ;
 The deed is done : and they will feele no sence
 Of others griefes, or of their owne offence.

We have such Prophets as *Zidkiah* was,
 Who are no whit asham'd, in publique place,
 To speake false messages ; and those to smite,
 That in Gods name have spoken what is right.

We have *Gehezies* ; fellowes that will take
 Vnlawfull bribes ; ev'n those who sale doe make
 Of what their *Masters* shou'd have, gratis, done ;
 And force out fees, where they can challenge none.
Gehezies did I call this crew ? I feare
 I wrong the Leper : for his brib'ries were

But

But petty pillages, to those rich preyes,
 On which some one of these his fingers layes.
 He askt and had a willing gratulation,
 From one both rich, and of another Nation :
 But, these extort, compel, and silylly scrue
 Vnjust demandings, as a lawfull due.
 From friends, from strangers, from both poore & rich
 Their fingers to be scraping have an itch.
 For making their poore fuitor, wait and pray,
 (When they might have dispatcht him) he must pay.
 For surly speeches, and for proud neglect,
 They must be humoured with all respect.
 When to their *Client*, they a wrong have done,
 He must not seeme to know or think thereon ;
 But, faine all noble thoughts of them to have,
 Or, in some other persons, call them knave.
 And bribe them still, in hope they may be won,
 Yet, at the last, be cheated and undone.
 We have among us, men as very fooles
 As *Na'man* was ; who thinke *Damascus* pooles
 As good as *Jordan* : and (like him) at home
 Some serue one God ; and when to *Court* they come,
 Professe another. We have those that be
 As trustlesse of Gods promises, as he,
 Who in *Samaria's* gate was trodden on :
 These may behold the favours which are done
 To faithfull men ; but, till they can beleewe,
 They shall not taste what blessings those receive.
 Here be like *Haz'el*, those who seeme to hate
 All tyrannizing, in their low estate ;
 Yet, being once promoted, throw aside
 All pity ; and all piety deride.
 Yea, that which formerly they did contemne,
 (As vilifying, and debasing them,

Below

Below a Dogs condition) they allow,
 VWhen to their height of greatnesse once they grow.

(If none yet live) we had in former time,
 Ev'n those that guilty were of *Zimries* crime.
 Most *Officers*, like *Iehu*, doe begin
 Good reformation, at first entring in ;
 Their violent *Zeale* doth seeme to say, *Come see,*
How just in our proceedings we will be.
 But, oft they prove meere *Hypocrites*, who having
 Acquired meanes to colour their deceiving,
 Surpasse the worst : and by degrees proceed,
 Till they appeare the men they were indeed.

Like wicked *Haman* ; some, unlesse they may
 Insult and trample on poore *Mordecai*,
 Are so distemper'd by their haughty minde,
 That they nor pleasure, nor contentment finde,
 In honours, riches, or in any blessing,
 VWhich they already have in their possessing :
 But, will pursue, and ruine, if they can,
 VWhole Kingdomes, for their malice to one Man.

As proud are we as *Nebuchadnezar* :
 In feastings, as profuse as *Balthazar*,
 And as prophane as he. VVe sometime seeke
 The god of *Ekron*, *Ahaziah* like.
 Like *Amaziah* (an informing Priest
 Of *Bethel*) we have those that will resist
 Gods *Messengers* ; and would not heare them bring
 Into the *Court* or *Chappell* of the King,
 The sound of that reproofe or punishment,
 VWhich to pronounce among us they were sent :
 And, these, perhaps, when they my Arrand see,
 Vill prove as busie as that *Priest* with me.
 But, if they doe (as *Amos* said to him)
Although I be no Prophet, nor of them

That

*That are the founnes of Prophets ; God doth know
 He called me to this (which now I doe)
 From viler actions, then from gathering fruit,
 Or foll'wing herds : And I will make pursuit
 Of what he bids me ; though oppos'd I stand,
 By all the Priests and Prelates in the Land.
 And if they contradict, what well is done
 Their heads, at last, the shame shall light upon.*

Some Courtiers now, like *Daniels* foes, there are,
 That will object as things piacular,
 The truest *Piety* ; and seeke to bring
 Ev'n those to be suspected of the King,
 Who strive most loyally, to keepe his *Name*
 In honour ; and his *Kingdome* without blame.

As *Iudah* had (in *Zephaniahs* times)
 Her Priests of *Baal* ; the name of *Chemarims* ;
 Those, who the heav'nly army did adore ;
 Those, also, who by *God*, and *Malchom*, swore ;
 And multitudes among them, who did weare
 Fantastick *Habits* : So, we harbor here
 Some *Shavelings* yet ; some *Romish superstitions* ;
 To *Saints* we offer up some vaine petitions ;
 Equivocating *Oathes* we often take ;
 And, we our selves, in our apparell, make
 Deformed, by a skittish imitation
 Of ev'ry new-found guise in ev'ry Nation.
 I doe not think (nor have I ever thought)
 That in it selfe it is materiall ought,
 What shaped Robes I weare : nor do I hold
 That any *Fashion*, whether new or old,
 Doth so much handsome or disfigure any,
 As it may seeme to do, perchance, to many.
 It is the *Time*, or else their mindes, that weare
 Such clothes, which make them good or bad appear.
 Those

Those fooles who bring new fashions first ; and they
 That haſt to follow them (and thinke it gay
 And generous) are thoſe unworthy ones,
 That bring ſuch folly, ſhame, and coſt upon's.
 But, when thoſe *Garbes* grow generall ; then, we
 That firſt abhorred them, compelled be
 To take them up : leſt our old clothes be thought
 New fashions from ſome forrain kingdomes brought :
 Or, leſt we ſhould by ſome be thought to erre,
 In being over nice, and ſingular.

Moſt other people, both at home, and here,
 Doe in their habits, like themſelves appeare :
 But, whereſoe're we come, we change our ſhapes,
 And, in our geſtures, are all Nations Apes.
 True gravity, we ſo are fallen from,
 And, ſo abſurdly blockiſh are become ;
 That, ſtrangers jeere us, to behold how ſoone
 We get the garbe of ev'ry fond *Baboon*.
 Yea, they are proud, to ſee that we condemne
 Our owne attires, by imitating them.
 And I doe bluſh to thinke, that our whole Nation
 Should of it ſelfe admit a transformation,
 So ſuddenly (as oftentimes we ſee)
 To imitate the guiſe of two or three.

But, ſo it is : And at this preſent tide,
 Our female Gentry is ſo frenchifi'd ;
 That we have ſcarce a Gentlewoman now,
 In clothes, more handſome bodied then a Cow.
 Thoſe women who e'rewhile were goodly creatures,
 Proportion having, and (me thought) ſweet features ;
 Doe looke as triple-bodi'd *Gerion* did,
 When they in their miſ-shapen gownes are hid :
 For, either arme, in ſuch a mould is caſt,
 As makes it full as fullſome as their waſte.

Their

Their necks stand sneaking out, before those ruffles,
Which lie behind their backs with wide mouth'd puffs
As doth a peeled Ewes, whose fleece unshorne,
Was from about her neck with brambles torne.
Their flaring curls about their shag-thorne browes,
Doe, of the fairest Lady, make a bloufe.
Thofe demy-skarfes, they wreathe about their chaps,
(Which may be comely to some eyes, perhaps)
Doe make them seeme as Antick-like to me,
As *Hags*, that sent to fright yong children be.
And I am fory, that a foolish pride
Should make our *Beauties* their perfections hide
In such a masking fuit. And that a few
Fantastick women, so great numbers drew
To follow their new-fangles; and befot
Their judgements, by that fashion newly got.
For, not meane wits alone; but, of the wisest;
(Nay, of the most religious, and precisest)
There are great multitudes befool'd in this:
And, *She*, that of that *Guise* their *Patterne* is,
(Perhaps) derides their ficklenesse. For she
Is from their minde, and from their folly free.
Nought, but her country fashion, she hath worne:
And, that which them deforms, doth her adorne.
Yea, they have either misd of her dresse:
Or else she gives it much more lovelinesse,
For to my eye there is some excellence
Which puts t'wixt her and them much difference.
And this opinion is not mine alone:
For, so much hath beene said by many a one.
Oh! show the sweetnesse of your disposition,
In hearing me, and granting my petition.
Lay off your strange attires, that we may know
If you be Englishwomen, yea or no.

Your

Your monstrous habit, each true *Britaine* lothes ;
 And, were your bodies formed like your clothes,
 (Which God in *Iustice*, may effect, perchance)
 You might go seek your fortunes out in *France*,
 From whence your new proportion hither came :
 For, we shall never truly love the same.
 Because, if other men have thoughts like mine,
 It would appeare to be some fatall signe,
 To see our women leave their native fashion,
 And, turne themselves into another *Nation*.

But, let these *Females* goe. I hope that she
 Who shall be mine (if any such there be)
 What ever accident or change befalls,
 Will still retaine her *English* naturals.
 More blame then this might in this kind be laid
 On women : but, unwillingly I said
 What here is uttered. And, if they had bin
 In those attires that I have seen them in,
 I had not on this over-sight reflected ;
 But, left them to be counsell'd and directed
 By their neare Friends or Husbands. Yet, alas !
 We have of them, whose levity doth pass
 The ficklenesse of these : and, they alone
 Are oft the cause, that these have so misgone.
 Nor ever did this folly more appeare,
 Then now it doth ; ev'n in this very yeare,
 Wherein the *Pestilence* devoured so :
 And, as that *Plague* decreased, this doth grow.

But, in *Transgressions*, how we parallell
 The times before, I will proceed to tell.
High-priests have we, who send out spies to watch
 The Preachers of Gods word ; and pick, and catch
 Advantages against them. Some of us
 Are like the *Silver-smiths* at *Ephesus*,

And

And, for their private lucre will contend
Against the Truth, and Heresies defend.
We, *Demas* like, have those Apostataes,
Who, for the world, forsake the Christian cause.
And, some there be, that with *Diotrophes*,
Affect preheminance in these our dayes.

Some, like the *Scribes* and *Pharises* do rinse
The Cup without ; but, have no care to cleanse
The loathsome inside. Some, have arrogated
Such *Holineſſe*, that they are separated
From others, as a spotlesse *Congregation*,
That is without all blame, or prophanation.

Some, like to those, their brethren disrespect
And, lordly titles over-much affect,
As did the *Jewish Rabbies*. Some, as they
On others backs uneasie burthens lay :
VVhich they themselves, to cary do refuse.
The *Orphane*, and the *Widow*, some abuse,
By shewes of piety. And, we have some,
In tything Anniseed, and Mint, become
Exceeding zealous : yet, have neither care
Nor conscience, in those things that waighty are.

VVe have our sev'ral *Brotherhoods* of those,
VVho seriously do Sea and Land enclose,
(And practise, by a multitude of sleights)
To win unto their *Sects* new *proselites* :
Not out of love to Truth, or Charity,
But rather to advance their Heresie.

VVho ever all their crotchets doth embrace,
Is instantly become the child of *Grace*,
(In their opinions) whatsoever he
In other points, or in his manners be.
But whosoe're he be that shall despise,
One branch of any toy, which they devise,

Is

Is judg'd a *Reprobate*. Yea, though in all
 The grounds of *Faith*, and in his works he shall
 Appeare unblemish'd; they will contemne
 His judgement; and traduce and censure him.
 Yea, some of those there be who have descride
 A trick to know who are unanctified;
 Though they have all the markes of holinesse.
 Nay, some are not ashamed to confesse,
 'To know what persons those hid marks do beare,
 Which knowne to no men but their wearers are.

Like *Ananias*, and *Saphira*, here
 Are they that holy *Brethren* doe appeare,
 Yet want sincerity. And, I could tell ye
 Of *multitudes*, who meerly for their belly,
 Doe follow *Christ*. With *Herod*, we have such
 Who heare men gladly, till those Crimes they touch
 Which are their *Darlings*: But, then mad they grow,
 And what they truly are, they truly show.

Like *Dives*, we have those that ev'ry day,
 Are fed with dainties; cloth'd with rich aray,
 And, full as mercilesse unto the poore,
 That lye uncloth'd, and hungry at the doore.

We have a rattle-brain'd and wilfull *Crew*,
 That with a purblinde zeale the *Truth* pursue:
 And would be found, were not their pow'r so small,
 More bloody, and more violent then *Paul*,
 Before his name was changed: for, they teare
 That Robe, whereof they doe professe a care.

We have those *Nobles*, who with *Felix*, can
 Confesse the innocency of a man
 Accus'd before them; and, yet leave him bound,
 If ought to their advantage may redound.

We have of those that *parcell Christians* be,
 As King *Agrippa*. Other some have we

That

That walke for company, they care not whither ;
 And, some that sleight Religion altogether.
 Nor want we those, that while they Christ professe,
 Convert his *Graces* into wantonneffe.

We are almost as wicked as old *Rome* :
 Of Heresies we are as full become,
 As *Amsterdam*. Nay, many men have we,
 That can of three or foure professions be,
 (Ev'n all at once) although that ev'ry *Seet*
 Each other doth directly contradiet.

We have an *Elimas*, who doth apply
 His cunning to pervert the *Deputy* :
 Like *Simon Magus*, we have *Merchants* here,
 That were baptized ; and yet without feare,
 Dare buy and sell those things that holy be ;
 And which, by Gods donation, should be free.
 Nay, in the gall of bitterneffe they lye,
 More deepe then he, from whom their *Symony*
 Deriveth name, for, he, in show, repenting,
 Did crave the *Churches* prayers for preventing
 Of his deserving : whereas, these devise
 Quaint arguments, their sin to patronize ;
 Or make it lesse. Else, by *equivocation*,
 Or, by their trickes of *mentall reservation*,
 They hide their fault : and (that the sin they doe
 May grow compleate) themselves they perjure too.

There be, that *Mammon*, for their God, adore :
 That make *Christs* members, members of a whore :
 And stained be with those offences all,
 Whereof the *Gentiles* were accus'd, by *Paul*.
 We all are guilty of much fraud, debate,
 Impiety, uncleanneffe, envy, hate,
 Backbiting, stealing, pride, maliciousneffe,
 Dissembling, murther, lying, spightfulneffe,

Q

Truce-

Truce breaking, disobedience, ignorance,
 Implacability, bold arrogance,
 Want of affections naturall, excesse,
 Inhumane cruelty, ungratefulnesse :
 Blaspheming, fwearing ; and innumerable
 Transgressions more, of that ungodly rable :
 And, some (when God Almighty poured hath
 Vpon their heads the *Viols* of his wrath)
 Instead of penitence, encrease the score
 Of their offences ; and, blaspheme the more.
 Nay, that we may be partners of their guilt,
 That have the blood of Gods *Anointed* spilt,
 With *Pilate* and the *Jewes*, we have, againe,
 The *Lord of Life*, both crucif'd, and slaine.

Thou hast, Oh *Britaine*, ev'ry thing misdone,
 That *Ashur*, *Moab*, *Ammon*, *Babylon*,
 Or any Kingdome hath transgressed in,
 Which unto Piety a foe hath bin.
 Of whatsoever *Iſr'el* was detected,
 For whatsoever *Judah* was corrected,
 Thou maist be taxed ; for, among thy Nations
 Are daily practis'd their abominations.
 Their tricks thou hast, to hinder and oppresse,
 Those men who tell thee of thy wickednesse.
 Right so thou dost debate ; so slander them :
 Right so, their just reproofes thou dost contemne :
 And, though their words are daily verifide,
 Yet, thou dost alwayes wilfully deride
 Their admonitions ; and, passe all things by,
 As falling on thee but by casualty.

I doe beleewe, and know, that, yet, in thee
 Some *Obadiahs*, and some *Ezraes* be.
 Some Courtiers, and some Nobles yet remaine,
 Which doe their true Nobility retaine :

But,

But, most of them their dignity have lost ;
And can of nought but painted Scuchions boast.

As did of theirs, the Iewish *Prophet* say,
Thy *Princes* doe procrastinate the day
Of thy Calamity ; and will not heare,
Of that affliction which approacheth neare :
But of *Iniquity* they climbe the feat ;
And, by extortion make their houses great.

Their *Palaces*, they feele and trim with gold,
Gods *Temples* being ruinously old.
On beds (more pretious then of Ivory)
They stretch themselves, and live luxuriously.
The pasture Lambes, and wainlings of the stall,
Suffice not them ; but they make prey of all,
Which liveth in the wood, or in the field ;
Or which the land, the sea, or ayre doth yeeld.
Their luscious wines in pretious bowls they quaffe ;
While *Ioseph* is afflicted they doe laugh ;
And sing unto the Violl, wanton straines,
While *Syon* in captivity remaines.
They have but little care of Gods commands ;
They breake his yoake, and cast away his bands.
Thy men in honour, without knowledge be,
Like beasts that perish ; and, dishonour thee.
Some have aspired to their present heights
Of wealth and greatnesse, by ignoble sleights :
Of others houses, they have got possession,
And, furnished their chambers, by oppression.
Their wives and children, waste in brave attire,
The poore mans portion, and the workmans hire.
Their credits they have pawned, to maintaine
Their luxury, their pride, or gaming vaine.
And, by their *Honors* have so falsly sworne,
That men their Idoll, and their oath do scorne.

Q 2

Some,

Some, have so blushlesse and so shamlesse beene,
 To let their Coach, and foot-cloth horfe, be seene
 At common Strumpets doores: their Favorites,
 (And they, in whom their Nobleneffe delights)
 Are gamesters, roarkers, persons dissolute,
 And such; for unto them such best do sute.
 To bold-fac'd Rimers, Iesters, or to those
 Who make their Lordships laugh with foolish prose,
 To Fencers, Fiddlers, Tumblers, and to such,
 Who any way their sensuall humours touch,
 Their hands are prodigall; and these obtaine
 Rich favours to requite their idle paine.
 Their tongues, to speake on their behalfe are free;
 When question'd for the foulest crimes they be.
 (Ev'n felonies and murders) but are mutes
 In vertuous causes, and in honest suits.
 When wise and painful men, have spent their wealth,
 Their strength consumed, or impair'd their health,
 In profitable works; and to reveale
 Such things as might advance the publike weale;
 Their labours (for the most) are over-past
 Without encouragement; sometimes, disgrac'd
 By arrogant impostors; who arise
 To greatnesse, by discrediting the wise;
 Or broaching such good projects for their owne,
 Which were by those mens industry made knowne,
 Whom they have ruined. For, what were some
 (That now to places eminent are come)
 Before they got aloft on others wings,
 But, poore unworthy, and ignoble things?
 Nay, what (as yet) appeare they (unto those
 Whose good experience their true value knows)
 But gilded ignorance? who having got
 The shadowes of the substance they have not,

Doe

Doe passe for men of worth, in their esteeming,
Whom they have cheated, by a cunning seeming.

Admit but some of these into such place,
VVhich may afford them priviledge, or grace,
To speake before their Prince ; and you shall heare
Their tongues to run, as if their knowledge were
As great as *Solomons* ; and that of all
The plants ev'n from the *Hysope* of the wall,
Vnto the *Cedar*, they could tell the nature ;
And knew the qualities of ev'ry creature.
They, *Protēus* like, will anything appeare ;
A *Sea-man*, *Ship-wright*, or an *Engineere*,
Or whatsoe're they list : and having bought
Of some poore Artifts ; or (some worfe way) wrought
Their *projects* from them, that they may be showne,
As if the quaint invention were their owne :
(And, having gotten also termes of *Art*,
To help them in the acting of their part)
To such opinion of themselves they rise,
That men of soundest knowledge they despise ;
Deride experience ; and, ev'n to their face,
The skill of most approved men disgrace.

Make these men *Counsellors*, and though till then
They knew not halfe so much as common men,
Nor had the meanes of knowing any thing,
But how to ride a horse, or take the Ring,
Or hunt, or hawk, or caper : yet (behold
A wonder) in a moment they grow old
In State affaires ; and nothing doth concerne
Or peace or war, which they have need to learne.

If any question be, before these, made,
Of Merchandise ; the skilfull'st in the trade
Are fooles to them ; and tis an arrogance
To offer to instruct their ignorance.

Q 3

If

If armes be treated of, there's no man knowes
 By practife, that which these men can disclose
 By contemplation. And though they have seene
 No other warres but those at *Mile end greene*,
 Or *Tulle-fields*; great *Mars* himfelfe, of these
 May learne to be a *Souldier*^ⁱ, if he please.

If any thing concerning *Navigation*,
 Be tendred to a grave confideration,
 These either dare affirme, or to deny
 What all the *Masters of the Trinity*
 Oppose them in; and *Novices* would make
 Of *Hawkings*, *Frobisher*, and famous *Drake*,
 Were they now living. And, yet such as they,
 The wreathes of *Honor* sooneſt beare away.

With empty *Names*, and *Titles*, being blowne
 Above themſelves, they are unweildy growne;
 And greater in their pride, and in their traine,
 Then their conſumed fortunes will maintaine.
 Which doth compell them, by unworthy wayes,
 To ſeeke the patching up of their decayes:
 And, ſtill in their profuſeneſſe they proceed,
 As if their prodigality ſhould breed
 New fortunes; and, were like thoſe wells that fill,
 And grow the purer, by exhausting ſtill.

In feaſts, apparell, furniture, and things
 Of ſuch like nature, many Chriſtian *Kings*,
 To equall them ſhall finde it much to doe:
 But, them they cannot very far outgoe,
 Vnleſſe they meane to draine their fountaines dry,
 With Fooles, in prodigality, to vye.

Hence comes it, that the Rents and Royalties
 Of *Kings* and *Princes*, which did well ſuffice
 In former times, to keep in comely port
 An honour'd, and an hoſpitable *Court*,

(Yea,

(Yea, and an Army if occasion were)
 Can hardly now the charge of household beare.
 For, they must either in their large expence,
 Come short of that profuse magnificence
 Among their *Vassals* : or else waste away
 The price of many *Lordships*, to defray
 The cost of one vaine supper ; and, from this,
 With other such like things, growes all amisse.
 For, one excesse another still produces ;
 One Foole out-vies his fellow Fooles abuses ;
 Vntill their wealth, and hopes, and reputation,
 Be wasted in a witnesse emulation :
 Not heeding what is taught them in the *Fable*,
 That when a *Toad* hath sweld while he is able,
 An *Oxe* is bigger, and with ease can smite
 His pride to nothing, when it is at height.

This over large profusenesse, they are faine
 By many evill courtes to maintaine :
 By bribery, by griping, by the sale
 Of *Iustice*, yea of *Conscience*, and of all
 That may be sold for mony. From hence springs
 Deceiving and mis-leading of good *Kings*.
 This, makes their *Treasuries* to ebbe so low ;
 This, makes their *Subjects* discontented grow ;
 This, makes the Merchant, and the Tradesmen, break ;
 This, makes the arme of *Iustice* grow so weake ;
 By this, are *States* unjointed, by degrees ;
 By this, their honour and their love they leese ;
 And, that confusion in upon them steales,
 Which ruines *Nations*, *Kings*, and *Commonweales*.

From hence are all those rascall Suits derived,
 By which the common dammage is contrived ;
 Hence, they (who by the publike desolation
 Would raise themselves) pretend the reformation

Q 4

They

They purpose not : and, by their faire pretences
To cure old *grievances*, breed new *offences*.
Hence comes it, that to keep themselves on hie,
They sell their country, and posterity
To slavery and bondage ; caring nought,
So they have rest, how dearly it be bought.
This, makes the *Grants* of Kings become so tickle,
And *Orders*, and *Decrees* of State, so fickle,
That no man knows when he hath ought procured,
How he, of what he hath may be assured ;
For, in a righteous cause, though he proceed,
And have it ratified and decreed,
By all Authority, that may be gained ;
A sleight suggestion (without reason fained)
May frustrate make the *Royall-Confirmation*,
Or keep him in an endlesse expectation,
Till he be quite undone. And, if his foes
Have wealth, (though no good reasons to oppose
His rightfull cause) he may be wheel'd about,
With *Orders*, that will fetch him in and out,
Till he be tyr'd : and, neither side is sure
Of conquest, till the other can procure
No bribe to give. VVhich is more wicked, far,
Then those injustices which practis'd are
In heathen Kingdomes : since, when any there,
For, *Iustice*, or *Injustice* bribed are ;
A man shall have his bargaine. And in this
More just they be then many a Christian is.
For, when some here are forced for their owne
To give great fines, they afterward are throwne
From their possessions, if another come
To buy *Injustice* with a larger sum.
Oh ! what a madnesse is it, for one day
On earth, to foole *Eternity* away ?

To

To sell both foule and body for meere toyes ;
 And reall comforts, for deceiving joyes ?
 To build their house with morter, which will burne
 The timber, and the structure overturne ?
 Perchance before the finishing be done,
 But (doubtlesse) e're the third descent be gone ?

What folly is it for a man to waste
 At one vaine triumph (which an houre doth last)
 More then the portion, ten and ten times told
 Which all his predecessors leave him could ;
 That, to his prejudice it may be knowne,
 How hastily a rich man he is growne ?

What meaneth he, who doth consume upon
 One banquet, what a towne of Garison
 Might live a yeare withall ; to heare it spoken,
 That so much cost was but a certaine token
 Of his corruption ? And that all the store
 He wasts, was got by making others poore ?
 Or that the greatnesse of his new gain'd glory,
 Is of the common wrongs a reall story ?

Who praiseth him for this ? or who doth call
 Him honorable, wise, or liberall,
 For, those expences ; but the rascall rable
 Of Coxcombs, and of Gulls, that haunt his table ?

What honour is it ? or what can it please,
 To be the Lord of many Palaces ?
 To have their Chambers, and their Galleries
 Adorned with most precious rarities ?
 To feed, and cloath, and patronize a number
 Of *Parasites*, and of *Buffoones*, to cumber
 Their walks and lodgings ? To have ev'ry day
 Their servants following them in rich aray ?
 Rich stuffes, with rich embroyderies to bury,
 To ride on princely charets ? or to hurry

Q 5

In

In gilt Caroches? or on pampered Steeds,
 (From *Turky* fetcht, or from the *Barbary* breeds)
 To prounce about the streets to show their pride?
 Or with vaine titles to be magnifi'd?
 What pleasure is all this, when they shall heare,
 How loud the clamour sounds in ev'ry eare,
 Of their oppressions, frauds, and cruelties?
 And how the people curse their tyrannies?
 Their state, and their ambition to maintaine;
 How many, oh! how many to complaine
 Constrained are? Alas! how many a one
 Have their proud followers tyranniz'd upon?
 And of their servants, what great numbers too,
 Doe these by their ambitiousnesse undoe?
 The faces of the poorer fort they grinde;
 The bread of *Orphanes* (who the while are pinde)
 They feed upon. The people they have sold
 For old-worne shooes: on Altars they lay hold;
 And, of each holy thing they make their prey,
 Whereon their sacrilegious hands they lay.

The portion of their brethren they devour;
 And, by usurping an unlawfull pow'r,
 They save each other harmlesse from the lawes;
 And overthrow the poore complainants cause.
 Their neighbours, often, and their nearest friends,
 (To whom they daigne respect but for their ends)
 Are so engaged to uphold their pride,
 That they their foolish heads are faine to hide.

Some *Tradesmen*, for their vaine credulity,
 (Intrusting to their *Honors*) now doe lye
 Imprison'd for their aptnesse to beleieve:
 And, what they suffer, or how much they grieve,
 Their *Lordships* care not: For (except their owne)
 Of all mens troubles they are senselesse growne.

Their

Their houses, and their lodgings, ev'ry day,
 Are full of *Suitors*, who as humbly pray
 For what's their owne, as if that they were some
 Who to entreat for charity were come :
 And oft are answer'd with such harsh replies,
 For their compelled importunities,
 As if it were an impudence or wrong,
 To ask the debt which had beene due so long.

The *Baker* and the *Butcher*, sometime serve
 Great men with bread and flesh untill they starve
 Themselves almost : and, if they doubt they shall
 Be quite undone before it so befall ;
 They oft are glad to lose the summe that's due,
 Through feare that for their own if they should sue,
 (In stead of recompence) receive they might
 Some evill turne, their boldnesse to requite.
 For, some are growne so base, that now and than
 Their *Costermonger*, yea their *Butterman*,
 And *Herbwife* is halfe begger'd and undone,
 By suffering them upon their scores to run.

Oh ! with what faces can these Tyrants ride
 Along the streets, in such a height of pride,
 As oft they doe, when they are lookt upon
 By those poore Tradesmen whom they have undone ?
 What joy have they to see, or to be seene
 In those gay feathers, which have plucked beene
 From others wings ; whose nakednesse appears
 To cry aloud for Iustice, in Gods eares ?

And what a *Plague* is fallen on that Land
 Where such as these have places of *command* ?
 Where these are chose for *Statesmen*, what protection
 Is *Virtue* like to finde ? what due correction
 Hath *Vice* where such controule ? or what is he
 Can looke for Iustice, where such *Judges* be ?

Would

Would I could say, oh! *Britaine*, thou hast none
 Of these. Or else might name thee such a one,
 As lawfully, as I might boldly do it,
 For thy advantage, were I called to it.
 But, that authority which I have got,
 Checks faults alone, with persons meddles not.

Thy ancient Vertues, are not wholly lost,
 In all thy families. Yet, for the most,
 As are thy *Princes*, now, thy *Gentry* be ;
 According to the height of their degree.
 They spend their youth in lust and idleness ;
 In impudent prophaneness, and excess ;
 In foolish complements ; in thriftless games ;
 And in *oblivion* do interre their *Names* :
 Through want of knowledge, and that reall worth
 Which sets the lustre of true *Gentry* forth.

The *markes* of *Gentle-blood*, and that which praise
 Did thereunto acquire, in former dayes,
 Were Iustice, Temp'rance, Courage, Prudency,
 True Courtisie, Meekness, Liberality,
 And such as these. Their *Exercises* were
 Those which the mind or body might prepare
 For vertuous practices : as leaping, running,
 To handle Armes, to shoot, to shew their cunning
 In managing great Horse ; in studiouseness
 Of piety, and of the *Sciences*,
 Which we terme liberall. But now, alas!
 Thy *Gentry*, *Britaine*, is not as it was.
 To be a *Gentleman*, is now, to weare
 Fantastick habits ; horrid oaths to sweare ;
 To whiffe Tobacco ; to be drunk, and game ;
 To do a villany, and boast the fame.
 To dare the Pox ; to talk with impudence,
 How oft they had it, without grieve or sense,

Of

Of their misdoings ; nothing to professe
 Or practise, but to live in idlenesse ;
 To quarrell ; to be insolent, and proud ;
 To cheat, and brag, and lye, and speak aloud
 In stead of speaking reason : to presume
 Above his worth ; unwisely to consume
 His patrimony ; fast and loose to play ;
 To borrow, without purposing to pay ;
 To spend their time in fruitlesse visitations,
 In beastly and prophane communications ;
 In telling and in listning after newes ;
 In viewing idle fights, or haunting Stewes ;
 With such like exercises : as if they
 Were made to flutter all their time away
 Like *Butterflies* ; and lived, puposely,
 For nothing, but to eate, and drink, and dye.

Their noblest mark, is dieting a brace
 Of handsome Nags, to run a squirting *Race*,
 Or keeping of a cast of *Norway* Kites,
 To show them yearly halfe a dozen flights ;
 Or else, the feeding of a stinking pack
 Of yelping Hounds ; that when discourse they lack,
 They may whole dayes together, prate a story,
 In which some Dogs, or Hauks, or Horses glory
 Is magnifi'd ; and him they count a Clowne,
 That in their folly is no partner growne.

Oh ! would these lines had po'wr to make thē see,
 How foolish and absurd their courses be :
 And that my *Muses* now could reach the straine,
 Might win them nobler thoughts to entertaine.

But, mine will hardly prove such *Charmes*, I feare ;
 For, at the very root we rotten are ;
 And, where our *Maladies* their cure should have,
 The dangerouft infections we receive.

Our

Our Nurseries of *Arts* are not so pure,
 But that in them our bane we may procure.
 Our *Innes of Court* have lost their good repute,
 By harboring of persons dissolute.
 The Schooles of *Law* are *Sanctuaries* made
 For *Out-lawes*; and where once our *Gentry* had
 That nurture which enobled them; now, there
 By lewd examples, which too frequent are,
 Or, by too great a liberty, we gaine
 A habit in all courses that are vaine.
 And most of those, of whom the world beleeves
 Most good (among them) are but civill theeves.

For, *Lawyers*, and some *Officers*, in thee,
 (Which Ministers of *Iustice* seeme to be)
 Have made the *Courts* and *Offices*, whereby
 We should of wrongs receive a remedy;
 To prove to us things more uneasie, far,
 Then those, for which their just complainings are.
 So costly be their wilde interpretations
 Of *Lawes* and *Customes*; and such variations
 Are found in their opinions, that few know
 When they uprightly, or in safety goe.

If any *Common Barreter* will please
 By suits unjust his neighbors to disease;
 The *Plea* may be maintained, though that all
 His allegations prove untrue they shall:
 Or manifest, by doubtlesse demonstration,
 He purpos'd nought, but wilfull molestation.
 For, *Lawyers* will defend and plead the Cause,
 Which to their knowledge doth oppose both *Lawes*
 And *Conscience* too; as if they did contemne
 His threatnings that pronounced woe to them,
 Who justifie the wicked in their sin;
 Or him gainfay which hath not faulty bin.

Ev'n

Ev'n in our *Court of Conscience*, some things are
 Vnconscionable. For, if any there
 Be causlesly complain'd on ; well is he
 If uncondemned in the suit he be.
 For, this *Defendant* hath small remedy,
 Save that, and patience, for his injury.
 His causlesse troubles, and his large expence,
 Hath no requitall save his innocence.
 For, if all they that are unjustly grieved,
 By having costs of suits should be relieved ;
 Or if the *Plaintiffe* should his *Bill* averre
 Vpon his oath, as ev'ry *Answerer*
 Confirms his Answer ; many a brawling *Knave*
 Would then be quiet, and that *Court* would have
 Far lesse employment : yea, and were it not
 Their *Traverses* did knit againe the *knot*,
 Which *Answers upon Oath*, almost unty,
 Suits would not halfe so long unended lye.

This, many *Officers* doe seeme to feare ;
 And therefore (as if *Courts* erected were
 To make them rich, by nourishing contention ;
 Much rather then to compasse the prevention
 Of wrongs and discord) they continue still,
 That course which brings most grists unto their mil.

If I would make a *Libell*, it should be
 By way of *Suit* : for, I did never see
 A scurrilous *Rime* or *Phamphlet*, so compact
 Of slanders (nor so cunningly detract)
 As doe their shamelesse *Bils*, and their *Replies*,
 Who seeke, that way, mens names to scandalize.

They dare pretend (as if with warranty)
 Those things of which no probability
 Was ever seene. For, though they prove it not,
 They know the very mention of a blot

Doth

Doth leave a stain ; and, that aspersions laid
 Supposedly, are often so convoid,
 And so dispers'd ; and in dispersing, will
 Such new additions gather to them still ;
 That, at the last (although most false they were)
 For truths, they told and heard, of many are.

But, their *Intergatories* have a trick
 Beyond all other *Libellings*, to stick
 An infamy on any : for, in those,
 Of all which they will causlessly suppose
 Within their *Bills* ; they may the question move,
 To whomsoever they pretend shall prove
 What they object. And, though no proove be broght,
 Nay, though it never came within his thought,
 That is complain'd against ; to doe or say
 Those things which they object against him may :
 Yet, he that is examined, or he
 That reads what matters question'd of him be ;
 Suspects, perhaps, (although he nothing knew
 Concerning them) that ev'ry thing is true
 Which their *Intergatories* doe imply.
 For, why thinks he (that meaneth honestly)
 Should *Propositions* of these things be made,
 If they no likelihood of being had ?
 Or who (supposeth he) hath so abhord
 A mind, as to suggest, and on record
 To leave aspersions (of deserving blame)
 On him, that no way merited the same ?

Yet, this is frequent : and this libelling
 Much profit to their *Common wealth* doth bring,
 Who gaine by others losses. And, there's none
 On whom this mischief may not fall upon.

For one example of such grosse abuse,
 My selfe I can, and justly may, produce.

For,

For, sitting lately in a roome alone,
 My owne occasions meditating on :
 Two men, who talking at the doore had bin,
 (And, as appeared, knowing me within)
 Made entrance and besought me both to heare,
 (And witnesse) what they had agreed on there.
 I heard them ; and, I purposed to do
 As they required, being call'd thereto.

But, mark what follow'd. Twelve months after that
 The one of these (not well content with what
 His bargaine was ; and knowing, I alone
 Could testifie what they agreed upon)
 Did in this knavish cunning wife project
 To make my *witnesse* take the lesse effect.

Forsooth, he makes me party in the cause ;
 A pitifull *complaining Bill* he drawes ;
 Wherein his *learned Counsell* did devise
 Such *Combinations*, and *Conspiracies*,
 Such *Plots*, such *Practices*, and such large tales,
 Of *Premises*, of *Bargainings*, of *Sales*,
 And such like *Heathnish stuffe* : and his pretence,
 Was worded out with so much impudence ;
 That, surely, whosoever came to see
 That peece of *Chauncery*, supposed me
 A very cheating rascal : or, that I
 (At least) was privy to some knavery ;
 Whereas he knew, who then did so abuse me,
 I blamelesse was of what he did accuse me.
 Yea, then so farre was I from any plot,
 Or purpos'd wrong ; that I had quite forgot
 Both *man* and *matter* : and, but for his *Bill*,
 Had beene (I thinke) unmindfull of them still.

A wrong like this, if any please, he may
 Inflict upon me ev'ry other day,

With

With safe impunity. For, such as he,
 Intituled *Amici Curie* be :
 And, many thousand fees would quite be lost,
 Were they, in such like suits to beare the cost.
 If I should here disclose what I have seene,
 The practice of some *Lawyers* to have beene ;
 What cunning in *conveyances* they use,
 How strangely their Profession they abuse :
 And what a glory to themselves they take,
 When they an evill cause to thrive can make :
 Or, should I here character their *Delays*,
 Their *Errors*, their *Demurs*, their many wayes
 Of hindring *Iustice* ; their impertinent
 And costly tedious *Formes* ; their impudent
 Extorting from their Clients double fees ;
 For *Motions*, which they willingly doe leese :
 How they doe move by halves ; how they mistake
 (Of purpose) for themselves, new work to make ;
 How oft their *Orders* have by procreation
 Made up, almost, the hundredth generation ;
 What double-tongu'd *Reports*, for double fees ;
 Are gottten by corrupted *Referees* ;
 (Who when the truth is plaine, can coin a doubt
 To bring againe the falsest *Cause* about)
 How senselesse of mens losses, griefes, or paine,
 They are in all things which concerne their gaine ;
 To what expences they their *Clients* bring ;
 How they doe ride them in an endlesse Ring,
 And prey upon them : or, if here I should
 Disclose as evidently as I could,
 How full of wicked bribes, their closets be ;
 What brutish cruelties mine eyes did see ;
 How many honest *Causes* I have knowne,
 For want of prosecution, overthrowne ;

Because

Because our tedious *formes* of triall, stretch
Much further then the Clients purse can reach.
How many miles poore men are forc'd to come,
For trifling suits, which might have end at home ;
But that our higher *Courts* more seek encrease
Of their base profits, then of blessed *peace*.

Should I relate with what strange tyrannies
Some *Officers* their places exercise ;
What partiality they shew ; what pride :
How they insult on men ; how they deride ;
How big they speak ; how scurrilous they be,
In taunting and reviling men more free
From vice, then they themselves : Or, should I tell
How little tenderneſſe doth seeme to dwell
VVithin their bosomes, when they do oppresse
The needy widow, and the fatherlesse :
If all these things I should insist upon,
And so describe them, as they might be done ;
The world would know that all those injuries,
For which the Law appointeth remedies,
Are oft lesse grievous to the Common weale,
Then most, who most pretend her sores to heale :
And that as little help from them she sees,
As when she sets her Cats to keep her Cheese.
For, some of them are trusty in their kind,
And so, some trusty *Lawyers* she may find :
Yea, those there be, that in these evill dayes,
Like *Rubies* mixt with pebles, send forth rayes
Of Christian pieties ; which do declare,
That some remaine who yet an honor are
To that profession ; and, all those are free
From being taxt, or blamed here by me.
The rest shall beare their shame ; for, they were born
To be our plague ; and they shall be my scorne :
Their

Their torments do afflict both night and day,
 And there are few such torturers as they.
 For, of those wrongs which we by them sustaine,
 We scarcely are permitted to complaine.
 Nor will this *Iland* better dayes behold,
 So long as *Offices* are bought and sold.
 Nor shall I ever think that any one,
 Much cares, what right or injury be done,
 That buyes or sels an *Office*; chiefly he,
 Who chaffers that where seats of *Iudgement* be.

For order sake, to these my knee I bend;
 Or, I to give them titles can descend,
 And ev'ry outward reverence; that so
 The place they beare, condemned may not grow:
 Yet nobler far he seemeth in mine eyes,
 Who, by a due election, doth arise
 To be but *Headman* in some Country Borrough,
 Then all those *Lordlings* who have passed thorough
 The greatest *Offices*, by giving pay;
 Or by some other unapproved way:

When mē were sought, that *Office* they might bear
 And had it gratis; they such persons were,
 Whose worth, whose vertues, and whose noblenesse,
 Brought honor to the seats they did possesse.
 With faithfulness, their duties they discharged;
 No ancient fee unjustly was enlarged;
 Or new extorted; neither did they take
 The poore mans money, when he mone did make:
 For, by an easie entrance they were able
 (When need required) to be charitable:
 Their just expences, also, to provide;
 And to sustaine a comely port beside.

But, since men sought out *Offices*; and thought
 Of their owne merits, better then they ought,

(Intru-

(Intruding, without modesty, to sit
 Vpon that Seat, for which they were unfit)
 Since men experienced (by serving long
 In some inferior places) had such wrong,
 That ignorant Impostors got possession
 Of what pertaines to them, by due succession :
 Yea, since to sacred *Callings* men are chose
 By them, that should not of such things dispose ;
 What can e're long expected be, unlesse
 It be an overflow of Barbarousnesse ?

Since each base fellow (who, perhaps, by stealth,
 By fraud, or by extortion, scrapes up wealth)
 May purchase, by his evill gotten pelfe,
 A place of honor, to ensconce himselfe,
 And fortifie his wickednesse withall ;
 What hope of good proceedings follow shall ?

Since needy, worthlesse, base, & shameles grooms,
 May scrue their persons into noble rooms,
 By meanes ignoble ; no man must expect
 From such a *Cause*, to draw a good *Effect* ;
 Or, that he honor gets, who in such times
 To any honorable title climbs.

He's but a theefe, that in at window comes ;
 The buyer sells, and sells for greater fums ;
 By bribery, he bribery defends,
 Of unjust *Mammon* he doth make him friends,
 To nourish Pride ; or else to make up that,
 Whereby possession of his place he gat ;
 Without compassion, he doth grieve, oppresse,
 And rack the widow, and the fatherlesse :
 All places, and all things that appertaine
 To ev'ry place he puts to sale, for gaine :
 Yea, most men of each other, now, make sale :
 Of their owne liberties, of lives, and all.

Great

Great *Officers* pretending to the gift
 Of some inferiour places, make a shift
 To save the giving, and, so dearly sell
 That their poore underlings they oft compell
 To serve without allowance ; or to raise
 Their maintenance, by some unlawfull wayes :
 VVhich they must countenance ; or else contrive
 That others at such doings may connive.
 VVhereby those places held disgracefull be,
 VVhich, otherwise, from scandall, had bin free.
 VVhy then reproach we such with odious names,
 Since they that are the authors of their shames,
 (And those to whom base termes do appertaine)
 Are their great *Masters*, who make wicked gaine
 Of what should freely be bestow'd on those
 To whom they ought such places to dispose ?
 From them, and their corruption, doth arise
 The multitudes of base enormities
 That swarme among our petty *Officers*.
 It is a sum of mony that prefers
 To ev'ry place ; and that makes knaves, and sharks,
 Of *Sergeants*, *Waiters*, and of *Vnder-darkes*.
 This maketh *Registers*, in ev'ry Court,
 And other *Ministers*, so much extort :
 This makes them seek out knots, demurs, delays,
 And practise many unapproved wayes,
 To make up that which foolishly they paid :
 Yet, in the grave, their heads, perhaps, are laid
 Ere halfe recover'd be : and oft their wives,
 (VVhose portion bought those places for their lives)
 Are left, with many children, to a lot
 VVnpitied ; as they others pitied not.
 For, many a one of these, although you see
 Their wives and children in apparell be

A

As costlly as a Lords (that yearly may
 Dispend as great a sum, as these did pay
 For their new Offices) engaged are
 To Vsurers, for twice the better share
 Of their large Fines : and, sometime they undoe
 Themselues, their kindred, and their neighbours too.

Hence comes it, that *Receivers, Bailifes, Reeves,*
 And other such, are worfe then common theeves ;
 And rack and pilf so boldly ; and from hence
 It flowes, that few suppress their insolence :
 Ev'n from their base corruption, who do thrive
 By such mens losse ; and not alone connive
 At their misdoings ; but, oft patronize them,
 And from just censures an escape devise them.
 For they that else would Furze and Brambles burne,
 Will cherish them, where they may save their corne.

Thus, *Britaine*, most of them have used thee,
 Whose *Offices*, by purchase, gotten be.
 These, and a multitude of other crimes,
 They cause, and act, and suffer in these times :
 And are so insolent in what they doe,
 That they dare practise, and defend it too,
 Without remorse of mind, or seeming sense
 Of being guilty of the least offence.

Nor come thy *Priests* or *Prophets* much behind
 The worst of these : but, passe them in their kind,
 For, though a learned *Clergy* thou possessest,
 And ev'ry day in knowledge much increasest :
 Although I do beleewe thou hast in thee
 Those *Guides* whose wayes are from reprooves as free
 As are the best on earth : yet, thou hast more
 That are perverted, now, then, heretofore.

Of late, thou heaps of *Teachers* gotten hast,
 Resembling empty vapours, or a blast

That

That breathes no comfort. What God never ment
They publish forth ; and come e're they are sent.

Thy peoples hurts, they cure with sugred speech ;
When there's no peace at all, of peace they preach ;
Thou purblind *Watchmen* hast, and some that see,
As blindly walke, as they that blindest be.
Dumb Dogs thou hast, who spend their time in sleep ;
And, some who barke, but to affright the sheepe.
Like hungry Curses, some alwayes gurmardize ;
Yet nothing can their greedinesse suffice.
They follow their owne wills, and their owne waies
They hunt for their owne profit, their owne praise.
They tread the paths where common finners walke ;
Among themselves they most prophanely talk ;
And, at the Tavernes meet, and sit and swill
Strong drinke, and wine, untill their guts they fill.

In taking Gifts, and compassing Promotion,
They shew more zeale, and practice more Devotion
Then in their holy *Callings*. They delight
In Flatteries ; and the fawningst *Parasite*
In all the Courts of *Europe*, cannot prate
More Heathnishly, nor more insinuate
Then some of them. The blessed Sacraments
And holy Word, are us'd as instruments
To compasse that, for them, which they projected ;
And, oft polluted are, and oft neglected.
Their sacred *Orders*, are abus'd and made
To serve them for an *Office*, or a Trade,
To be enriched by ; and to that end
The preaching of the *Gospel*, they intend.
They come not by the doore into the fold ;
Things holy, they have often bought and sold ;
Conspiracies they make in matters fowle ;
They prey vpon the body and the foule ;

And

And, fat and rich, and mighty to become,
 They daub and plaister with untemper'd lome.
 With lies, and faire pretences they beguile;
 And violate the Law of God, the while.
 His Altars they prophane; they starve his flocke;
 They make *Religion* but a mocking-stocke;
 And, by examples horrible and vile,
 Cause other men, Gods *Temples* to defile.

There is no avarice which theirs exceeds;
 No malice which a mischief sooner breeds:
 No pride so furly as their *Clergy-pride*,
 Except among the Beggars, when they ride. (broke
 They, who but few yeares past, would halfe have
 Their kindreds, to have purchas'd them a cloake;
 And in poore threed bare Cassocks fought to preach
 Beneath an *Vnder-Curate*; or to teach
 The children of some *Farmers*, for their meat:
 And seem'd scarce worthy so much grace to get,
 Vntill by counterfeit humility,
 (By fawning mixt with importunity,
 And gilt with fained zeale) they wrought on some,
 To bring their wandring feet into their home.
 Ev'n some of these, so well have acted out
 Their parts, of seeming honest, and devout;
 That (either like to *Michahs* Priest, by leaving
 Their *Patrons*; and their hopefull trust deceiving:
 Or, some such likely wayes) they have acquired
 A higher station, then they first desired.
 They have so quaintly humour'd, and so pleas'd
 The present times; that, they have proudly seized
 Supreme places: and, now, over-peere
 Their heads, by whom, they first advanced were.
 And very profitable, sure it is,
 To heed them, since their *metamorphosis*.

R

For,

For, if thou mark, how stately now they beare
 Their lofty heads ; how insolent they are ;
 How pitilesse to futers they become ;
 With what contempt poore men be rated from
 Their angry prefence ; what imperious *Lords*
 Their *Doctorships* are grown ; what haughty words
 They thunder forth ; what *Antichristian* state
 They take upon them ; how extreame ingrate
 And inhumane they prove (ev'n unto those
 By whom, they from the dunghill first arose)
 Wer't well observ'd how strangely they contemne
 Their ancient friends ; and twixt themselves, & them,
 What distances they fet ; or, to their kin
 How harsh and evill natur'd they have bin ;
 (Except to those, that having meanes to rise
 As well as they, their folly do despise.)

Wer't knowne, what seife opinion they have got
 Of their owne worths ; how they themselves besot
 With arrogance ; how peevish, and unquiet
 They be in their attendance, and their diet ;
 In small or trifling matters how severe ;
 In those which of the greatest moment are,
 How carelesse grown : how envious of the grace
 Or gifts bestow'd on those, in meaner place.

Were notice also taken, with what straine
 Of pride and loftinesse, they entertaine
 Their brethren of the *Clergy*, when they are
 By any summons called to appeare
 Before their *Lordships* ; with what *Pope* like phraze
 They seek to terrifie, and to amaze
 Their humble *Suppliants* ; with what balde conceits
 They vent their humors, that the crew which waits
 To claw and footh such follies, may begin
 (In stead of some applause) to fleere, and grin.

How

How tartly they can chide, and raile, and play,
 And jest on those, who but the other day
 Did equall them in temp'rall dignities ;
 And are more worthy, though less high they rise.

Were these things heeded, and some passages
 Which name I could, as worthy note as these ;
 A man would hardly think, that these had beene
 Those *Priests*, who but a while before were seene
 So beggerly, and so expos'd to scorne ;
 But, that, they had (at least) beene *Prelates* borne.
 None could have thought that these mē had bin they
 Who lately did so bitterly inveigh
 Against the pride Episcopall ; and plained,
 To see themselves so fleighted, and disdaind
 Of their superiors : no man would have thought
 These had bin poore mens children, who had nought
 To give them nurture ; or, that they, bereft
 Of all their friends, were to the parish left.
 None would beleeve, almost, that any such
 Should from so little, rise to have so much
 In such a *Calling* ; and so worthlesse be
 In their condition : for, it seemes to me,
 They little conscience make of that *Profession*,
 Whereby they have those glories in possession :
 Since then (me thinks) so far they would not swerve
 From his pure word, whom they pretend to serve.

Oh ! pray that God would make those *watchmen* see
 What blots and errors in their courses be.
 And that, by good example they may teach,
 What they by word, unto the people preach :
 For, by their actions, many overthrow
 The growth of that, which they themselves did sow.
 Or by their failing, or their falling from
 A Christian zeale ; make others cold become.

R2

And,

And, some of these are those, of whom *Christ* sayes,
We should embrace their words, but not their wayes.

But, many a one will neither say nor doe,
 What we may follow, or give heed vnto.
 Yea, we have now among us many a one,
 (That could have spoken well) whose voice is gone,
 By growing over fat with double Cures :
 And pampring up themselves like *Epicures*.

How many Doctors have we, who before
 They were advanced, from conditions poore,
 Were glad and willing twice each Sabbath day,
 To preach, and all the publike pray'rs to say ?
 Yea, without any shew of being weary,
 The Sacraments to give ; to wed, to bury,
 And, often in the week, those works to do,
 Which by their Calling they were bound unto ?
 Of those how many in these dayes are seene,
 That having to promotion raised beene,
 Are well nigh silenc'd, now performing neither
 Of all those duties, for whole months together ?

Of these, how many lately have I knowne,
 So proud, (or else perhaps so lazy growne)
 To cast upon their hirelings all that care,
 And al that pains, which they themselves should bear ?
 Vouchsafing not so much as once a day,
 (Though they are present) *publike pray'rs* to say ;
 Or preach ; or, of the duties to be done,
 To ease their *Curate*, in performing one ?
 But (sitting as meere strangers, or as he
 Who thought such works, for him too meane to be)
 Take ease and state upon them ; more I wis,
 Then either needfull or befeeming is.

Indeed (when they are any way engaged
 By publike studies, weak, or sick, or aged)

Some-

Sometime to ease themselves, deserves no blame :
But having no excuse, it is their shame.

How unbeseeming is it, to behold
Our *Doctors*, who nor crazy are, nor old,
Nor any way disabled, save through sloth, [both]
Or through their pride (or else perchance through
To leave that charge to some inferior one,
Which is too worthy, to be undergone
By him that's worth'est, in respect of all
Those dignities, the world afford them shall ?
Why should the adding of a new *Degree*,
Or larger *meanes* (which no additions be
To their essentiall worth) make wise men seeme
So highly praised, in their owne esteeme,
As to debase that worke, for whose meere sake,
God's mercy them so eminent did make ?

For, if it were not so, why do they more
Neglect those duties now, then heretofore ?
Why, in performing them, respect they so
The *times*, and *persons*, as we see they do ?
At solemne feasts, or in those places where
Most honorable personages are,
Why do they preach more often ? why baptize,
And wed, and bury, where their living lies,
The richer sort, and let the poore alone ;
If what they do for conscience sake be done ?

Alas ! preferment, and the being rich,
Doth choak up vertues, and the mind bewitch.
The daughter sleights the mother. For *Devotion*
Brought forth by painfull travell, faire *Promotion* ;
And lo, no sooner is *Preferment* borne,
But, proud she growes, and doth her *Mother* scorne.
They who did much for little ; now possessing
A great abundance, do require the blessing

R 3

With

With doing lesse in stead of doing more ;
And marre with pride, what paine did plant before.

The greater favours we from God receive,
The greater thankfulness we should conceive.
Yea, when that he advanceth us most high,
We should expresse the more humility;
And think, that ev'n the meanest circumstances
Belonging to his holy *Ordinances*,
Could not with reverence enough be done,
When we have all our worthinesse put on.

And, doubtlesse, when to God most high we raise
Our hands, in offering up his publike praise,
The man (in my opinion) fitteth best
That work ; who seemes more worthy then the rest.
And whosoever should that act eschew,
(Except just cause within himselfe he knew)
I know (how high foe're his place hath bin)
His *calling* is dishonored therein :
Or, if to be assistant he doth shun,
When any priestly work is to be done,
Where he hath *cure* : for into others roomes,
To make intrusion, no man it becomes.

God grant those men humility, and care,
Who otherwise, in this, affected are ;
And show our *clergie* what uncomlinessse
Appeares in this. For, some herein transgresse
By other mens examples ; and indeed,
Some other men, by want of taking heed
Of what they doe ; who having weigh'd the fact,
Will never put the same again in act.
Lord waken these ; and, humble those, I pray,
Whom pride, or vanity, have led astray.
And oh ! ye house of *Levi*, warning take ye ;
Lest God, for times to come, examples make ye.

As

As he that *Clergie*, your example made,
 Whose monstrous pride, the age before you, had
 So great a fall. Oh! minde it, and be more
 Regardfull of your Charge then heretofore :
 Lest they that spight the *Churches* dignities,
 (And of her *Dowry* seek to make a prize)
 For your ambitious pride, occasion take,
 On *Gods Inheritance*, their prey to make.
 So will our *Clergie*, which is yet respected,
 Be scorn'd, become as poore, and as neglected,
 As in those *Countries*, where their former pride
 Hath made their Calling to be vilified.

Oh! leave, oh! leave your haughtineffe betimes,
 Your avarice, your envy, and those crimes,
 That are observ'd among you ; lest for them
 God shake the wall of our *Ierusalem*.
 For, heav'n and earth for me shall testifie,
 That this my *Muse* in nothing doth belye
 Your manners ; but that you are more then stain'd,
 With ev'ry fault whereof I have complain'd.
 And as it was their *Priests* and *Prophets* sin
 That brought the Deluge of those troubles in,
 Which overwhelm'd the *Iewish Commonweale* :
 So, if with us the Lord severely deale,
 Your sinnes and errors will enlarge the rent,
 Through which the mortall arrow shall be sent,
 That deepest wounds. Oh! God defend us from
 Such judgements ; or, if thou be pleas'd they come,
 Vpon our sinfull bodies strike the blow ;
 And keepe us from a spirituall overthrow.

Excuse me worthy Prelats ; and all you
 Whom God with large preferments doth endue,
 And raise to honor, out of low degrees,
 Because ingrafted in your hearts he fees

R 4

Such

Such inward vertues, and such outward graces,
 As doe become your high and holy places ;
 Excuse me if in ought deliver'd here,
 Injurious to your worths I may appeare :
 For, not a Line of these reproving straines,
 To you or any one of you pertaines ;
 Nor need you care, if any shall apply,
 These tart reproofes, to blur your *Callings* by :
 Because you know, that none are this way harmed,
 Who are by true and reall vertues armed.
 Because you also know, that some have shamed
 Your places by such crimes as I have named.
 I know you will not frowne, though I did say,
 That some of *Christs disciples* would betray
 Their *Master* to his foes. Since this no more
 Redounds to your disgrace, then heretofore
 It did to his *Apostles*, that he said
 How he by one of them should be betraid.

None taxe you shall, by meanes of this, but heady
 And hairebrain'd fooles, that are your foes already ;
 Nor would I for the world unloose my tongue,
 To do the Vertuous, or your Calling wrong.

Let no man gather hence, my *Muse* envies
 The *Clergie*, or the reverend *Dignities*
 To them pertaining ; or dislike to see
 Great *Prelates* raised up from low degree :
 For, them I honor most, who from a race
 Of meane esteeme, have gain'd an honor'd place,
 By true desert. And (might I be as able
 As willing) I would make more honorable
 Their holy *Callings* : and for ever close
 Their greedy mouths, and bind the hands of those
 Who speak, or act, what might infringe their due,
 Who in those places good examples shew.

I

I know, among our *Bishops*, there are some,
 Who make their outward honors to become
 A meanes to keep *Religion*, and their *Calling*,
 From being vilified, and from falling
 Into contempt : of *Stiles* account they make not,
 For their owne glory : to themselves they take not
 Their *Lordly Attributes* ; but to adorne
 Their *Office* ; and to keep the same from scorne.
 Some such there are : and for the sakes of such
 It is, that yet our *Clergie* hath so much
 Of that esteeme which our forefathers left them ;
 And that these greedy times have not bereft them
 Of those endowments, which were granted here
 When *Kings* the *Churches* nursing Fathers were.
 From these reproofes, let such therefore be free ;
 And fall the blame on those that faulty be.

But, as the *Shepherds* have deserv'd the strokes
 Of Gods displeasure ; so their wanton *Flocks*
 The same have merited ; and, blame there lyes
 On all conditions, and fraternities.

I would not speake what might offend the Throne
 Of *Justice* ; or the *King* that sits thereon.
 From all taxation let him scape as free
 As he is innocent ; yea let him be
 Vntouched : and, let ev'ry vertuous *Peere*,
 Be free from all, that shall be spoken here :
 For, I will ayme at none, but whom it shall
 Become an honest *Muse* to chide withall.
 In this, beleeeve me *Readers*. For, I pray
 Forgive my bluntnesse. And I dare to say
 The *Court* is fraught with bribery, with hate,
 With envie, lust, ambition, and debate ;
 With fawnings, with fantasticke imitation,
 With shamefull sloth, and base dissimulation.

R 5

True

True *Vertue's* almost quite exiled thence,
 And vice with vice, for chiefe preheminance
 Maintaineth wars. The most profuse Excesse,
 And Avarice, one bosome oft possesse :
 The greater part are of a Mushroome breed,
 Spring up upon a sudden, without feed,
 Or plant, or graft; and, often, in one day,
 (Yea sometimes in a moment) swept away.
 With lyes, they seeke their *Souveraigne* to delight ;
 And aſt their impudences in his sight.
 They ſlay the people, and their fleſh they teare
 Ev'n from the bones ; as doth a greedy Beare.
 They cannot brook the mention of their error ;
 They drive out of their mindes the day of terror.
 Deep pits, to hide their miſchiefes in, they make ;
 And think that God no heed of them will take.
 They live upon the *Commons* ; and yet grow
 More fat, then others in encloſures do
 And, that which followes their encreaſing pow'r,
 Is but to be devoured, or devoure.

Their wealth conſiſts of *Projects* : their eſteeme
 Is that which they to one another ſeeme.
 Their *Honors* are bare *Titles* ; and, that ſtate
 Which they themſelves do fancy and create.
 Their *Zeale* is wilfulneſſe. Their *Faith* is ſuch
 As *Reaſon* breeds ; and moſt times, not ſo much.
 Their *Hope* is ſomething, but I know not what.
 Their *Charity* is nothing ; or elſe that
 Which I ſhould call *Self-love*. Their *Strength* is in
 Opinion, and in ableneſſe to ſin.
 Their *Wiſdome*, and their *Policy*, (if we
 May gueſſe at things that undiſcerned be)
 Is to reſolve on nothing : ſo the *Foe*
 Shall never compaſſe their deſignes to know.

Their

Their *Courtesie* (if men will be content
To think it may consist in *Complement*)
Is wondrous great. Their *Valour* is in oaths.
Their greatest *Glory* doth depend on cloaths;
In which they are so vaine, that ev'ry morne
(Almost) a new attire by some is worne,
Of sev'ral stufes or fashions: and they dresse
Their bodies, with such tedious curiousnesse,
And, such a multitude of hands there are
To trim them (and their trappings to prepare)
That halfe so many, of good workmen, may
Erect a house, e're they themselves aray.

Of *Honesty* they scarce the name afford;
For, should I terme one, there, an honest *Lord*;
It might be thought as clownish, so to do,
As it were false, perhaps, to call him so.

Gods holy *Sabbaths*, most among them, there,
Observe not much; except it be to weare
Their finest clothes. The *Bus'nesses*, that may,
And should be done upon some other *Day*,
Are then debated on, as frequently,
As those affaires which by necessity
Are urg'd upon them. And, all sorts of men
(When they should serve their God) are forced then
To wait upon the world; to whom God gave
Sixe dayes; for ev'ry one which he should have.

Nor, thereby, many other mens unrests
Occasion they alone; but, ev'n their beasts
Are then disquieted; and cannot have
That right, which both Gods *Lawes*, & Natures, gave.
Sometime, they to remove, that *Day*, prepare;
Yea, then begun, sometimes, *Removalls* are;
And in the *Court*, more *Carters*, we may see
Employ'd that day, then through the Kingdome be.

On

On *Sundayes* far more Coaches rumble thither,
 Then doe in some three other dayes together :
 And, seldome have they leifure for a *Play*,
 Or *Maske*, except upon Gods *Holy-day*.
 I doe not think we are obliged to
 A *Iewish Sabbath*, as great numbers do :
 But fure I am, from *Piety* we swarve,
 Vnlesse a *Christian one* we do observe.
 And, though to them no fault it may appeare,
 Who on fuch *Evenings* do but only heare
 Or (for their honest recreation) view
 The action of some *Enterlude*, or *Shew* ;
 Yet, needs it must be knowne, to some of these,
 That to prepare for fuch *Performances*,
 To many persons must occasions be
 Of Sabbath-breaking in a high degree.

In whom this fault most lyes, as yet, my *Muse*
 Descricteth not : but, fure I may excuse
 The *King* : and if but halfe so forward were
 Those *Clergy men* that have his royall care,
 To caufe him fuch enormities to fee ;
 As they are thought in other things to be
 Which leffe concerne them ; he would foone forbid
 Those customes ; and as *Nehemiah* did,
 More hallow'd make the *Sabbath*. Nay if none
 Of them whose wifdome he dependeth on,
 In this have mifinform'd him ; he will prove
 Our *Nehemiah*, and this fault remove,
 When he hath warm'd his *Throne* : for we have hope
 That all our *Breaches* he e're long shall ftop.
 But leaving him, I'll finifh the report
 Which fits the greater number in the *Court*.

Religion they have some, but many care not
 If there the ufe or mention of it were not :

Some

Some others have divided it betweene
Our gracious *Sou'raigne*, and his royall *Queene* ;
And, till in one *Religion* they agree,
They stand resolv'd, that they will *Neuters* be.
Oh ! make betwixt them, Lord, a blessed Vnion,
And, us partakers of thy blest Communion.

Our *Cities* are as wicked as the *Court* ;
Of her transgressions they come nothing short :
But, rather passe them ; if a man might say
That *Infinites* admit exceeding may.
And, *London*, thou thy Sisters all hast passed,
In all the faults, whereby they have transgressed :
To thee alone, my speech I therefore bend,
And will in thine their follies reprehend.

I know that thou hast many foules in thee
Who truly zealous of God's glory be :
Yea, thousands that by prayers and repenting,
Doe seeke thy peace, and labour the preventing
Of thy perdition ; and, though they indure
Scoffs, taunts, and injuries, from thy impure
And faithlesse Children ; yea, though such as are
Thy shame, and markt God's heaveie wrathe to beare,
Contemne and malice those, and use their pow'r
Those innocents to ruine and devoure :
Yet, they are those who keep away God's wrath ;
And for whose sakes he so long spar'd thee hath.
They make that pleasing *Number*, who restraine
Those flames of Sulphure, that consum'd the plaine
Which now the Lake *Asphaltis* overflowes.
And when (from out of thee) God calls for those,
Thou feele it shalt ; and, not unlike become
Those *Asian Churches*, which departed from
Their ancient love ; and are the loathsome den
Of *Satyrs*, *Faries*, and *Beasts* uncleane.

A

A place for *Zim*, and *Im* ; a nest for Owles,
 Night Ravens, Vultures, and ill-boding Fowles.
 And, then, in ev'ry house (as heretofore,
 When popish darknesse spread this Kingdome o're)
 Men shall be frighted with strange dreadful noises ;
 Deformed visions, and hobgoblin voices.

I know, *Good-works* in thee are to be found ;
 And that, above the rest, thou dost abound
 In publike Charities. I know thou hast
 All *Cities*, in this *Kingdome*, over-past
 In plentifully preaching of God's word ;
 And that thou bountifully dost afford
 Large voluntary pensions to that end.
 (Yea, somewhat else in thee I might commend.)
 But if thou take a note of thy transgressions ;
 If thou at thy *Affises*, at thy *Sessions*,
 Or, at thy other *Courts*, observe, or heare,
 How many horrid crimes detected are ;
 How many filthy and abhorred things,
 God there discloses, and to Iudgement brings ;
 And if thou think, withall, how many moe
 Committed are, which few do come to know.
 Or heede'st thou how few, and worthlesse, all
 Those works appeare which thou dost *Vertues* call :
 What would they seeme, compared to thy sin ?
 Or to those favours, which have heaped bin,
 By God upon thee ? Doth he owe thee ought,
 Or hast thou done him services for nought ?

Oh ! *L O N D O N*, hath he not advanced thee
 The *Mistress* and the *Soveraigne* to be
 Of all the *Townes*, and *Cities* of this *Ile* ?
 Hath he not rais'd thee many a goodly pile ?
 Art not thou plac'd above, and they below ?
 Continuing blessings doth he not bewow ?

And

And many priviledges, yet, deny'd
 To all the *Burroughs* of the Land beside?
 Behold, thou hast the principallest *Trade*,
 And all their *Merchants* are thy *Chapmen* made :
 Thou art the Royall *Chamber* of the King ;
 Whose residence doth wealth and honor bring
 To magnifie thy greatnesse : Kept in thee
 His *Parliaments*, and *Courts of Iustice* be.
 Among the famousst *Cities* under heaven,
 God hath to few a situation given
 For pleasure, health, and profit, well united,
 To thee compar'd. Yea, God did seeme delighted
 In thee to make his Dwelling (ev'n among
 Thy Temples) by maintaining here so long
 His *Harbingers*, and *Ledgers*, to provide
 Fit mansions, for his Graces to reside.

Thy God, to be thy *Husband*, thou hast had ;
 And, wer't by him a fruitfull *Mother* made,
 So plentifull in Children ; that, they play
 Like swarmes of Bees, about their hives in *May*.

No place in *Europe*, hath been so supply'd
 With foule and bodies food ; or, fortifi'd
 By Garrisons, Forts, Bulwarks, and munition,
 As thou art hitherto (by Gods tuition)
 Without such charge or trouble. And the day
 Will come, wherein, if any man shall say
 What peace thou hadst ; and, in what plenty here
 Thy Children lived (without want or feare)
 It will not be beleaved, that a *Nation*
 So blest, could suffer such an alteration.
 For, as (by Seas) from ev'ry other part
 Of Earths vast circuit, thou enclosed art :
 So, from the sudden comming of invasions,
 And from the many troubles and occasions

Of

Of Wars and wants, which in the world, we see ;
Divided, also, these doe seeme to be.

Such is thy blest condition ; and, although
Thou hast, about thee, of all things enough,
That may thy pleasure, or thy need suffice ;
Yet, all the dainties and the rarities,
The World affords, are yearely hither sent,
From ev'ry quarter, of Earth's *Continent*.

Oyles, wines, and fruits, that good & pleasant are,
Swimme hither through the Straights of *Gibraltar*.
Cold *Norway*, (or the parts adjoyning) greets
Thy *River* with materialls for thy *Fleets*.

America doth oft renew thy store
With Suger, drugs, with gold and silver *Ore* ;
With *Ambergreece*, with woods that sweetly smell ;
And other things, that please thy fancy well.

Ormus, with Pearle thy beauties doth adorne,
The Silkes of *Persia*, in thy streets are worne.
From divers parts of *Africa*, (and from
Cham's lineage there) white *Ivorie* doth come ;
And Apes and Feathers. *China*, where they printed,
And used Guns, ere we those Arts invented,
(If Fryers be not lyers) doth impart
The fruits of their Inventions, and their Art,
To thy Inhabitants. Rare stones of price,
Sweet smelling gummes, and odoriferous spice,
Are brought unto thee many thousand miles ;
Ev'n from the Easterne *Indies*, and their *Iles*.

This shewes Gods bounty : and of his compassion
Thou lately hadst, (ev'n by thy preservation,
In thy great *Plagues* remove ; and by his pitty
Vouchsafed otherwaies, unto thy *City*)
Such evidence : that all men may confesse
He did respect thee, with much tenderneffe,

What

What should I mention more, since, to recount
 Gods benefits would doubtlesly amount
 To many Volumes? and sure none is able
 To number that which is innumerable?
 This may suffice (for this time) to expresse
 His bounty, and thy great unthankfulnesse.

For, what hast thou returned him, for these,
 And all those blessings, which his Love doth please
 To shewre upon thee? What hast thou repay'd
 For all the Charges which he hath defraid,
 (In fencing, planting, and manuring thee)
 That worthy, such a *Husbandman* may be?
 Thou hast faire-seeming *Grapes*, I must confesse,
 But, they are sowre, and full of rottennesse.
 Thou mak'st great shew of charitable works;
 But, that hypocrisie within them lurks,
 Which marrs their acceptation. Thou hast built
 Some *Churches*; yet, art tainted by the guilt
 Of *Sacriledge*: and, those thy gifts that cary
 The pious shewes have scarce been voluntary.

Great numbers, in thy *Hospitalls* are fed,
 And lodg'd, and cured: but, the men are dead
 Who founded them; and few doe bring supply
 To such good works, till they are sick, or dye.
 Thou entertainest *Preachers*, but they must
 Speake pleasing things; or else away are thrust.

Thou hast of *Pastors*, some who shewes do make
 Of so much Conscience, that they will forsake
 Their Livings rather then it shall be said
 Theyle wear a Surpleffe: yet, some are afraid,
 That most of these, doe cunningly conceale
 Much pride or avarice beneath their zeale,
 And that their suffring of a *silencing*,
 Doth much more liberty or profit bring,

Then

Then two good *Perſ'nages* : and that, thereby,
Good meaning folke are brought to beggery.

Thou haſt redeem'd ſome *Captives* ; but, it was
With ſparingneſſe, and hardly brought to paſſe.
Thou planteſt *Colonies* ; but thou doſt draine
The nourishment away, that ſhould maintaine
And ſettle them. *God grant ſome be not glad
To flye (for this) to them, that ſhould have had
More helpe from thee ; and in farre Countries periſh,
Becaufe thoſe plants they did no better nourish.*

Much know thy people ; but (alas) they do
As if good life belong'd not thereunto.
Strict *Gospellers* thou haſt, that can profeſſe
Religion, with much formall holineſſe :
But they, like *Zodoms* apples, prove within
As loathſome, as their outſides faire have bin.
Yea, they (againſt their brethren) oft are found
In hate and poiſ'nous malice to abound.

Good *Orders*, *Lawes*, and *Cuſtomes* thou haſt many,
But very ſeldome exerciſeſt any,
Except for private gaine ; or to acquire
Some *Vengeance*, which thou doſt, perhaps deſire.
Thou haſt judicial *Courts*, wherein I (heeding
Their Lawes) ſaw promiſes of juſt proceeding :
But, marking well their Formes, they ſeemed, rather,
Devices for thine *Officers*, to gather
Rich fortunes by ; then to afford redreſſe
For thoſe, whom their oppreſſors doe oppreſſe.

Thou haſt a *Magiſtracy*, to maintaine
The peace of honeſt men ; and, to reſtraine
The rage of wickedneſſe ; but, loe ; ev'n ſome
Of thoſe are *patrons* of *miſ-rule* become ;
Diſturbing quiet men, and thriving by
Befriending ſin ; elſe I have heard a lye.

Yea,

Yea, some are famed, to increase their living,
 By cunning rigour, mixed with conniving :
 Deceiving honest people, by strict shewes
 Of punishing of those whom they excuse.
 For when by doing Iustice they compell
 A wicked man beyond their bounds to dwell,
 (Some think) their griefe, and losse, it doth augment,
 As much as losing of a Tenement.

Thou hast *correction-houses* ; but thou mendest
 Not many, whom to chasten thou pretendest :
 For thither they are oftener sent to ease thee
 Of them, or of their pilfrings, which diseafe thee ;
 Then out of Christian purposes, to force
 Such vagrant people to a better course :
 And, therefore, are thy *Suburbs* pestred now,
 With beggers ; yea, for that, so large doth grow
 The number of thy *vagrant Rogues* and *Cheaters*,
 That they begin to imitate their *betters*,
 In *Government*, and *Method* : and, are growne
 To have both *Lawes*, and *Language*, of their owne.

Thy *Children* yeeld some good conformity
 To Rules, and Precepts of Morality :
 But most observe good orders, to enjoy
 Their own state safe, and to prevent annoy
 That might betide themselves ; much rather, then
 In true obedience unto God, or men.

Within thy *Corporation*, I likewise
 Have notice taken of *Societies*,
 Which beare a goodly shew of ordering
 Thy sev'rall *Trades* : and I in many a thing
 Their use commend : yet, some of them, to me
 Grossie *Monopolies*, doe appeare to be.
 Which do in secret, with some open shewes
 Of Publike good, the publike weale abuse.

Nor

Nor would it be amisse, if some things were
 More free, which by their meanes restrained are :
 Or if the *State* would better looke unto
 Those injuries, which many of them do.
 For when these *Bodies politick* oppresse,
 Their pow'r doth make the wrong without redresse.
 Their purses, and continuance, may o'rebeare
 The rightfull'st cause (if so they pleased are)
 The friends, and oft, the very noise they'll make,
 (Because a multitude) much hold doth take
 For their advantages ; although the cause
 Be both against good Conscience, and the Lawes.

Nay, should the *Common-wealth* her selfe, oppose
 These *Corporations*, for some wrong that flows
 From their proceedings ; it would scarce obtaine
 That pow'r which could these *petty-weales* restrain.

For, having gaine or losse, accreuing by
 Their *claime*, which doth concern thē, far more nigh,
 Then that, oft seemes to touch those men, who stand
 To take the kingdomes gen'rall cause in hand,
 It makes them to pursue it, more then they ;
 More *Patrons* to procure, more bribes to pay ;
 And, at the last, to conquer, by that course,
 Which makes the better cause to seeme the worse.

This brings to mind some wrongs that I have had,
 And what account of honest suits is made,
 If once a greedy foolish multitude
 Vpon the right of any doth intrude.

But, lest by thinking on it, mixe I may
 My private harmes, with what I meant to say
 For publike ends : here breathe I will a space,
 Vntill my present thoughts I can displace.

*Forgive me, Lord, if I have guilty beene
 In this my worke, of any private spleene*

My

*My Musings hallow thou ; confirme thy love :
 Infuse me with thy Spirit from above,
 With better things then flesh and blood discernes ;
 Inspire me with each Vertue which concernes
 The finishing of what I undertake :
 Make profitable all that I shall speake:
 And, to thy Name some honor let it be,
 Although it should both shame and ruine me.*

The seventh Canto.

*First, of Himselfe he somewhat speakes :
 Then, of the Cities errors, makes
 A larger Scrowle ; and, therewithall
 Inserts abuses generall.*

*He shewes (by reason of her sin)
 What misery this Land is in ;
 What ill successe, and what dishonor,
 Is, for her follies, come upon her,
 In forraigne parts, and here at home :
 How senselesse, also, she's become :
 What sev'rall wayes against this Land,
 God hath of late stretcht out his hand.
 And, how the blame for what's amisse,
 From one to th'other shifted is.*

*By many Symptomes, he declares
 How sicke this Commonweale appears ;
 Disputes the late distemper bred,
 Betwixt the Body and the Head :
 And layes the blame, where lye it should ;*

Yet,

*Yet, therein, proves not over-bold.
Then aymes he at some imperfections
In Burgeffes and their Elections ;
And, briefly pointeth at the way
By which our Cure effect we may.*

WHEN I (whose lawfully emboldned *Muse*
The faults and errors of her time pursues)
Have by some slips, or frailties of mine owne,
Alaid that flame, w^{ch} Gods good *S^prit* hath blown ;
Or when such heat within me, waxeth lesse
By fainting, through a nat'rall wearinesse ;
Or, by that willing, or constrained pause,
Whereof my friends, or bus'neses, are cause :
At such a time, when I perusall make
Of these beginnings ; and strict notice take
What here is dared ; I oft find, as then,
Such feares in me, as move in other men.
And, being flesh and blood, as fraile as they,
I stagger in my best approved way.

E're I thus farre proceeded, I was tyr'd,
Ev'n in this present *worke* (although inspir'd
With all that zeale thereto, which you may see
In some fore-going *Leaves*, exprest by me)
My heart was oft assail'd ; and I, almost,
My best confirmed *Resolutions* lost.
Yea, twice, at least, since I this *Taske* afraid,
It hath, by false suggestions beene delaid :
And, many painfull strivings are within me,
When from this *Worke*, Temptation fights to win me.

Lord! (thinks my heart) somtimes, what means my
To make me in this desp'rate wife controule (Soule
Those carelesse *Times* ? have I done well or no,
With nests of angry Waspes to meddle so ?

Hath

Hath he, or wit, or common sense, that stirs,
A froward Beare? or playes with testy Curs?
Will any think me capable of *Reason*,
Thus bold to be at such a dangerous season?
Nay, will not all account me mad to vent
Such *Lines* as these? adventuring to be shent,
And be undone, perhaps, to no more end,
Then that whereto my Labor seemes to tend?
Doe I conceive the *Times*, or *Manners*, be
Amended ought, by what is said by me?
Am I, that have, my selfe, unwisely done,
A fitting man, to hurle this heavy stone
At other sinners? what may many say,
But that in this I raile, or else doe play
The witleffe *Furie*? It hath brought me losse,
(Thinke I) already; and will surely crosse
The settling those affaires of mine, which are
Nigh rip'ned, with much paine, expence, and care.
And then the world, and my necessities,
Begin to tempt me, by such fallacies,
That I halfe yeeld. How wilt thou live, or pay
Where thou engaged art? they seeme to say.
By what, or whence, thy wants wilt thou supply,
If thou for this imprisoned shouldst lye,
Divided from thy friends? or, on the bed
Of sicknesse, shouldst by God be visited?
Nay, though thou nothing wantest; yet thou hast
So univerfally thy censure past,
On all offenders, (and it will so vex
In private, and so openly perplex
Great multitudes, so many sev'ral wayes)
That, it will make thee hated, all thy dayes.
Where dost thou live, or whither canst thou goe,
But there thou art assured of a foe?

The

The *City*, and the *Court*, thou hast controld,
 With *Commons*, and with *Nobles* thou art bold;
 Vnconſcionable *Lawyers* here are checkt.
 Thou doſt ſome faults of *Clergy-men* detect,
 With ſo much evidence, that be thou ſure
 Of all the miſchiefe which they can procure;
 And that, not one of them thy friend will be
 Who from thoſe imputations is not free.

All they that are notoriously, Tranſgreſſors,
 All *Schiſmaticks*, and all our falſe Profeſſors
 Will bitterly oppoſe thee. And no ſpight
 Is like the malice of an *Hypocrite*.
 In briefe (excepting thoſe that are ſincere
 In life and Doctrin) no man will appeare
 As thy partakers: And what are thoſe few
 To that great Army, which will thee purſue?

If this deſect me not, another thought
 Is by another way upon me brought:
 It whiſpers to me, that theſe *Lines* will wake
Detraction; and that ſhe revenge will take,
 For interrupting and reproving *Sinne*,
 That in ſecurity would ſaine have bin.
 Nor, is that now unpractiz'd: For, there be
 A world of dogges already baiting me.
 Hypocriſie, and Envy doe combine,
 With guilty Malice, how to undermine
 My good *Repute*, (that by a diſ-reſpect
 Of me, my words may take the leſſe effect)
 They compaſſe me about, they watch my wayes,
 And marke my ſpeeches (as good *David* ſayes)
 That if but ſparkes of error, they can ſee,
 They blow them may, till flames they ſeeme to be.

Let but a fooliſh word, ſlip out among
 My common talkings, (for alas! whoſe tongue

Doth

Doth never erre ?) they straight to censure take it,
 And, such a piece of wickednesse they make it ;
 That, should on them a judgement so severe
 From God be past (or by the world) I feare
 It would so heavy on their persons come ;
 That they would think the same a cruell doome,
 If they but see me doe what they suppose
 May tend to folly, (though my *Maker* knowes
 The deed suspected, is as far from sin,
 As that which I am best employed in)
 They instantly a rash conclusion draw ;
 And speake their dreame, as well as what they saw.
 They fancy in their owne corrupted thought,
 What may at such a time, or place, be wrought,
 By evill minded folks : and, thereupon,
 Conclude the very same by me was done.
 Then they relate it : and though nought were seene
 Which might indeed a likelihood have beene
 Of such an act ; they, by themselves devise
 To fashion out faire probabilities
 Of what they speake : and, by the Devils aid,
 Acts innocent, sometimes are so betray'd ;
 So mis-reported by the spight of those
 Whose wickednesse, perhaps, I did oppose :
 Yea, blamelesse circumstances, otherwhile,
 Are so mistaken ; and do so beguile
 With shewes of proving and confirming, that
 Which was conceived by prejudicate
 And false opinion ; that, it makes them bold,
 To think their fained slander may be told,
 With good beleefe : then to divulge about
 Their lyes (of me) they searce companions out.
 And as they are of fundry minds who raise
 Such *Scandals* ; so, they vent them divers wayes.

S

If

If of the forts they be, whose open fin,
 Hath in my *Poems* reprehended bin ;
 Or such as they, who daily guilty be
 Of doing that, wherewith they slander me :
 Then, in despight, or to extenuate
 Their owne offences ; thus of me they prate.

This man (say they) that strips and whips the times
 And doth so thunder in his rayling rymes,
 (Against the faults of others) is no lesse
 Ingulfed in the sinck of wickednesse
 Then he that's worst. His *Dalilah* hath he,
 And his beloved finnes, as well as we.
 He such a place frequenteth ; he hath becne
 Met there, and there : him, we have daily secne
 With such or such a one, at such a season :
 Doe so, and so ; for which we know no reason :
 Thus he is thought to be ; and thus to doe :
 Yea, some of them will impudently to,
 Affirme they saw, what they but misconceived ;
 If they doe find their slanders vnbeleevd.
 And when they speake such things, they neither care
 To whom, nor when, nor yet how false they are.

If they be such who meerey out of spight,
 Or envy, to disparage me, delight ;
 (As doe some *Poetafters*) they forbear
 To speake downeright (because they doe not dare)
 And utter *Parables*. They, knavishly,
 Their falshoods to some Truths, doe closely ty,
 To get beleefe. Things proper unto me,
 They mixe with attributes that cannot be
 To me apply'd, that so they may evade,
 When question of their purposes is made.
 They speake but halfe their matter out ; and leave
 The rest, for those that heare them to conceive

What

What they shall please : but, first disclose they will
 Enough to make their best coniectures ill.
 With words ironically, they doe revile me :
 The *Valiant Poet*, they in scorne doe stile me.
 The *Chronomastix* ; and when taxt they are
 That me they meant, their meanings they forswear.

When these applauded *Wits*, have at the Pot
 Some *Novice*, or some new admirer got
 Of their *Strong-lines* (which warmed by the heat,
 Of Sack, or Claret, they, perhaps repeat)
 Twere worth your sight to see how soone the fire
 Of *Bacchus*, their large braine pans doth inspire,
 With mimick straines : And how they shuffle in
 Selfe praises ; and how grossely they begin
 Occasions, that they may enthrall your eare
 With some *new-piece* of theirs, which you shall heare
 Perforce ; yet heare it with so much adoe,
 That you must thinke you have a fauour to.

For with as many tedious circumstances
 As doth some capring foole before he dances,
 (Or *Singer*, which must tyred be with wooing,
 To doe what willingly, he would be doing)
 They doe begin to read, or to rehearse
 Some fragments of their new created *Verse*,
 With such a *Gesture*, and in such a *Tone*,
 As if Great *Tamberlaine* upon his Throne,
 Were utt'ring a majesticall Oration,
 To strike his hearers dead with admiration.
 Which oft so works upon their Auditory,
 That, to the great aduancement of their glory,
 They lade them with applauses, and with drinke
 Till they themselves, the *Kings of Poets* thinke.

To which opinion, when once rais'd they be,
 Then shall the *Drawer*, or the *Tapster* see

S 2

Their

Their nat'rall humor, which (if true some say)
Is better worthy seeing, then a *Play*.

Among the rest, 'tis odds, but e're they goe,
The *Poets* must be summon'd in a row
To bide their drunken censure ; which doth shame
Those few they praise, much more then those they
Among the rest, it chanceth, some *By-stander* (blame.
By naming me their *Catalogue* doth slander.
If then a man of fashion he appeare,
Who undertakes my name to mention there,
The man (say these) may passe ; but, such as he
(By us) no Poets are esteem'd to be.

A haz the way of making pretty Rimes,
To fit the apprehension of the times ;
And, him for that, the multitude doth favour :
But, in his lines, there is but little favour
Of Reading, or Antiquity. Thus far

They go, if they perceive their hearers are
Indifferently affected. And if they
Do find them jealous of my fame, they'll say,
Most fawningly, sometime those words of me
(In way of praise) that I should blush to be
Within their hearing. Yet, they'll interpose
Some jestings, now and then ; or, in the *close*,
Induce, by way of merriment, some cause
To bring their good opinions to a pause.
Affirming, that though *Drunkard* I am none,
Yet, I reputed am a *wanton-one* :
By some such way their spleen they'll satisfy.
But, if no friend of mine appeareth by,
So freely, then, they vomit all their gall,
That they scarce make me any thing at all.
And some, who neither knew them well, nor me,
Have thought me baser then the basest be.

Some

Some others, by their malice, thought I had
 Some worth in me, which them so envious made ;
 And came to know me, and when me they knew,
 They told me this, which I have told to you.

Some other, shew at large, they with my shame,
 But to their *Libels* will not set their *Name*,
 For feare of danger. And though such can gaine
 No prudent man (at first) to entertaine
 Their fatherlesse reports : yet, sure they are,
 The world hath Knaves and Fooles enow, to heare
 The falsest tales ; and that, when far they go,
 The best suspect, and oft beleieve them too.

There be some other, who (out of a light
 Vaine humour) love to heare, and to recite
 Mens personall defects (without intent
 Of doing right or wrong in what they vent)
 They speak at randome, whatsoe're is new,
 Not much regarding whether false or true ;
 And, do but serve to beare the tale about,
 And blow the fire, which else would smother out.

There is another brood of these *Detraitors*,
 Who in traducing me, are common actors :
 And they are such who cunningly conceale
 Their hate and envy with a holy zeale :
 They, whose Religion, and whose honesties
 Consist in judging those infirmities
 That are in others. If these men espy
 Some little *Atomes* in their brothers eye,
 They straight as busily do heave at them,
 As if the smallest were a mighty *Beame*.
 Their lying suppositions must be took
 For verities ; or else they will not brook
 A word you speak : nay (if you do misdoubt
 Their censures) from the *Church* they thrust you out.

S 3

They

They Charity pretend ; and, though they are
 Well pleas'd when they have something to declare
 VVhich may disgrace another, they will seeme,
 To have his reputation in esteeme.
 As loth to speake ; they'le bring it round about ;
 And thus (or some such way) divulge it out.
Now verily it grieves our very hearts,
The man whom God hath blessed with such parts,
Should walke in such un sanctified wayes.
 And then, they white me over with some prayse
 To make the spots the blacker which they meane
 To spirt upon me, from their mouths uncleane.
 And though those Tales they build their Censures on
 VVere first receiv'd from some such wicked one
 VVhom they in other matters doe distrust,
 Yet is their criticisme so unjust,
 That in disgracing me, their words theyle take;
 And, also, of themselves, conjectures make
 To justifie their scandal ; that they may
 The furer be, their staines on me to lay.
 Thus by the seeming sanctity of those,
 My good intention (in these *Poems*) growes
 More frustrate, then by all the rage of them,
 VVho, with an open impudence contemne
 My best Designs. These, strike me deeper than
 The wounds of twenty thousand others can :
 Yea, by their meanes the worke that I have wrought
 (VVith such a minde, as that it might have brought
 More good repute, then many others get)
 Serves but to make me seeme a *counterfeit* :
 Yea, all my doings which are most upright
 They judge as actions of an *Hypocrite*,
 VVhich is the worst of *Sinners*. And in this,
 If they have plac't their bitter doomes amisse,

VVhat

VVhat sinne is theirs? Or, when can greater wrong,
Be done to any, live he nev'r so long? (know)

Thou knowst oh! God (for thou all hearts dost
That though through frailty, oft astray I goe ;
And, otherwhile may tread that doubtfull path
Of which the world a wrong opinion hath ;
That neither I allow of any sinne
VVithin my selfe, nor would continue in
The smallest error, if I knew the same.
Thou knowst that what hath caus'd my greatest
Among some Censurers ; is that by which (blame
I am indeed, become most truly rich :
And that it also maketh me reforme
My wayes the better ; and those workes performe
To which thou callest, with farre greater ease.
And I am likewise hopefull, thou wilt please
To blesse my courses. For, thou Lord hast knowne,
(In that rough track, through which my feet have
How griev'd I am, when I mislead have been, (gone)
Or in my actions, if ought hath beene seene
Offensive unto others. Thou dost view
My path, and with what mind I doe pursue
The way I goe. Thou knowest Lord, that I
Have oft restrain'd the Christian liberty
I might have tooke ; lest many that are weake
Might of my lawfull freedome, evill speake.
Thou knowest this, and I am certaine to
That pleases thee which in thy feare, I doe.
By these, and such like mischiefs which I see
This wicked world hath power to bring on me,
I oft wax doubtfull ; and sometime I shrinke
Ev'n from those just imployments, which I thinke
God calls me to. And then I halfe desire
I might into obscurity retire

S 4

From

From whence I came ; and be discharged quite
 From this great warfare, wherein, yet, I fight.
 For, many heavy waights on me are thrown
 By these engagements (to the world unknown)
 Yea private combats there are fought in me,
 So many, and so dangerous they be,
 That oft my Hopes are almost driven from me,
 And dull *Despaire* would surely overcome me,
 Were God not alwayes ready to defend me,
 And, as mine faileth, his own pow'r to lend me.

But, when my selfe o'recharged I do find ;
 When *flesh* and *blood* begin to shrink behind ;
 And when I see my Foes have mustred all
 Their force against me : I start up, and call
 A better ayd then mine own Vertue gives me ;
 And, by his holy Spirit, God relieves me :
 He makes me strong, in each good undertaking ;
 And answers all the doubts my heart is making,
 In this, and all good purposes, whereby
 I have been hopefull him to glorifie.

He warrants me I have no cause to feare
 These *Lines* the fruits of thoughts distempred are,
 Though some shall judge them such ; since he whose
 Doth speake the words of sobernes and truth, (mouth
 May seem to those, who thought judicious are,
 As mad, as *Paul*, to *Pestus*, did appeare.

He hath assured me, I cannot run
 This honest *way*, a course to be undone.
 He doth perswade me, that if I grow poore
 By doing well ; my wealth shall be the more
 He sayes, that if his glory I have fought,
 (And for no wicked purpose closely wrought)
 I shall no mischief, nor displeasure have ;
 Nor any losse, by which I shall not save.

He

He makes me certaine that my former paine,
 And this endeavor, some effect shall gaine ;
 Although it compasse not that reformation,
 Which I desire to see in this our *Nation*.
 For though their present evils be not staid
 From growing worfe, by that which I have said ;
 It shall to other times a warning give,
 And aggravate their faults who now do live ;
 If, having such a plaine *Remembrancer*,
 Their (called for) Repentance they defer.
 He bids me know, that though I am not *Sainted*,
 So much, as of all sin to live untainted,
 Yet, to oppose each *Vice*, as I am able,
 (In word and deed) it will be warrantable ;
 And, that to strike at Sin, t'will all become,
 Though *Persons* may be touched but of some.

He tells me, that (although the world shall please
 To terme it railing, when such *Messages*
 Are uttered forth) it cannot bring me shame,
 To call grosse *Sinners* by their proper name ;
 And, that God blessed *Saints* have done as much,
 Who did the follies of their ages touch.

He wills me that on him I should depend ;
 And not distrust that while he me doth send
 About his businesse, he will suffer mine
 To be unprosperous, or my soule to pine.
 Since unto him that for his glory strives,
 The promise of all needfull things he gives.
 He strengthens me, and gives me satisfaction
 Against all envie, malice, or detraction :
 Says, that a guiltlesse conscience needs not care
 How bitter or foule-mouthed others are :
 Perswades me, that if my repute be needfull
 To honor him ; he will himselfe be heedfull

S 5

To

To keepe it faire : Else, glorifie his *Name*
 The more, perhaps, by bringing me to shame.
 And, so the Name of God I glorifie,
 I pleased am, though I have infamy.
 By these, and many other such like things
 Which God (I trust) to my remembrance brings,
 My fainting soule is cheered, when she droupes ;
 These, raise againe my courage when it sloupes :
 And though illusions these appeare, to some,
 Yet, to approve of them a time will come ;
 And, when that Day of tryall, on shall draw,
 (Which I attend for, both with joy and awe)
 It shall be knowne, whose heart was most upright ;
 Or mine, or theirs, that in my harme delight :
 For, then their *Iustice* which a vaile yet weares,
 Will shine like *Phæbus* when no Cloud appeares.
 Thereof (just now) I have an earnest given :
 These *Musings* drew it (for me) downe frō heaven :
 I feele them warme my heart, and fetch againe
 My chilled blood, to run in ev'ry veine.
 They rouze my spirits, and my drouping soule
 They so revive, that now I could controll
 An hoast of *Kings*. For now (just now) the glowing,
 Of their kind heat, I find more strongly growing :
 Iust now I feele in me their operation,
 To urge me forward to the consummation
 Of what my former *Canto's* have begun :
 And God assisting, that shall now be done.
 To thee oh *London*, I directed last
 My just reprove ; And I will backward cast
 An eye on thee againe : For, off I brake
 My speech before my mind I fully spake.
 I have not vented yet, what I could say
 Of many sinnes abounding at this day ;

As

As thy intemp'rancy, and thy exceſſe
 In food and rayment, thy looſe drunkenneſſe ;
 Thy multitudes of beggers, which encreaſe
 For want of orders, in thy Times of peace.
 Thy Sloth, Luſt, Avarice, and all that rabble
 Of vices, and of things abominable
 Which in each corner of thy ſtreets appeare,
 As if they juſtly tollerated were.

I touche not thy corrupted *Officers*,
 I have not mentioned thy *Senators*,
 Nor have I ſhowne as yet what ſcandall growes
 To thee, and unto thine, by ſome of thoſe ;
 How partiall, nor how ignorant they be,
 How prejudiciall many times to thee,
 And to thy publike weale, for private gaine ;
 How cowardly thy *cuſtomes* they maintaine ;
 How readily thy Freedomes they betray
 (If their promotions, it ought further may,
 Or ſpare their purſes) This, I have not ſhowne,
 For, what belongs thereto, is better knowne
 To others then to me. Yet much hath beene
 Of them reported, and I much have ſeene
 Of their condition, which deſerveth blame.
 Nor doe I greatly wonder at the ſame ;
 But I, much rather marvell that in thee
 So many prudent *Senators* there be ;
 Since, very few of all thy double dozen
 For Courage, wit or honeſty are choſen.

Wealth makes an *Alderman* (however got)
 If he be pleaſed to accept the Lot.
 In hope to gaine his *Fine*, thou wilt adven-
 To let the moſt ignoble fellow enter
 That is but rich ; and worthy men forgoe,
 Who to thy Government, might honor doe.

Thou

Thou feldonie careſt how he did become
 So rich, if he but harrow up the ſum
 That makes him capable of ſuch a place ;
 Nor heedeſt thou, a jot, how baſe he was.
 No honeſt *Occupation* I contemne,
 Nor their profeſſors ; but I honor them,
 Though of the loweſt order ; if I find
 They have not loſt the vertues of the mind,
 In thoſe meane Callings ; and, have fought as much
 In knowledge, as in mony, to be rich :
 Yea, thoſe (when from poore fortunes they aſcend,
 To wealth) to honor alſo I commend.
 But is it poſſible, that man whoſe minde
 To ſerve his *Mammon* only, was enclin'd ;
 Or, is it poſſible, the man that had
 By birth and breeding, nothing but a trade
 To get experience by ; (and, that perchance
 Some handicraft, which furthers ignorance
 In uſefull knowledge) or, that they who ſcrape
 And ſcratch together an unweildy heape
 Of needleſſe riches, by penurious fare ;
 By ſparingneſſe, in what they ſhould not ſpare :
 Or, which is worſe, by cruelleſt extortion ;
 By robbing others of their lawfull portion,
 By rapine, guile, and ſuch impieties ;
 Is't poſſible (I ſay) when theſe men riſe
 To weare thy ſkarlet-Robe, that they will be
 Or honor, or advantage unto thee ?
 If thoſe black *Æthiops*, if thoſe *Leopards*, change
 Their ſpots, or colour, I ſhall think it ſtrange :
 If ever they regard what weights be throwne
 Vpon thy back, ſo they may eaſe their owne :
 Or for thine honor ſtand (who have no ſenſe
 Of anything, but *ſaving*, and *expense*)

I

I shall beleve that Wolves will tend our Sheep,
And greedy Kites, young Chickens harmlesse keep.

I might have mention made of that report
Which is divulged of thy *Orphanes court* :
Of those perpetuall *Jurors*, which for pay
Attend judiciall trials day by day :
Of those *Ingrossers* who thy trades abuse ;
And those who make thy *Freedomes*, and thy *Dues*
A dammage to thee : and of other some,
Who other wayes injurious are become,
I might have spoke ; and would ; but that I heare
They do already found in ev'ry eare.

Truth is, the spreading leprosie of sin,
Into thy very wals have eaten in,
And will not thence be scraped out (I feare)
As long as there be stones or morter there.
Thy *Vineyard* brings not forth wild grapes alone,
In lieu of all thy God bestow'd thereon ;
But, also, of it selfe prevents his curse,
And hath produced what is ten times worse :
Thornes, bryers, nettles, hemlock, and such weeds
As choke all pleasant plants, and fruitfull seeds.

No place, no person, calling, nor degree,
Nor sex, nor age, is from corruption free.
Within thy Chambers lodgeth *Wantonneffe* ;
Vpon thy *Boards* is heaped all excesse :
With vomitings they oft o'reflowed are ;
And, from uncleanneffes no *Roome* is cleare.
Thy *Hals* are daily filled with a rable
That stand and sweare about a Shove-goat table.
Within thy *Parlours*, I can little see,
But visiting of *Mistris-idle-be*.
Within thy *Wardrobes*, *Pride* layes up her store ;
Vpon thy *Couches*, *Sloth* doth lye and snore.

Within

Within thy *Pleading-Courts*, are shameles railings,
 And, of upright proceeding, many failings.
 Thy *Churches* (be it spoke without offence)
 Are full of rudenesse and irreverence.
 Thou usest in thy *Shops* false weights and lying ;
 Vnpitied at thy *Dores*, the poore are crying.
 Wilkin thy cloffets, mischiefes are invented ;
 Thy *Theaters* are usually frequented
 With persons dissolute : disparag'd are
 Sometimes, the most deserving actions, there.
 There, see you may, uncomely presentations,
 And often heare unchristian prophanations.
 Yea, ev'ry corner, ev'ry street, and path
 An overflow of sinne, and folly hath.

Among thy *Feasts*, are surfettings uncleane,
 Vaine curiosities, and songs obscene.
 Thy *Merry meetings* the procurers be
 Of most disorders that are found in thee :
 There, lawlesse games are used, there, are broched
 Vile slanders ; and, good men are there reproched.
 There, they that are not good, are oft made worfe
 By lewd examples, or prophane discourse.
 And, few contentions have occasioned bin,
 But, at such meetings, they did first begin.

Thy *Aged-folke* are froward avaritious,
 Selfe willed, and imprudently ambitious.
 The *younger-sort*, are headstrong, rash, and haughty,
 Thy children are forgetfull of their duty.
 The men imperiously their power abuse,
 And counsell from their helpers doe refuse.
 Thy *women*, too much dote on vaine attires,
 And are inconstant in their own desires.
 The *Magistrates* doe bad examples give,
 And, as men borne but for themselves they live.

Of

Of persons they retaine too much respect :
 Their places, for their credits, they affect
 (Or for their gaine) but not for conscience sake.
 Inferior *Officers*, doe also take
 The selfe-same courses : and (in what they doe)
 Are partiall, cruell, and unfaithfull to.

Few single-persons live in chastity ;
 In *Mariage*, there is much disloyalty.
 Perpetuall fuites, and quarrels I doe see
 Among those Neighbours, that should loving be :
 No malice is like that which I have knowne,
 Twixt Brothers, when dissention hath been sowne.
 Their practices, who friendship doe professe
 (In my opinion) promise nothing lesse :
 For, all their formall kindnesse oft is spent
 In visitings, and fruitlesse complement.
 And all they seeke (for ought that I perceiue)
 Is, how they one another may deceive
 In friendly Termes ; Or, how to doe as they
 Who act the parts of friendship in a *Play*.

Thy Richmen, doe Idolatry commit
 With *Mammon*, and Gods benefits forget.
 Among the poore are many wicked things ;
 Impaciency, ungodly murmurings,
 Theft, scolding fightings, cursings, taleing, lies ;
 And, though they live by others charities,
 No people will pursue each other so
 With malice and despight as they will doe.

At Doores and windowes, *Strumpets* impudent
 Doe sit, and wanton gestures there invent
 To woo, by their alluring provocations,
 Vaine men to drinke their Cup of Fornications.
 Thy *Suburbs*, are the Coverts, and the den
 Wherein are sheltred many beasts uncleane,

Thy

Thy *Tavernes*, are the places where most foule
 And hainous things are done, without controule.
 There, drink they *healths*, till *health* is drunk away ;
 And, nought ashamed are to let the day
 Be witnesse of their drunken vomitings,
 Brawles, reelings, ravings, and such brutish things :
 Nay, to consume the day in drunkenesse,
 And all the night, is nothing now, unlesse
 The Hoboyes, Cornets, Drum and Trumpet sound
 To tell the neighbours how the healths go round.
 And when, according to their heathnish fashions,
 They offer up their devillish *Drink-oblations*,
 What do they better then Idolatries,
 And Festivals to *Bacchus* solemnise ?

In thee (beside thy proper faults) are found
 Those also which are common, and abound
 Throughout thy *Kingdomes*. And ev'n thou and they
 Have beene companions in one evill way.
 We all, as in one Teeme, have drawne on sin ;
 Gods promises and threatnings mockt have bin ;
 The lust-mans righteousness we have bely'd ;
 And, sinners, in their sins, have justifi'd.
 Of *Good* and *Evill*, we exchange the name ;
 And, that, which to remember, is our shame,
 Or should with griefe repented be ; ev'n that
 We tell with laughter ; and make jests thereat.
 Gods Iudgements work not on us ; we are scourged ;
 And yet, unto amendment are not urged.
 We break the *Sabbath-dayes*, and we despise
 The *Churches* pow'r, and her *Solemnities*.
 Her *Holy-times* to us are wearisome ;
 And in our hearts we wish the morrow come,
 That we might freely buy and sell againe.
 Those Messengers we soonest entertaine,

That

That of strong drink, and wine, do prophesie ;
And, *Truth* is not so welcome as a *Lye*.

We sooth our neighbours in their finfulness :
And (that their secrets, and their nakednesse
We may discover) we the wine bestow ;
Then, work upon then to their overthrow.
Vpon our lusts, the precious things we spend ;
And unto God the *Lame* and *Blind* we send.
We rob him of his Tythes and his Oblations,
Our publike *Fasts*, are publike prophanations :
For ev'n our pray'rs, our fasts, our almes, and all,
Are oft for show, and hypocriticall :
And used more, our safeties to provide,
Then that our *Maker* may be glorifi'd.

Our hearts against Gods Prophets hardned are ;
And what they preach or threat, we little care.
The Land, throughout, because of *Othes* doth mourn ;
We stagger in our paths ; and to returne
To *Ægypt* ready seeme ; unlesse God grant
(At our first longing) ev'ry toy we want.
The blood of innocents hath spilled been
Vpon our skirts ; most filthy things are seen
Within our vessels ; and, yet, some of us
Presume to say (ev'n to our brethren) thus ;
Stand off, for we more holy are then ye.
And, these like smoak within Gods nostrils be :
We stumble at nooneday : and as the blind,
We groap, uncertainly, the wall to find.
With *Death* and *Hell*, a bargaine we have made ;
And, nothing for our hopes, but lies have had.

If any Morall Verues do appeare ;
With some unfavorineffe they leaven'd are.
If any do a kindnesse to his brother,
It is in policy to get another :

Or else, with some upbraiding, or vaine boast,
 Whereby the comfort of the deed is lost.
 If ought be spoken to anothers praise,
 It is some profit to ourselves to raise.
 If comfort to the griued be pretended,
 The griued party is as ill befriended
 As *Iob* : For, what we doe is but for fashion ;
 Without good meaning, wisdome, or compassion.
 If we instruct, we doe it but to shew
 That we much more then other men doe know.
 If we our brethrens errors doe reprove ;
 It is not as it ought to be, in love :
 But, with such bitternesse as plaine doth shew,
 We more the person, then the vice pursue.
 We cannot give an Almes, but we must found
 A trumpet : neither wall a rod of ground
 For publike use : nor fet a pane of glasse
 In some Church window, where it needlesse was ;
 Nor trimme a pulpit, nor erect a stile ;
 Nor mend a foot path, though but halfe a mile ;
 Nor, by the highway side, fet up a stone
 To get a horsebacke ; but we fixe thereon
 Our *Names*, or somewhere leave upon record,
 What benefactors we have beene (*good Lord*)
 For such hypocrisies, and finnes as these
 On other places, doth Gods judgements seize ;
 For these, thy *Pastors* oft have warned thee ;
 For these, they said thou shouldst afflicted be :
 And, at this present, vengeance is begun ;
 Though ignorant thou seeme of what is done.
 For those offences, God did now of late
 Make all thy fairest lodgings desolate.
 For them, the *Pestilence* continues yet,
 And we with scabs, and sores, and blaines are smit.

For

For them, thou of thy braveries uncloth'd,
 Wert in thy greatest sorrow, left and loth'd.
 For them, a Famine lately did begin.
 For them, have goodly habitations bin
 Consum'd by fire. For this, the goods of some
 A prey to Seas, and Pyrats are become.
 For them, thy tradings faile, that were enlarged;
 And thou for single gaine, art double charged.
 For them the *Sword* (that such a while hath hung
 Sheath'd up) is newly drawne, and will ere long
 Devoure thy sons and daughters, if there be
 No more Repentance then yet seemes in thee :
 Yea throughout all this *Iland*, it will rage
 And lay it wast before another age.

For not our *Cities* onely tainted are
 With finnes contagion ; but ev'n ev'ry where
 This *Land* is so diseaf'd that many doubt
 (Before it mend) some blood must issue out.
 There is not any Towneship, Village, Borough,
 Or petty Hamlet, all this Kingdome through,
 But merits (in proportion) as much blame,
 As any City of the greatest fame.
 The simple seeming *Peasants* of the Land,
 (Who for their *Names* do make their *sheepmarke* stand
 And have not so much Clerkship, as to spell)
 Can play the subtile cheating knaves, as well
 As many cunning *Sophisters*, and cogge,
 And lie, and prate of Law and pettifogge
 As craftily (sometimes) as many a one
 Who divers yeares hath studied *Littleton*.

Yea, they who never had the wit to learne
 Those knowledges which *honesty* concerne ;
 Have witty craft enough to entertaine
 Or plot a bargain for unlawfull gaine.

They

They persecute each other ; they envy
 Their neighbours welfare and prosperity ;
 They drive each other from their tenements ;
 And are the causes of inhauncing rents,
 By over-bidding for their (neighbours Land)
 Those Fines the *Land lords* purpos'd to demand ;
 Yet stand their Farmes already rackt so high,
 That they have begger'd halfe their Tenantry.
 In divers townes they have decayed tillage ;
 Depopulated many a goodly village ;
 Yea, joynd field to field, till for the poore
 No *place* is yeilded, nor *employment* more :
 And, where were households, lately, many a one,
 A Shepherd and his Dog, now dwell alone.

To make of griping *Vfury* their trade,
 Among the Rich, no scruple now is made
 In any place : for ev'ry Country Village,
 Hath now some *Vfury*, as well as *Tillage*.
 Yea, they that *lending* most of all detest,
 Though but for tollerated Interest,
 Do nathelasse take those *Annuities*,
 Which often prove the biting'st *Vfuries*.

By nature, *Mony* no encrease doth bring :
 Most, therefore, think it a prodigious thing
 That Mony put to lone, should bring in gaine.
 Yet some of these, by practice do maintaine
 As monstrous usuries, and nought at all
 Are touched in their conscience therewithall.
 In usury of Cattell, or of Leases,
 We may disburse our mony for encreases
 More biting far, then those he dares to take,
 Who by meere lending, doth advantage make.

As Mony nat'rally produceth nought,
 So, by the Earth, small profit forth is brought

Vntill

Vntill both cost and labour we bestow,
For little, else, but thornes and weeds will grow.
The *Landlord*, therefore, here I dare aver,
To be no lesse a griping *Vfurer*
Then is the *Mony-master*, if he break
The Rule of Christian Charity, and take
More profit then his tenant can afford ;
And such as these are hated of the *Lord*.

Of *Vfurers*, there are some other sorts,
Who keep no certaine place : but, both in Courts,
In Cities, and in Country townes they dwell,
And in the trick of griping they excell.

There be of these, that *Use* for *Silence* take.
Some others, an ufurious profit make
Of their *Authorities* ; and do advance
Their wealth, by giving others countenance.
Their cariages, their neighbours fetch, and bring ;
They have their feed-time and their harvesting,
Dispatcht almost for nothing : such as these,
Are many of our Country *Iustices*.

Some, by another engine profit catch :
They must be pray'd and payed for dispatch.
Yea, *Clarkes*, and many other *Officers*,
Are greater, and more hatefull *Vfurers*,
Then they that most are hated for that crime ;
Since these do often for a little time
(Which they delay unjustly) take what may
Of no meane sum, the annuall Interest pay.

These men are cruell. And, yet worfe by far,
Most *Treasurers*, and their pay-masters are.
For, that which due unto us doth remaine,
They do not only overlong detaine.
But, oft, of ev'ry hundred, twenty take,
E're payment of our owne, to us, they make.

They

They must have Bribes, their wives must have Ca-
 Or horfe, or jewells ; after which encroches (roches
 Their servant also, for some other dues
 (As they pretend) which if we doe refuse
 To pay unto them, twise as much we leefe.
 This tricke inricheth also *Referres*
 In *Chancery*, and in some other Courts
 And this or makes, or marreth most *Reports*.

This, is that common Cheat, and meanes by
 Meane Officers, so speedily grow rich, (which
 Although they give large *Incomes*. By this way
 Their wives doe on a sudden grow so gay,
 That were but Kitchin maids few yeares before.
 Yea, many in the blood of Orphanes poore,
 Have dide their gownes in scarlet by such courfes,
 And cloth'd, & fed themselves, with widdowes curfes.

But, these *Destroyers*, make not spoyle of all,
 For, full as many into ruine fall
 By complement, and foolish emulating
 Their neighbours, otherwhile, by imitating
 The *City* Fashions. Yea, by these, and some
 Such other wayes, are many men become
 So weake in their estates ; that most of those
 Who live in fashion, and make handsome showes
 Of being rich, would prove (I am afraid)
 Far worfe then nothing, if their debts were paid.

This sheweth from our pride, or from excessse ;
 And this is cause of other wickednesse.
 But, in our Iland, one thing I have seene,
 Which (though it hath not much observed beene
 To be a fault) will make a large addition
 To fill the measure of this *Lands* transgression.
 And much I am afraid, that all in vaine
 I shall of this impiety complaine.

For,

For, *Avarice*, who nought will give away,
Whereon her griple fingers she can lay,
Pleads for it: yea, and *Custome* hath so long
Confirm'd it, that it is a lawfull wrong
I doe not meane the *Laities* retaining
Of *Tithes*, or *Lands* unto the *Church* pertaining.
For, though I would not build my house with ought,
Which from the *Sanctuary* had beene caught,
To gaine the world, yet, I may doe amisse
To judge of others Consciences in this.
It is the barbarous usage, wherewith we
Doe entertaine those men that shipwrackt be,
Which here I meane: For, many people have
Lesse mercy then the Tempest, and the wave.
That *Veffell*, which the Rocks had pittie on,
The cruelty of man doth seize upon;
And him that is oppressed, quite bereaves
Of what the quicksand undevoured leaves.
When some poore ship upon the billowes tost,
Is driven by a storm upon the Coast,
With rudder lost, with tacklings rent and torne,
With maine-mast split, and fore mast overborne;
And reeles and rowles, and takes in water so
That all the Mariners through feare forgoe
Their crazie *Charge*, some swimming to the shoares
On peeces of the decke, or broken oares.
Some on an empty Chest; some holding fast
On splinters of a Yard, or of a Mast;
Now riding on the waves; straight sinking downe;
Now hoping life, anon afraid to drowne;
Put off, and on; yet lab'ring to attaine
The Land, in hope more pittie there to gaine:
In this poore plight, when they (with much adoe)
A dryer Element have reacht unto,

And,

And, wet and tyred (both on feet and hands)
 Come creeping, or else staggering on the sands :
 The neighb'ring people (who in this are far
 More salvage, then most barbarous Nations are)
 In stead of bringing comfort and reliefe,
 Add new afflictions to their former grieve,
 By taking that small meanes which is reserved
 To keep them living, when their life's preserved.

For, those remaining fragments of their store,
 Which God, sometimes, in pity sends ashore
 To help new cloath and feed them, till there come
 Some friends to aid them ; or supplies from home ;
 Ev'n spoile of those they make : and of the prey
 So greedy are ; that often when these may
 Mens lives preserve, they leave them to their chance,
 In hope their death, their profit will advance.

And, if that bruised *Bark* which they forfook
 (To save their lives) upon some Ouze hath strook,
 Or on some shelve ; from whence, by timely aid,
 The goods to land may safely be convaid.
 Or if (as chance it may) the *Hull* be saved,
 Yet thereof, is the *Owner* quite bereaved.
 For, by a brutish *Custom* (which, I know,
 Nor *Conscience*, nor good *Reason* doth allow)
 Some *Officer* who farmes the Royalties
 Within that place, doth make thereof a prize.
 Else, he that owns the Land whereon it falls,
 Doth seize it : and, his right, the same he calls.
Paul did a people, ev'n at *Malta*, find,
 (Although a barb'rous Iland) far more kind.
 Men wrackt, they comforted ; but we bereave them
 Of those remainders which the Sea doth leave them ;
 Except some living thing abiding be
 Aboard the Ship. For, then the same is free

From

From being prov'd a wrack (we say) though that
Which there furviveth, be some Dog or Cat :
A goodly matter, surely, whereupon
Poore men should be relieved or undone.

Some dwellers also, on those borders, where
Such wofull fights, too often viewed are,
Rejoyce to see them ; yea, some people say,
That, for such mischiefs, they both watch and pray ;
With curses banning them ; who set up *Lights*,
To guide the *Seaman* in dark stormy nights.
And (though they seek it with a devillish mind)
Gods-good, they call, what on the shore they find.

Gods gift, indeed it is, which unto them
Doth from the Seas, without an owner swim :
Yet, when the master of it shall be knowne,
Gods gift it is not ; but a bait that's throwne
To catch the foules of those, who seek to raise
Their fortunes on distressed mens decays.

No marvell, while such cruelties are found
(Vpon the Coast) the Sea o'reflows her bound.
No marvell, she so often, here and there,
Doth from their fields so many furlongs teare.
No marvell she, sometimes, their cattle drownes,
And, sweeps away the riches of their townes :
Or, of those people, otherwhile, devoures
So many households, in a few short houres :
For, since they grieved others, in distresse,
The Sea to them, is justly mercilesse.
Of many other things, complaine I could,
Which though this Kingdome, I amisse behold :
But should I now an Inventory make
Of each abuse whereof I notice take
In all professions ; sure, it would goe neare,
To finde my *Readers*, reading for a yeare.

T

I

I feare, our gen'rall Body fareth fo,
 As, in their sicknesſes they often do
 Who feele not their diſeaſe, when they are nigh
 (Without good help) upon the point to dye.
 They woukl not be diſturb'd ; but, vex and fret,
 At thoſe who do prepare them whoſome meat,
 Or needfull Phyſick : and, perhaps, with me
 My *Country*, alſo, will diſpleaſed be.
 But, for unjuſt diſpleaſure, 'tis no matter ;
 As faithful friends (to ſick men) will not flatter,
 Nor humor them in any ſuch *diſeaſe* ;
 No more will I be fearfull to diſpleaſe
 A ſickly people, when I truly know,
 I do that work my conſcience calls me to.

I tell thee therefore, *Britaine*, thou art ſick ;
 Thy ſins have made thee ſo ; and thou art like
 To periſh in them, if thou phyſick take not,
 And, for thy ſafety, good proviſion make not.
 If thou nor feeleſt, nor wilt credit give
 To what is ſpoken : Mark thou, and beleeve
 The *Symtomes* of it. For, they will declare
 So truly, how (at this time) thou doſt fare,
 That they who are not reaſonleſſe, ſhall ſee
 And ſay (in times to come) I loved thee.

Behold, ev'n at this day, throughout the *Land*,
 Moſt *Manuſactories* are at a ſtand ;
 And, of thoſe *Engines*, ſome maine wheeles are broke,
 Though where they faulty be, ſmall heed be took.

Thy *Merchants*, by whoſe trade great profit comes
 (And to the Kings *Exchequer*, royall ſums)
 Thoſe *Mercuries*, by whoſe induſtrious paine,
 Thou didſt become the *Miſtreſſe* of the *Maine*,
 And art maintain'd with ſhips, which are the walls,
 By which thy temp'rall greatneſſe, ſtands or falls.

Ev'n

Ev'n they, begin to sink, for want of trade,
 And through those booties which of them are made.
 Their Ships without advantage are employ'd ;
 And if the Wars, or Time, had them destroy'd
 Which are in being ; they have (to augment
 Or fill the number) no encouragement.

The present muster of thy shipping, failes
 Of what it was, in many scores of failes,
 Not long time since : and, thy next neigh'bring nation
 Growes rich in thy decaying Navigation.
 Yea, some suspect, that of our publike Trade
 (For private profit) sale to them is made.

Indeed, most *Officers*, if so they may
 Enlarge their profits for the present day ;
 Or gaine, or save the King, but for a yeare,
 Some thousand, do suppose they much endear
 Their service to the *State* : when ('tis well known
 To us abroad) the gaine is most their owne :
 And that, before two ages more be spent,
 The waies by which their incomes they augment,
 Will cost this Kingdome for each ounce of gold
 So got, a hundred, if their courses hold.

It is by them, the Prince becommeth poore.
 And (though they would be thought (forfooth) much
 Then all his other subjects, to maintaine (more
 The dues belonging to a *Soveraigne*)
 They rob him more, then all men else beside :
 They lose him ten times more then they provide.
 They make him needy first ; and then they grieve,
 And begger them, that should his wants relieve.
 The vulgar *Citizens* do much complaine
 For want of trade sufficient to maintaine
 Their families ; and, many, lately broken,
 Are of that poverty a certaine token.

T 2

That

That famous, and that wealthy Merchandize,
Which from our clothings, and our woolls arise
Is much decay'd. For work, the poore man prayes :
The *Clothier* hath not mony ; and he layes
The blame upon the *Merchant* ; who doth sweare,
His ships and goods, so often stay'd are,
And times so giddy, and so little got
(With so much perill) that he dareth not
To make adventures, as he erst hath done,
And so, to ruine all is like to run.
For, from their voyages so oft have some
Been hindred (or have beene so long from home
In fruitelesse services) that it hath brought
Rich *Owners*, and their *Vessels*, unto nought.
Some others, also find it, to maintaine
Their ships, so costly, (without hope of gaine)
That to repaire them they do stand in feare
It may undo them, e're things better'd are ;
That (might their men be safe) they do protest,
They know not, if to sink, or swim were best.

The winds and seas, that heretofore have borne us
Good will ; have prov'd our foes, and rent & torne us.
Our *Mariners* are like to run away
To serve our foes, for want of work, and pay.

Those places, and those portions, which belong
To mens deserts ; and should to make them strong,
And to encourage them, conferred be ;
Are otherwise dispos'd of : and we see
The most deserving men are in disgraces ;
Or else neglected ; or else, in their places
Impoverished (or else disheartned so)
That some men will not ; and some cannot do
Their Country that good service which they might :
And, if this, hold, we lose our honor quite,

By

By those adventures, which are just and free
 To ev'ry Nation, where good *Patriots* be,
 Thy sons, to fetch thee wealth, and honour home,
 Would prodigall of goods and lives become ;
 By private cost, augment the publike store,
 And by encrease of shipping, guard thy shore ;
 If they might freely seek, and keep that lot,
 Which by their cost and valour might be got.
 But, men that are of courage, and of worth,
 Disdain their goods and lives to hazard forth,
 On servile termes ; or, to be prey'd upon
 When they returne, by some ignoble *Drone* :
 And, by this meanes, oh thou unhappy *He*,
 Thy foes grow strong, & thou grow'st weak the while.

I do protest, I see not that condition
 Of man, that hath a fortune in fruition,
 That is not perillous ; but, he that's borne
 The mischiefs of this present life to scorne.
 Nor from the highest to the low'st degree,
 Doth any man well pleas'd seeme to be.
 The King complains of want : his Servants say,
 They stand engag'd in more then they can pay :
 And they who in their person service do him,
 Want much of that which should oblige them to him.
 The charge of *War*, still more and more doth grow ;
 The *Customes* faile as trading falleth low :
 There's new occasion ev'ry day of spending, (ding.
 And much more borrow'ing, then good meanes of len-
 'Tis said, some royall Rents to sale were profer'd ;
 That *Jewels* of the *Crowne* to pawne were offer'd :
 That *Church* Revennues, for the present need,
 Sequestred are (to stand a while in stead
 Of temp'ralties) And some themselves perswade,
 That, they shall now be lay possessions made.

T 3

But

But, God forbid : for, he that shall bereave
 The *Church* of her inheritance, doth leave
 A curse upon his children ; which will stay
 Vntill his whole descent be worne away.

To help thy wants, (so great it seemes they prove)
 There be of those who did not blush to move
 Religion might be fet to sale ; and that
 We might promiscuous worships tolerate.

The common people murmur of oppressions ;
 Of being robbed of their due possessions ;
 Of impudent abuses, done by those
 Who should redresse them : ev'ry winde that blowes,
 Brings tidings of ill luck ; yet, still men feare
 There's worse untold, then that which they do heare.
 For, we have lying Newes authoris'd
 So long ; and falshoods, have so many spread ;
 That, when of that a true report is told
 Whereof a firme beleefe receive we should,
 We cannot credit it : and, this, perchance,
 May to our safety be some hinderance.

If in our selves, we feele not what's amisse,
 Obserue we, by reflection, what it is.
 The *Germane* Emp'rour, and two *Kings*, that be
 As rich and pow'rfull, ev'ry way as he,
 Are Foes profess'd ; and they bend their pow'r,
 Our Countries, and our Nation to deuoure :
 And, while to fight Gods battels men do faine,
 The Kingdome of the Devill they maintaine.

Our *Friends*, and our *Confederates*, for us,
 Engag'd in undertakings dangerous,
 Have suffred losse ; and yet, in hazard are
 By an unequall and injurious war.
 Some, who possesse an Vnion with our Land,
 Do work their owne advantage underhand,

To

To our disgrace and losses. Other some,
Are neuters yet, who will our foes become,
And with our enemies the spoile divide,
If any ill *Adventure* shall betide.

That princely *Branch* of our most royall *Stem*,
Made poore by the *Bohemian* Diadem,
(But, rich in her own vertues, and that treasure
Of heav'nly graces, which in plenteous measure
Gods bounty gave her) that illustrious *Dame*,
(To whom I owe ev'n more then all I am)
Lives banisht, (oh! the mischieves of this age)
And quite excluded from her heritage.
Her *LORD*, and all those deare and hopefull *Peeces*,
Drawne off by them; the *Nephewes*, and the *Nieces*
Of our dread *Sov'raigne*, are as pilgrims, saine
Within a forraine Country to remaine.
Our costly *Treaties*, do but costly speed.
Our new *Alliance*, proves a broken Reed.
Our forraine enterprizes, full of charge,
Do serve but others glories to enlarge.
Our mighty *Navies* strongly furnisht out,
Have lost their pains, in what they went about.
One little *Towne* keeps all our ports in feare;
Vpon the Seas, our *Coasters* feared are;
And, we that bore the *Trident* of the Seas;
We, who of late, with smaller Fleets, then these
Which now we set aflote, did once constraîne
The *Carraks*, and the *Argosies* of *Spaine*
To strike their sailes: we that have aw'd the *Deeps*,
And ev'ry *Foreland*, through the world, that peeps
Above the *Seas*: yea, we that from each shore,
Whereon the brinish waves of *Neptune* rore,
Have brought rich Trophees of our valours home,
Now, back with neither spoiles nor honors, come.

T 4

God,

God, with our *Fleets*, and *Armies*, doth not so
Go forth of late, as he did use to doe.
But divers yeares together, as offended,
His arme against our forces hath extended.

That hopefull *Voyage*, which brave *Rawleigh* made,
To prosecute those golden hopes he had,
Was overthrowne ; and, (to enlarge the cost)
In him, we more in wit, then mony lost.
For, to resist us, God himfelfe did stand :
And still against us, he extends his hand.

Vpon *Argeir* we had a faire designe,
That much extracted from our silver Mine,
But nothing prosper'd, which was then projected,
Nor was there ought, but losse and shame effected ;
For, God preserv'd our enemies from harme :
And, still, against us, stretcheth he his arme.

When in *Virginia* we had nursed long
Our *Colonies*, and hoped they were strong,
And, almost able to subsist alone :
By naked people they were fet upon,
And, fore endanger'd : For, *on us for ill,*
God laid his hand ; and layes it on us still.

Auxiliary forces forth we sent ;
(Or, voluntarily from us they went)
To settle on *Bohemiah's* fatall throne,
Him, whom that *Land* had cast her choice upon.
But, there our men were wasted : and in steed
Of *Iacobs staffe*, we proved *Egypt's-reed* :
For, God against our pow'rs his pow'r did set ;
And, he his hand doth raise against us, yet.

We made new *Leavies*, and marcht up the *Rhine*,
To guard the Country of the *Palatine* ;
But, all in vaine. For, nothing did we there,
Except prolong the miseries of *War*.

God,

God, would not that deliver'd they should be
By people that so wicked are as we.

But, scourged them and us, in bitter wife :

And still, his heavy hand upon us lies.

Then, mustred we *Ambassadors* together ;

We sent them oft, and almost ev'ry whither ;

But, by our Treaties we acquired nought :

Nay, many disadvantages they brought ;

For, then, our foes for battle did prepare,

When we of peace together treating were.

Yea, God hath caus'd the harme that they have done us ;

And, still, his hand lies heavily upon us.

The fortune of the *War* we tride againe

By *Mansfield* ; which did likewise prove in vaine.

To *Denmark* also we did send supplies,

And there, moreover, sick and bleeding lies

Our honor. *And, yet still, against our Land*

The Lord of Hosts hath stretched out his hand.

Throughout the *Easterne Indies* where we had

A wealthy and an honorable Trade,

A petty Nation, doth now baffle, dare us,

And, out of trading, hope e're long to weare us.

Our glorious Fleet, that lately braved *Cales*,

Of her exploits affords not many tales.

Another, and another too, since then,

Was put to sea, and driven home agen

All shaken and betatter'd. Some, the wind

Sent back, and frustrate made what was design'd.

Some others, were by other lets delay'd,

And, made to faile, in that which they assail'd :

For, God with this our Nation was offended ;

And, yet, his hand against us is extended.

Another *Navie*, worthy greater note,

Then all of these forenamed, now doth flote

T 5

Vpon

Vpon the seas : and such a fame it beares,
 That all the neigh'ring kingdomes it deters.
 For, *Land* and *Sea* it threatens : and we heare
 Before the *Ile of Ree*, at rode they are,
 Where they of brave atchievements hopefull grow.
 I wish, and I do pray it may be so
 As they desire, if God be pleas'd therein.
 But, much I feare, that we have guilty bin
 Of somewhat unrepented yet, that will
 Make all our undertakings prosper ill,
 Till we are humbled more. For, God hath laine
 His heavy hand upon us, long in vaine.
 And, though our hearts with foolish hopes we fill,
His Arme, against us, forth he stretches still.
 Or else it could not be our forces great,
 So many times should suffer a defeat.
 For when a lesser Fleet was sent to do
 A *Mischiefe*, it had pow'r enough thereto.
 But let us take a little further heed,
 How ill our hopes in forraine parts succeed.
 The *French* and *Germane* Churches, in whose care,
 And in whose persecutions we do share :
 Have been afflicted in a grievous wise,
 And still a heavy burden on them lyes.
 Gods foes, and theirs, and ours, have craftily
 Combined in a strong confederacy.
 The tents of *Edom*, and the *Ishma'lites*,
 The seed of *Agar*, and the *Moabites*,
 With *Ashur*, and the sons of *Lot* conspire ;
 With *Gehal*, *Ammon*, *Amelek*, and *Tyre*.
 Yea *Gog* and *Magog* ; close and open foes,
 Ev'n all those Armies which Gods truth oppose,
 (And by the *Names*, here mention'd, figur'd were)
 Confederated, and resolved are,

To

To pray upon us. *Come, now come, say they,
Let's root their Nation, and their Name away.*
And, if our God be silent over-long,
Their strength encreasing, will encrease the wrong
His *Church* endures: our cause will be o'rethrowne,
And, they will take Gods houses for their owne.

If yet, thou dost not feele thy sickly case,
Nor in these forraine glasses view thy face,
Look home agen; and I will shew thee there
Moe things, that worthy notice will appeare.
There, thou shalt find distruction in the *State*;
The *Commons*, and some *Nobles*, at debate;
The *Court* it selfe disturbed with disunions;
Some following others; some their owne opinions;
Some striving, from their seats, their mates to thrust;
Few knowing in whose friendship they may trust.

There see thou shalt most seeking the disgraces
Of others; and in all their fellowes places
Men so experienc'd, that they leave to do
Those duties, they themselves are call'd unto.
There thou shalt see such foolish imitations;
Such complements, such grosse dissimulations;
Such practices; such products, and devices;
Contriving of such foolish paradises;
Such doing and undoing, what is done;
That, 'Twill be matter worthy musing on.

Those *Offices*, and those high seats of *State*,
(Esteem'd most honorable) are of late
Become so skittish; or the men that get them,
Such artlesse riders, that they cannot fit them.
When liv'd, at once, so many, who did cary,
(And left disgrac'd) the stiles of *Secretary*,
Of *Chamberlaine*, *Chief Justice*, *Treasurer*,
Of Lord *high Keeper*, and Lord *Chancellor*?

Of

Of these, and other titles, when was seene
 Such chopping and such changing, as hath beene
 In later yeares? sure, something is amisse,
 That such uncertainty among us is.

Those perf'nages, whose words were heretofore
 As *Oracles*; are credited no more
 Then Cheaters are. Their hand & seale doth stand
 For nothing, if no other come in hand.
 So void are some advanced to high place,
 Of common understanding, and of grace,
 That neither shame, nor losse, which doth befall
 To other men, can move them ought at all.
 But, as men markt for Vengeance, or else sent
 For thy dishonor, and thy punishment,
 They dare proceed to practice ev'ry sin
 For which their predecessors shent have bin.
 Nay, some who for corruption were remov'd
 To give those place, might well have been approv'd
 Respecting them; if all the peoples cries,
 From just occasion may be thought to rise.
 Yea, they have justifi'd, and honor done them,
 Who went before, in having overgone them
 In doing wrongs. And, in those wrongs they do,
 They are so practis'd, and hardned to,
 That no examples, or faire warning shall
 Take place ('tis thought) till they have ruin'd all.

Some *Offices* are growne so over large
 For those who undertake them, to discharge,
 Else, they that have them, so unable are,
 Or of their duties have so little care,
 That suitors poore have many times attended
 Whole months together, e're they were befriended,
 So much, to have their humble suits perused.
 Yet, these, as if they had not else abused

The

The *Common-wealth* enough do often add
To those employments which before they had,
New *Offices* ; and take so much upon
Their feeble shoulders, that no good is done.

If thou observest mens communication,
Thou heare it shalt so full of desperation,
As if they feared God had us forsaken,
And, to some other place himselfe betaken.
But, thou, indeed, his *Covenant* hast broke ;
His word distrustd ; his Commands forfook ;
And aid from *Egypt*, and from *Ashur* sought,
Whose trustlesse friendship will availe thee nought.
Nay, some there be, that in these days of evill,
Advise to make atonements with the Devill.
For they doe little better who would call
The *Turke*, to helpe maintaine the *Churches* wall.
Yea, they who make that Foe our ayd become,
Do save a house, by firing *Christendome*.

The *Land* appeares as if it ripening were
For *Defolation* : and ev'n ev'rywhere
Most men are growne so prodigally vaine ;
So greedily pursue they present gaine ;
And from this pleasant *Kingdome* have so rent
Her woods, her groves, and ev'ry ornament,
(Without all care of planting or renewing
For their *Posterities* in times ensuing)
As if they either thought, or did foresee,
That when they dy'd, the world would ended be,
Or that before the following generations,
This Land should be possesst by other *Nations*.

We have not pow'r their counsell to receive,
Who for our safeties best advisement give .
For, in themselves, such basenesse most retaine,
That all are thought to ayme at private gaine.

And

And doubtlesse we have many *Mountebanks*,
 Who arrogate the profit and the thanks
 Of others labours ; or else seek to crosse
 Their good designes, to their disgrace and losse.
 Yea, such extreame corruptions ev'rywhere
 In men of ev'ry quality appeare,
 That whatsoever reasons may be rendred,
 To prove that by some courses which are tendred,
 (To be proceeded in) the common peace
 Or profit might in future times encrease,
 And be advanc'd, a million by the yeare :
 Yet, if but any private persons feare
 It may some incomes from their chests withdraw,
 For which they neither Conscience have nor law :
 These men (if they attempt it, and be able
 To give a bribe that may be valuable
 In any measure) quite shall overthrow
 That good designment : and not onely so,
 But these and they that were their instruments
 Shall purchase him who that *design* invents,
 (For his reward) both infamy and hate :
 And make themselves appeare unto the State
 Good *Patriots* ; who being sifted well)
 Are scarce so honest men as go to hell.

Rapt by a spirituall *Vision*, I have seene
 The thin and crasie wall, that stands betweene
 Our sight, and their concealed practices,
 Who have the place of *Elders* in these dayes :
 And spying there a hole, I digg'd into
 Their secrecies ; to see what works they doe.
 Where (not without God's warrant and his ayd)
 Most foule abominations I surpris'd.

I saw their *Chambers* of *Imagery*,
 And all those *Objects* of Idolatry

To

To which they bow, upon the wals depainted :
 I saw those toys adored and befainted :
 I saw what strange devotions there they use ;
 How they in private do the world abuse ;
 And from their *Censers* seemed to arise
 A cloud which dimm'd the *Sacrificers* eyes.

There (oh! good God) how many did I see
 Who zealous *Prelats* do appeare to be?
 How many *Statesmen*, and how many a one
 That our high seats of Iudgements sits upon?
 How many who right honest men appeare?
 In outward shew? how many drawing neere
 Vnto their graves? how many learned men?
 How many, that will stoutly now and then
 Maintaine an honest cause, to some good end,
 (For ought we know) when they no good intend?
 How many ill-disposed men (oh! God)
 Who otherwise affected seeme abroad,
 Beheld I there in secret prostituting
 Themselfes to breathlesse *Idols*, and imputing
 Great pow'r unto them? and how base are those
 Sometime in private, who make goodly shewes
 Of noblest thoughts? Some, to the *rising-Sun*
 Directly kneele; some fix their eyes upon
 The *Moone*, which from his beams receives her light.
 Some, stand devoted to the works of *Night*:
 Some, deifie their *Pride*, and some their *Lust*:
 In carnall *Policy*, some put their trust:
 Some (as a *Goddesse*) *Vengeance* do explore:
 Vnrightheous *Mammon*, other some adore:
 With worldly *Honor*, some idolatrize;
 Some other, to their *Nets* do sacrifice:
 To *Pleasure*, many offer their estates;
 Himselfe to *Envy*, one man dedicates:

Ano-

Another makes *Vaineglories* altars fume,
 Till all his patrimony he consume :
 A third, to *Sloth* and *Idleneſſe* doth bow :
 Before *Exceſſe*, a fourth doth fall as low :
 Yea *Horſes*, *Dogs*, and *Hawks* ; ev'n Beaſts and Fowles,
 Are Idols of their love. Nor hath their ſoules
 Idolatriz'd with brutiſh things alone,
 But ev'n with Gold, and Silver, Wood, and Stone.
 Nor have they only of ſuch things as theſe,
 (That reall be) ſet up vaine images
 Within their hearts ; but, they goe further, far,
 And worſhip *Fictions*, which the likeneſſe are
 Of nought in heav'n, earth, ſea, or in the waters
 Below the earth ; but meere *fantasticke matters*.
 And, that by ſuch like *Gods*, as are their *Treasure*,
 Their *Honor*, their *Preferment*, and their *Pleasure*,
 They may be happy made ; what things I pray,
 To ſhew their zeale (ſuppoſe you) offer they ?
 Ev'n thoſe, reſpectiſt which, theſe gods are vile.
 For, they do give unto them, otherwhile,
 Their naturall reſt and ſleep, ſometime their health :
 Sometime what's due to God they take by ſtealth,
 To waſte upon their *Mawmets* ; and of theſe,
 One offred is, another to appeaſe.
 Their beautilous daughters ſome of them have given
 To *Moloch* : other ſome their wives have driven
 To paſſe the fire : great numbers make oblations
 Of all their friends, to thoſe *abominations*.
 To ſerve them, ſome their *Country* ſet to ſale ;
 Her love, her wealth, her honor, peace, and all.
 Yea ſome, ev'n their owne lives to loſſe expoſe,
 (Their conſciences, and ſoules) for love of thoſe ;
 And (left unto a reprobated ſenſe)
 With Gods and Natures lawes they can diſpence.

Of

Of these, a *Vision* did appeare to me :
 Judge *Readers*, whether true or false it be.
 If no such doings be, my words contemne,
 And let this *Vision* passe but for a *Dreame*.
 If really thou find it to be so,
 'Then, think oh ! *Britaine*, what thou hast to do.

But, thinke it seriously : for, things that are
 In foulest plight, will often faire appeare.
 Beleeve not all that shall reported be ;
 But, prove and search ; and trust what thou dost see.
 The *Land* is over-spreed with wickednesse ;
 Yet, no man will himselfe in fault confesse.
 Men daily talke how bad the times are growne,
 Yet, few men see an error of their owne.
 The *Country* is distressed many wayes,
 And on the *Cities* pride, the blame it layes.
 The *City* finds her trading falleth short,
 And thinks the cause thereof is in the *Court*.
 The *Court* complaines, and railes as much agen,
 Against the *Farmer*, and the *Citizen*.
 Our *Parliaments* imputed have of late,
 Our troubles to some errors in the *State*.
 The *State* offended is, and discontent
 With some proceedings in the *Parliament*.
 Our *Court Divines*, protest the *Lawyers* stand
 So much upon the *Customes* of the Land,
 (The *Lawes* and ancient *Freedomes*, which belong
 Vnto the *Commons*) that, the *King* they wrong.
 The *People* vow, the *Prelats* flatter so
 To get preferment, that they will undo
 Both *Church* and *Common-wealth* ; & some conceive,
 If we their *State-Divinity* beleeve,
 It will of ev'ry priviledge bereave us,
 And no more *Law*, but *Will and Pleasure* leave us.

And,

And, as the *Jewes*, to save their *Place*, and *Name*,
 Did that, which losse of both of them became :
 So, thought it is, that if our *Prelats* fall,
 The way, they seek to stand, effect it shall.

The followers of *Arminius* some revile,
 As troublers of the Churches of this *Ile*.
 Some think the doubts & questions they have moved
 Shall make the *Truth* more known, & more approved.

The *Papist* sayes, that we afflicted are,
 Because their superstitions banisht were.
 Some *Protestants* beleieve we fare the worse
 For fav'ring them ; and that they bring a curse
 Vpon the Land. Some others, do accuse
 The *Separatists*, and those men who refuse
 Vnto this *Churches* orders to conforme.
 They, on the other side, as much do storme
 Against our *Discipline* and *Hierarchy*,
 As parts of Antichristian-heresie.
 And though we all are nought ; yet, we do all
 Each other censure, persecute, miscall,
 And so condemne ; as if we had no such
 Infirmities, as we in others touch.

But, as her vertue may be ne're the more,
 Who first, in scoulding, calls her neighbour whore,
 So, he that soonest check *abuses* can,
 (At all times) proveth not the holiest man.
 Ev'n I, that in whole Volumes, do complaine
 Against those faults, which in my times do raigne ;
 May be a *Villane*, when all that is done,
 If other signes of goodnesse I have none.

But, why speak I of *Symptomes*, when all see
 Thy *Sicknesse*, to be evident on thee ?
 Thou hast a fearfull trembling at thy heart,
 And, a quotidian *Fever* shakes each part.

Thine

Thine eyes do see thy flesh doth fall away ;
 The lovely colour of thy cheeks decay.
 Thy veines grow empty, which did lately swell ;
 Those parts are naked, that were clothed well :
 Those limbs are weakned, that e'rewhile were strong ;
 And into gronings thou hast chang'd thy *Song*.
 Yea, thou maist feele (unlesse that sense be dead)
 A paine betweene thy *Body*, and thy *Head*.

The *Staves of God*, of which we read it spoken
 By *Zachary* ; are bruized, if not broken.
 The Staffe of *Bands* (or *Vnion*) hath some cracks :
 And, that of *Beautie* now so little lacks
 Of being shiver'd ; that, thou art almost
 The scorne of *Christendome* : and hast nigh lost
 Thy former glory. Neither art thou soly
 Despised and dishonor'd, by thy folly ;
 But in those mischiefes which thy sins procure,
 Thy *Prince* a disadvantage doth endure.
 His vertues are repulsed from that height
 Of honour, whereunto ascend they might,
 Wert thou lesse wicked. He, whom as our eyes
 We seemed (as but yesterday) to prize ;
 He, for whose absence we so much complained,
 And wept, and pray'd, and vow'd, whilst he remained
 Divided from us : and at whose returne
 We did so many *piles* to ashes burne :
 Ev'n he, hath not received that content
 From us, which he expected, and we meant.

Some spirit of *Diffention* loof'd hath bin ;
 Some sparks of *Discord* have beene hurled in,
 And blowne among us ; so that he and wee
 Not so well pleased in each other be
 As both desire. And should this flame encrease,
 God knowes how much it would offend our peace.

Thy

Thy *Body, England*, representative,
 Vnable was prevention to contrive
 For such a mischief; neither dare men say
 (Although they could) on whom the blame to lay.
 Some, doe accuse the *Parliament*; some blame
 Another Faction; and, I doubtfull am,
 Some rashly taxe the *King*: but, to provide
 A *Judge*, by whom such parties may be tride,
 Who knowes (I pray?) or what is he that can
 Such points as these, without reproving, scan?
 Nay, where is he, from faction or from feare
 So free, that (though he knew it needfull were)
 He dares presume in any publike wise,
 So much as mention such *State-mysteries*?

Yet, sure, they must be mention'd; and they may,
 By those who know good *Reason*, and the *Way*
 Of so unfolding them, that no offence
 Be given; whatfoe're be taken thence.
 And therefore, though such men who cannot see
 What calling at this present warrants me,
 Or, by what *spirit* I am urged to
 Those actions which I undertake to do;
 Though such conjecture may, that I presume
 Too far, and on my selfe too much assume,
 (Beyond my place) yet, in my selfe secure,
 I'll put my selfe their censure to endure;
 And all that perill, which these coward times
 Suppose may follow my truth-speaking *Rimes*.
Direct thou so, oh God! my hand by thine,
That I in this may draw an eaven Line.
For, no advice from carnall wits I crave:
Nor any Counsellor, but thee, to have.

My *Prince* and *Country*, though, perhaps I be
 Not much to them; are both most deare to me.

And

And may I perish, if to save my life
 I would betwixt that couple nourish strife.
 Or if for one of them I that would say,
 Which might from tothers due take ought away.
 If God direct me not, I may do ill
 In this performance ; but, I know, to will
 And to desire their welfare, is from heaven
 (Ev'n by his grace) to me already given.
 I may perchance in what I best intend,
 Have neither *King* nor *People* to my friend ;
 Yet will I speake my mind to profit them,
 Though both should, for my labour me condemne.
 For, from all other ends and hopes I'me free,
 Save those, which in an honest man should be.
 If that which profits either I propose,
 They both shall gaine, and neither party lose,
 But, if that harme shall by my words be done,
 I'll weigh them so, it shall be mine alone.
 My censure I will give in things, which none
 Have dar'd to passe a publike Iudgement on.
Come, marke me, you who thinke I now begin
To tread a path which I shall stumble in :
And, if you see, what justly you may check ;
Trip up my heeles, and make me breake my necke.
 Although we heed not, or else will not see,
 Those *Maladies* which daily growing be ;
 I find (and I do much compassionate
 What I behold) a rupture in the *State*,
 Of this great *Body*. Lamed are the *Feet* ;
 The *Legs* that should support her, scarcely meet,
 For that great structure which upon them stands,
 The sinews are enfeebled, and, the *Hands*
 Vnsit for action, deafned are her *Eares*,
 And what concernes her most, she hardly heares.

Her

Her *Eyes* (which are her watchmen) are become
Halfe blind ; her *Tongue* is almost waxen dumb :
It cannot speak the truth for her owne wealth :
Her *Nose*, that should distinguish, for her health,
Twixt things that wholsome, and unwholsome were,
Hath lost that faculty : her *Pulses* are
Vncertaine : her *Digestion* is not good ;
And, that hath filled her with tainted *Blood* :
Her *Judgement*, and her *Common-sense* so failes,
That she her selfe perceives not what she ayles :
Her *Spleene* is stopt ; and, those obstructions make
Bad fumings, which have caus'd her *Head* to ake.
And He (alas) is bound about the *Crowne*
With cares, that make him bow his forehead downe.

Thou art this *Body, England* ; and thy *Head*
Is our dread *Sov'raigne*. The distemper bred
Betwixt you two, from one of you doth flow ;
And which it is, I purpose here to shew.
Be bold to heare me *Readers* ; for, in season
I speake ; and here's not *fellony*, nor *treason*.
In this that followes ; to have pow'r or aime
To touch the *Lords Anointed*, I disclaime.
I have no warrant ; neither know I ought,
To reprehend him for, although I mought.
And, they of my uprightnesse judge amisse,
Who think I flatter, in affirming this.
For as my *Princes* faults I may not blaze ;
So, I am also bound (as there is cause)
To justifie what vertues I do heare
To be in him ; or, see in him appeare.

The gen'rall faults of others, mine owne eyes
Have seene ; and that's enough to warrantize
A generall reproofe : but, never, yet,
In him beheld I, what did unbesit

His person or his place : much have I seene,
 That, rather, hath an honor to him beene.
 And, whatsoe're shall mutter'd be of some,
 There reignes not any King in *Christendome*,
 Of whom there was divulg'd a better fame ;
 Or, whom a royall Throne so well became.

And, what is lately done, to blot the story
 Of his desert ? or to deface his glory ?
 Or wherewithall can any tongue traduce
 His actions, which admitteth not excuse ?
 What if his people have expected more
 (From hopes, by them conceived heretofore)
 Then yet succeeds ? what can from thence redound
 To prove his *Vertues* or his wayes unfound ?
 Why may not this effect arise from them
 That so suspect, much rather then from him ?
 As God long since unto those *Jewes* did say,
 (Who judg'd him unequall in his way)
 So say I *England* ; is thy *Sov'raignes* path
 Vnequall ? or is't rather thine which hath
 Such indirectnesse ? wherefore may not all
 Which is amisse, by thine owne fault befall ?
 Why may not (*England*) a diseasednesse
 (Occasioned by thy unrighteousnesse)
 Make him unpleasing in his course to thee,
 Whom thou hast praised ? and whose graces be
 The same they were ? thou knowest many a one,
 In bodily diseases, thus hath done.
 Those meats and drinks, that are both sweet & pure,
 They can nor truly relish, nor endure.

We feldome see the *Bodies* torment bred
 By ought which first ariseth in the *Head* ;
 But, oftentimes we feele both head and eyes
 Diseas'd by fumes which from the *Body* rise.

And

And though downe from the head there may distill
 Some humour, otherwhile, which maketh ill
 The lower parts ; yet, that first vapor'd from
 Those crudities and noysome fumes which come
 From ill digestion ; or, from stoppages
 Which are in our inferior passages.
 'Tis thus in nat'rall *Bodies* ; and the like
 May be observ'd in *Bodies politick*.

The *head* and *body* both are evill pleas'd,
 When any part of either is diseas'd :
 But, their distempers, worse or easier are
 Sustained, as their first occasions were.
 When Lungs or Liver doth defective grow
 By ought within it selfe, it paines not so
 The *head*, as when from thence doth also fall
 Those rhewmes and humors, that by tickling shall
 Occasion coughs and strainings, to distend
 The passages, as if each part would rend.
 Nor is the *Stomack* so distempered,
 By any hurt or bruise upon the *Head*,
 (By its owne fault receiv'd) as when it aketh,
 Through fumings, which from parts below it taketh.

So fares it with a *People* and their *King*.
 Ev'n all their errors, griefes and cares doe bring
 Vpon each other so, that what the one
 Misdoeth in, doth bring some smart upon
 The other party. But, they shall not be
 Afflicted with it, both in one degree.
 For, if the *Princes* oversight or sin,
 Of any publike *Plague* first cause hath bin,
 The greatest mischief will at last be his.
 And, if the *Subjects* have so done amisse,
 That *Vengeance* followes it, the *King* may grieve ;
 But, they shall be consumed, I beleeve :

And

And, that for each ones personall defect
The greatest harme will on himselfe reflect :

What then to be performed is remaining,
But, that we leave repining, and complaining
On one another, and our labours bend,
Our selves, as much as may be, to amend?
Let ev'ry one examine well his way,
And, for himselfe, and for all others pray.
For, this is far more likely to redresse
The present mischiefes, then our frowardnesse.
The party that hath innocency, shall
Be sure to stand, though all about him fall.
And, if we all perversly wicked prove,
We shall have all, one judgement from above.

If in thy *King* (oh *Britaine*) ought amisse
Appeares to be ; 'twixt God and him it is.
Of him he shall be judged. What to thee
Pertaineth it, his censurer to be ?
If thou shalt suffer with him ; thy offence
Deserv'd it ; and nought else but penitence
Becomes thy practice ; neither shall there ought
That's wrong, by other meanes, to right be brought.

Thy generall voice, but newly, did confesse
In him much vertue, and much hopefullnesse ;
And, he so late assum'd his *Diadem*,
That there hath scarce beene time enough for him
Those evils to performe, that may inferre
A generall mischiefe. Neither, do I heare
Of ought, as yet, which thou to him canst lay,
But that he doth to thee thy will deny.
Or with a gentle stoutnesse claime, and strive,
For what he thinks his just *Prerogative*.

And why, I prethee, may not all this flow
From some corruptions which in thee do grow

V

Without

Without his fault? why may not, for thy crimes
 Some instruments of Sathan, in these times,
 Be suffred to obscure from him awhile
 The truth of things? and his beleefe beguile,
 With vert'uos shoves, discrete and good pretences,
 To plague and punish thee for thy offences?

Why may not God (and justly too) permit
 Some *Sycophant*, or cunning hypocrite,
 For thy hypocrisies, to steale away
 His heart from thee? and goodly colours lay
 On *Projects* which may cause him to undo thee,
 And think that he no wrong hath done unto thee?
 Nay, wherefore may not some thy King advise
 To that which seems to wrong thy liberties,
 Yet in themselves be honest men, and just,
 Who have abused been by those they trust?
 Thy wickednesse deserves it: and that he
 Who in himselfe is good, should bring to thee
 No profit by his goodnesse, but augment
 Thy sorrowes, till thy follies thou repent?
 For, what is in it selfe from evill free,
 Is evill made, to those that evill be.
 Why may it not be possible, that thou
 Demandedst what he might not well allow
 Without dishonor. Or, if all were right
 Which thou requiredst; yet the manner might
 Distast him? Or, who certaine is, but some
 (Pretending publike grievances) might come
 With private spleene and malice, to pursue
 Those faults in others, which their conscience knew
 That they themselves were guilty of; and had
 No peace with God by true repentance made?
 If so it were, I doe admire the lesse
 That thy petitions had an ill successe.

If

If any fingle man hath ought mifdoñe,
 It is fo little while fince he begun
 His being to receive ; that, in refpect
 Of thine, his errors could fmall harme effect.
 But, thou haft heap'd up fin for many yeares ;
 And, thy exceeding guiltineffe appeares,
 With fo much evidence, that ev'ry man
 Of fome particular faults accufe thee can ;
 And, openly reprove thee, to thy face,
 For evils, done in ev'ry time, and place.

Then, blame not him, if God hath falsh'd
 Some hopes of late, or to thy grieve denide
 That reformation, which thou didft require ;
 And added (in the ftead of thy defire)
 New grievances. Nor too too bitterly
 Purfue thofe errors of infirmity,
 Which were by others, heretofore committed :
 But, let all paff offences he remitted.

If thou perceive but hope of reformation,
 Goe off up to God, for thy *Oblation*,
 A true forgivenesse of their injuries,
 Who heretofore have wrong'd thy *Liberties*.
 And, do not this in policy (altho
 The times now prefent may require it fo :)
 But, fo forgive, as by the God of heaven
 Thou doft defire thy fins may be forgiven :
 For, by thy faults, difhonor'd more is he,
 Then thou by theirs that have offended thee.
 And if to them thou true compaffion showeft,
 God will not urge, perhaps, the debt thou oweft.

Of *Reformation* thou doft fhew great zeale ;
 But, fome corruption maift thou not conceale
 That mars the bleffing ? Art thou fure thou haft
 No juft occaſion given to diſtaft

V 2

Thy

Thy *King*? Doe thy *complainings* all, intend
 The publike welfare, without private end?
 And, in preferring them, didst thou commit
 No errors; nor no decencies forget?
 I will not say thou didst; but I do feare,
 That they who wisest are, in some things erre.

Forgive me thou high Court of *Parliament*,
 If I shall utter what will discontent
 Thy disunited members, who have sate
 In former times, grave matters to debate.
 For, though I will not arrogate the wit
 To teach so great a *Counsell* what is fit;
 Nor censure any *Act* which thou hast done,
 When all thy parts have joynd been in one.
 Yet I will take upon me to reprove
 Their private errors who in courtes move
 Repugnant to thy *Iustice*; and oft be
 The cause of much dishonor unto thee.
 For, none (thogh thou art wise) can wrōg thee ought
 To think, that thou hast members may be taught.
 And, as in pitched *Battels*, when by-standers
 Do apprehend mistakings in *Commanders*,
 (As oft they do) 'twere better they should say
 What they observe, then let them lose the day:
 So also (though I may be thought too bold)
 'Twere fitter my experience should be told,
 Then that a publike mischief should ensue,
 And I, in times to come, my silence rue.
 For, some (no doubt) will well approve the same,
 Though other some will think I was to blame:
 Yea, that which I will speak shall help, perchance,
 (In times to come) thine honour to advance:
 For, I will speak no more then what is due,
 And, what my Conscience bids my Pen to shew.

Thou

Thou art an honor'd *Counsell* : but upon thee
 Such blots are cast, and so much wrong is done thee,
 (By some, who scarcely nat'rall members be)
 That, as this *Kingdome* represents in thee
 Her *Body* ; so, thou dost become likewise
 A representment of her *Vanities*.
 Yea, when at first, to *be*, thou dost begin,
 Thou art conceived, and made up in sin.
 For, to thy *House of Commons*, whither none
 Thou shouldst admit, excepting, such a one
 Whose life or knowledge that respect may draw,
 Which doth become the *Maker of a Law* ;
 Too oft elected are, in stead of those,
 The rich, and them that make the greatest shewes
 Of youthfull gallantry ; and, otherwhile,
 The very't humorists of all this *Ile*.

When choice was of thy *Members* to be made,
 Their entrances, but little signe have had
 Of prosperous ends : for, they that should have past
 A free *election*, have their voices cast
 By force, constraint, or for some by-respect,
 On those, whom others, for their ends elect.

There be in Court, and bordring round about
 Thy *Burroughs*, many wiser men, no doubt,
 Then some that in *Elections* have their voice ;
 And, by their ayd, there is sometime a choice
 Of good and able men : yet, best it were,
 That all men left to their just freedoms were.
 For, they to whom the *Providence* of heaven,
 The right of chusing *Burgeffes* hath given ;
 Are also by that *providence* (how wise
 Or foolish e're they seeme in others eyes)
 In making of their choices so directed,
 As best may serve to make his *will* effected.

V 3

And,

And, though the same shall just as well be done
 By meanes of them who lawlesse courtes run,
 Yet, not for their advantage, to the best,
 Who from their proper *motions* such things wrest.

Why did the King from his *Prerogative*,
 To any place a priviledge derive,
 But, that they might enjoy them? And, I pray,
 What conscience tyes the People to obey
 Those *Lawes* or *Acts*, in *Parlament* concluded,
 By those that have by force or fraud intruded?

What reason is it that a stranger should
 Entreat me to commit my best *Freehold*,
 To be dispos'd of, by some one, whom he
 Shall (for I know not what) commend to me?
 What man but he that modestly doth want,
 Can be so impudently arrogant,
 To sue by friends, or letters, place to take
 In such a *Counsell*? yea, and *Lawes* to make?
 As if, because he hath a little pelfe,
 He therefore might some *Solon* think himselfe,
 Or some *Licurgus*? Or, as if he thought
 The *Common-wealth* would surely come to nought,
 Vnlesse his knowledge, or his vertues, were
 Elec'ted, to be exercis'd there.
 Whereas (God knowes) too many do aspire
 To such employments, either through desire
 To shew their wits; to gaine some vaine repute,
 Themselves, or friends to further in some sute;
 To keep off Creditors; or else, perchance,
 To entertaine their curious ignorance
 With mysteries of *State*. Beleeve it, those
 Whose modesty forbids them to expose
 Themselves to be elec'ted, I think far
 More apt for such employments then they are

That

That seeke them : and 'tis fittest that in all
 Such places, men should sit till they do call
 (Of their owne will) to whom the choice pertaines.
 For, those God sends ; and unto them he daignes
 Fit graces for the worke. The other, haſt
 (Mov'd by their owne ambition) to be plac'd
 In that great *Counsell*, with a mind corrupt ;
 Which doth diſhonor oft, and interrupt
 Their beſt proceedings. And from hence it is,
 So many things among us are amiſſe.
 Hence is it, ſo much time is ſpent about
 The ſearching of undue *elections* out.
 Hence is it, that in ſtead of perſons grave,
 Such numbers of our *Burgeſſes* we have
 In thoſe *Aſſemblies*, who come ruſſling in
 With habits which have far more fitting bin
 For *Theaters* ; then for the reverent
 And ſacred preſence of a *Parliament*.
 Thence is it that ſo many *Children* are
 Eleſted to have place and voices there ;
 Yea, choſen *Counſellers*, when hardly paſt
 Their *Tutors* rod : beleeve me, this is haſt.

Although it might excuſed be, if ſome
 Youngmen ſhould thither for experience come :
 It is not tollerable, natheleſſe,
 That many ſhould admitted be : much leſſe
 Thoſe *nonage Youths*, to whom our Lawes deny
 A pow'r in things that ſmaller truſt imply.

Hence is it that ſometime the very noiſes
 Ariſing from the multitude of *voices*,
 Foiles *Reaſon*. This maintaineth alſo *faſtions*,
 And makes in plaineſt matters great diſtraſtions.
 This, to thoſe meetings much diſturbance brings,
 And doth occaſion many fooliſh things.

V 4

Thence

Thence is it, also, we admit of those,
In making *Lawes*, who either do oppose
Proceedings legall ; or, protections give
To them that in contempt as *Outlawes* live.

I hold it not amisse, that they who spend
Their time the publike bus'nesse to attend,
Should have their servants from arestings free,
Whilst they themselves in those employments be ;
Nor is it worthy blame, if they protect
Poore Debtors, who endeavoring to effect
Their Creditors contents (as they are able)
And using time (in courses warrantable)
For such a purpose ; or else to prefer
Complaints against some vile extortioner :
Or to such ends. But, when they doe by dozens
(To ev'ry *prodigall*, that cheats and cozens)
Vouchsafe *protections* : yea, to those that are
Meere strangers too, it worth reproving were :
And, them who do it, I suppose unfit
In places of *Lawgivers* there to fit.

Moreover, an *Election* out of order,
Doth other inconvenient matters further,
Not mention'd yet. The party that is chose
By fuit, or ill-got favour, seldome goes
Against his *Chusers*, if it chance that ought
In opposition unto them be brought :
Whereas, in such a case, each man is bound
To be as if new risen from the ground.
He should not know his father, nor the son
Of his owne body : no nor any one
Of all his neere acquaintance, or his kin ;
Nor any that his friend or foe hath bin.
But, fixe his eye upon the cause alone,
And, do as that requireth to be done.

Had

Had this beene practif'd, many a good conclufion
Had follow'd more then did. Yea, much confufion,
Much needlefse coft and pains, had beene prevented ;
And, many had not gone fo discontented (grieved,
To their owne homes, when they with hearts o're-
Befought the *Parliament*, to be relieved.

For, if their caufes (which but right had bin)
Their trials had receiv'd, as they came in ;
If no man might, by favour of a friend,
Prefer new fuits, before all thofe have end
Which entred are before ; poore *Suiters* might
Have hope of fooner compaffing their right.
Yea, fpare much coft, and many months attending,
To bring their endlefse buf'neffe to an ending.
For then, what day, or week, or month, at leaft,
They fhould be heard, it partly might be gueft.

But private friendship showne at fuch a feafon,
To work meere private ends, oppofeth reafon.
It doth put off and on ; and fo employ
One friend, anothers friendship to deftroy,
(And, fo delayeth him in his juft fuit,
Who is of fuch acquaintance deftitute)
That, many a one whose caufe deferv'd regard,
Is quite undone, before he can be heard.

For, to attend three *Sessions* in a row,
With *Lawyers* often feed, the caufe to fhew,
(Perhaps a hundred miles, or two, from home,
With witneffes which on his charge do come
As far as he) may make a rich man poore,
And homeward, begge his bread from doore to doore.

There alfo were (and they who came unfent,
Are likely to be they that now are meant)
Vnwife and undifcreet ones, mixt among
Our *Parliaments*, who did thofe meetings wrong,

V 5

By

By controverting of religion there,
 And moving questions that improper are
 To that *Assembly*. For, there is provided
 A *Synode*, wherein ought to be decided
 Such matters ; and what they determine shall,
 The *Parliament* may ratifie ; and call,
 And censure those who either shall proceed
 To crosse or vilifie what is decreed.

But, we may blush to see, how much amisse
 Some stretch the Parliamentall pow'r in this.
 How, they do cause the weake offence to take ;
 And say our *Parliaments Religions* make ;
 How much the due proceedings hindred are,
 By spending time in such like matters, there,
 To that high *Courts* disturbance ; and how much
 The *Common-wealth* is damnif'd by such
 Impertinent and over-busie wits,
 Who know not what the *Parliament* befits,
 And what the *Synod*. But, mistake not me,
 I doe not thinke the *Parliament* should be
 Restrained so, as not to shew her care
 That true *Religion* be maintained here.
 Far be it from my heart : I wish they should
 Religion to their utmost pow'r uphold :
 But my desire is also, that they further
 The *Church* affaires, in their owne place and order :
 And that they would be pleas'd (as hitherto
 They gravely were accustomed to doe)
 To check their busie *Novices*, who breed
 Much scandall, when unwisely they proceed.

For, though some threaten fearfull things to those
 Who dare a Parliamentall pow'r enclose
 Within a *Bound* : yea, though some talking things
 Prate, as if they might make and unmake *Kings* ;
 Coine

Coin new Religions ; yea, and Gods, for need ;
 Yet, I shall never entertaine their creed,
 Nor feare, when good occasion I have got,
 To say what may be done, or what may not.
 For, they who make that pow'r or more or lesse
 Then ought to be, doe equally transgresse.

This, many *Members*, at some former sitting,
 Not heeding, or else overmuch forgetting,
 Have scandaliz'd that Meeting ; and made bold
 To run a great way further then they should
 In their discourse (if not when they have fate,
 Where they did matters publicly debate.

Yea, 'tis the property of most of those,
 Who by their owne procurement have beene chose
 For *Knights* or *Burgeses*, to stand it out
 More boldly and more obstinately stout,
 For some fond custome, then for what befitteth
 His *Iustice* who in such a *Counsell* sitteth.

Of these they be, whose indiscretions bring
 So many discontentments to the King,
 Through want of more experience, or sound reason ;
 Or by their urging matters out of season :
 And, such as these you easily may know
 From wiser men. For, thus themselves they show.

If while a *Session* lasteth you shall chance
 To meet them, where themselves they do advance
 In some discourse ; assure your selves ye may,
 By their perpetuall tatling, which are they.
 For, they ingrosse the talke, where e're they come,
 And speak, as if their lips nought flowed from
 But *Apothegmes* ; or as if each cause
 They undertook, should passe amongst the *Lawes* :
 And, what another sayes they'll so condemne.
 As if a whole *Committee* spake in them.

In

In my poore judgement it doth much concerne
 Our *Parliaments*, that those their members learne
 More silence ; for, no sooner come they out,
 But ev'rywhere they prate, and spread about
 The secrets of the *House* ; and blast them so
 By their rank breathings, e're they ripe can grow,
 That oft they perish, or are shaken from
 The tree, before the gathering time is come.

In this, our *Peeres* I have not quite excused ;
 Nor said, that no ill customes they have used
 In this great Meeting : For, the best have some
 Blameworthy things (no doubt) if all should come
 To bide the censure : and, among the rest,
 The voice by *Proxi*, hold I not the least.
 For, unto me, it doth unfit appeare,
 To give my voice, untill the cause I heare.

Who knowes the hearts of other men so well,
 Or, of their judgements, who the depth can tell,
 So punctually, that (whatsoever shall
 Proposed be) he trust them should in all ?
 Our owne affaires (though wisdom sayeth nay)
 To other men we absolutely may
 Refer to be determin'd on : but, that
 Which doth concerne the generall estate,
 It were injustice, and a thing unfit,
 To others, at adventure, to commit.
 For, most *Self-lovers* are ; and we do know,
 That many publike injuries may flow
 From this one root ; I will not say they do,
 Although I think I might affirme that too.

This *Custome* seemeth ancient : and (if told
 The truth may be) as evill as tis old :
 And, from what cause so'ere it first did flow,
 It was not from the first beginning so.

Nor

Nor, should old *presidents* (growne out of season)
 Be follow'd, for their age, by men of reason :
 Nor will this custome last, perchance, when they
 Who may remove it, well the same shall weigh.
 For, I perceive it useful to no end,
 But indirect proceedings to befriend.
 And, they whose courses are most indirect,
 Are they that will such *Customes* most protect.

If this, and other errors yet unnamed,
 Had well beene heeded : some had more bin blamed,
 Some lesse, some highly praised, who have seem'd
 Vnactive *Members*, and been disesteemed.
 Yea, thou hast felt most grievances amended
 E're this ; and many troubles had beene ended.

But now (what faults foe're concurring be
 In others) those defects that were in thee
 Oh ! *England*, were sufficient to procure
 Those perturbations thou dost yet endure.

Thy over-soone forgetfulness of that
 Great *Pesilence*, afflicting thee of late ;
 Thy thanklessness for Gods admired ceasing
 That strong contagion ; and the new increasing
 Of thy transgressions, since his mercy daigned ;
 Deserveth more then thou hast yet sustained.
 Yea, that which thou wert overseene in there,
 Where thy *Assemblies* congregated were
 To rectifie thy selfe ; ev'n that, alas !
 Sufficient to deserve these troubles was.

And therefore, when foe're thy *Soveraigne* shall
 Be pleas'd for thy helpe againe to call
 In such a publike Meeting ; let, in God,
 Thy *Knights* and *Burgeesses* (now spread abroad)
 Collected be : and, let not any from
 Thy *Burroughes*, by undue election come.

Let

Let Lords and Ladies letters, to such ends
Move none ; but, only, witnesse who are friends
To base corruption. Let their suits be scorn'd,
And, no respect unto them be return'd.

Let ev'ry one of those that shall be sent
To represent thy *Body* ; represent
Thy true repentance. Let them lay aside
Prejudicate opinions, faction, pride ;
And (to their utmost) in themselves restrain,
All those enormities which they retain :
That, setting to their owne desires, a law,
They may the more enabled be to draw
A *Rule* for others. Let all they that come
To serve the *Publike*, leave such thoughts at home
As meerly private are : for, in them lurks
An enmitie to all good publike works.

Let none propose in such a *Congregation*,
What is not first prepar'd by consultation,
For otherwhile, their precious hours are spent
About a needlesse trifling argument :
And, oft, from matters of least moment spring
Those disagreeings which great harme do bring.

What their forefathers unto them did leave,
Let them not suffer any to bereave
Their children of. For, they may that deny
Ev'n to their King ; provided, loyally
They do it, in resisting his demands
By legall *Pleadings* ; not by force of hands.

It is as *Naboths* Vineyard ; and, to live
He merits not, who doth repine to give
His life to save it : yea, accurst is he
That would not zealous in those causes be.

Let them, therefore, their ancient rights maintain,
By all just means : and let them yeeld againe,

The

The royall dues. For, those things prosper not,
Which are, anisse, from *God*, or *Cesar* got.
All wrongs shall be revenged : but none brings
Such vengeance, as the wrong to God, and Kings.
If but in word alone (nay, but in thought)
We have against our *Prince* committed ought
Which is disloyall, hid it shall not lye,
But, be revealed by a *winged spy*.

Let therefore, all just freedoms of the Land,
That can be proved, forth in publike stand ;
And not in old Records (halfe smother'd lye)
In danger to be lost by casualty ;
Or else embezel'd ; or, by wormes and dust
To be devoured ; or, by those we trust.
Let us not whisper them, as men that feare
The claiming of their due, high treason were.
Nor let us (as we doe) in corners prate,
As if the *Sovraigne* power, or the *State*
Encroacht injuriously ; and so defame
The government : disgrace the royall *Name* ;
And nourish, by degrees, an evill spirit,
That us of all our peace will disinherit.
But, let us, if we see our ancient right
Infringed ; bring our grievances to light,
Speak loyally, and orderly, and plaine,
Those things which for our owne we can maintaine :
So, Kings the truth perceiving ; and their ends
Who did abuse their trust, will make amends
For all our sufferings : give our foes their doome ;
And make us more secure for times to come.

But, bring not, when ye come to plead with Kings,
(Against their claimes) some bare conjecturings :
For, what thou hast no certaine evidence
To be thy right : the right is in the *Prince*.

It

It is a royalty, to Monarks due,
But, if for any *Freedome* ye can shew
A *Law* enacted; or a *Custome* old,
Or *Presidents*, that have not beene controld
(As often as produced) ye may lay
Your claime; and keep it, ev'ry lawfull way.
Each *President*, and every *Demand*
Which doth from time to time opposed stand,
Concludeth nothing. This, let each man heed,
And with a conscionable awe proceed
In such affaires. Let pure humility,
True piety, true love, and charity,
Be brought along. And, when all these ye bring,
Then goe with loyalty and meet your King,
In his and your affaires without mistrust:
And then (as certainly as God is just)
In ev'ry due request ye shall prevaile,
Or, gaine some great advantage, if ye faile.

Desire of God to teach and guide you so,
That in this narrow path you straight may go.
If you would have a King be just to you,
Be ye upright, and to his honor true.
Yeeld first to him, in ev'ry fit demand,
And, long capitulating do not stand,
On what you may determinate with speed,
Because perhaps, delay may danger breed.
Afford him his requests, unto your pow'rs;
Be his the fault, if he denieth yours;
Or if miscounfelled he shall require
What shall his weale oppugne, or your desire.
Goe cast yourselves before him with submission;
Present him with petition on petition.
With one accord, and with a fearlesse face,
Informe him how much hindrance, or disgrace,

Or

Or danger to the Land there may accrue,
 If He your loyal counsell shall eschew.
 For, God because his lawes we disobey,
 Vs at our *Soveraignes* feet doth mean to lay,
 To humble us awhile. If we repent,
 To all our loyall suits he will assent :
 If otherwise ; God will give up this Land,
 Our lives and freedoms all into his hand.

Go offer, while to offer you are free ;
 And what you give him, shall *peace-offrings* be ;
 If that for which atonement you provide,
 With love and penitence be sanctifide.
 The world against our State doth now conspire
 Intestine dangers, also, doe require
 That we in concord should united be,
 And to supply the Kingdomes wants agree.
 Left while we strive, and fondly froward grow,
 We be surpris'd by our common foe.
 Vnwife is he that in a dangerous place
 Doth stay to wash a spot out of his face,
 When *Outlawes* he approaching heares, that may
 His body wound, or take his head away.

If I should heare a Lyon neare me roare,
 I'de arme myselfe, though I with wounds were fore,
 And what I had not leasure then to cure,
 Would seeke to heale, when I of life were sure.
 In times of trouble all must look for crosses ;
 And they must beare, who cannot shift their losses.
 There may be smart by what we suffer shall ;
 But, better smart, then not to be at all.
 When I do think a blow my head may harme,
 I'll ward it off although it break mine arme ;
 For, though my arme be lost, yet I may live ;
 But, on my head, a blow my death may give.

I

I am not so besotted, as to think,
We ought to give the wanton pallat drink,
Vntill the head be giddy, (lest it may
Bring all the body headlong to decay)
Nor praise I them that are so over-wise,
To spare what shall be needfull to suffice
The gen'rall want (although to needlesse ends,
Some private hand, the publike wealth dispend)
This, only, is the scope of my petition,
That all be done with love, and with discretion.

For, we must understand, that many things
Which are not just in us, are just in Kings;
And, that it is a kind of trait'roufnesse,
To give them more then due, as well as lesse.

They, who deny the King free pow'r to do
What his Republikes weale conduceth to,
Because some *Law* gainfayes; ev'n those deprive
Their Sov'raigne of a due prerogative;
Since, for the common good, it just may be,
That some injustice may be done to me,
Or any few. Moreover, men that say
Kings may do more, then of true right they may,
And that no law doth bound them; make a King
And him that is a Tyrant, all one thing.
In my opinion, these men are like those
Who in sweet meats, a poison do enclose
That kills a twelvemonths after. 'Tis as tho
We should affirme, that God may evill do
If so he please. It is a neelesse pow'r
That serves for nothing, but to help devoure
The owner. Yea, it is as if we should
Prepare our friend all instruments we could,
Wherewith if he should sick, or foolish grow,
He might have meanes himselfe to overthrow.

And

And they who to themselves this pow'r do take,
 Do filken halters, and gilt ponyards make
 For their owne throats: or, *Nero*-like to kill
 Themselves, with poisons, golden viols fill.
 For, though a righteous King will never stray
 From what is just (though none with-hold him may)
 Because he to himselfe becomes a *Law*;
 Yet, vicious Princes, thence, occasion draw
 To perpetrate that *Act* which them deprives,
 Of kingdomes, lives, and all prerogatives.
 And they that were as wise as *Solomon*,
 Or as vpright as *David*, being gone,
 May leave a son or grandchild, as did they
 Whose wilfulnesse shall cast ten Tribes away.
 And, then, their trait'rous counsell curse he will,
 Who told him, he had pow'r of doing ill.

For, though such Counsellors may think they doe
 Their Sov'raignes honor, and much pleasure too,
 In over-straining their *Prerogatives*;
 Yet are they to their *Honor*, *States*, and *Lives*,
 Egregious traitors; since a plot they lay,
 Whereby their Princes shall themselves betray
 To their owne follies (if they vicious grow)
 Yea, by this meanes they lend a pois'ned blow
 To *King*, and *Realme*; which while the traitors live,
 Will ease to some *Impostume* seeme to give,
 Or cure a wart, upon the body bred,
 And, fester to the heart when they are dead.

Abhor ye these; and do not favour those
 That would their King more narrowly enclose
 Then shall be honorable, or besits
 His Majesty that as God's *Viceroy* fits.
 When he compelled by necessities,
 Requireth of his people due supplies.

They

They must be had : although some oversight,
Forepast, may make it seeme to wrong the right
And freedoms of the *Land* We are not bound
To keep a *Priviledge*, that shall confound
Both us and all our *Liberties*. They have
No blame, that yeeld up what they cannot save
Without a greater losse : nay, wise is he
That serves one day, to be for ever free.

Your *Wisdomes* may, at ease, a course invent
To please the *King*, yet make no *president*
To future times, from whence there shall arise
Infringement of our lawfull *Liberties* ;
Or to our Cause reproach : and, to be taught
You need not, if together you were brought,
According to the freedom of election :
For, no man then would neede my poore direction.
But, there shall still be some that will intrude,
And I for their instruction, am thus rude.

Some cry, *The Land is poore, and cannot give*.
Tis poore indeed : and yet I do beleeve
Few Kingdomes are so rich. Tis poore become,
Respecting that innumerable sum
Of our arrear'd *Repentance*, yet unpaid.
Tis poore, if all our vertue should be weigh'd
With what is wanting : or, if we compare
Our *Worthies*, living now, with such as were.
Tis poore, if we on those reflect our eyes,
On whom the labour of this *Kingdome* lies :
Those people, whom our great and wealthy ones
Have rackt, oppressd, and eaten to the bones,
To fatten and adorne their carkasses ;
The Land (I must confesse) is poore in these.
Nay, if we should consider, what a rate
The richer sort among us liveth at ;

How

How many needlesse wayes they do enlarge
(Without all temperance) their yearly charge :
And how each one his humour to enjoy,
Doth emulate his friend in ev'ry toy.

Or, were it heeded well, how out of measure
Some wast their fortunes on a wicked pleasure ;
Ev'n (otherwhile) for that which for a bubble
Of *Mirth*, doth bring them halfe an ages trouble :
Or, were it well observ'd what beggeries,
What shifts, what basenesse, what necessities,
This brings on those that richest men are thought :
What costly suits and troubles it hath brought ;
And how indebted and ingag'd they stand
To one another quite throughout the Land.
These things, I say, consider'd, well we may
Affirme this *Realme* is beggerly : and say
The rich are poore. But, he this *Ile* belies
Who taxeth it of other poverties.
Yea, he or blinded is, or maketh lesse
(To Gods dishonor) out of wilfulnesse,
His matchlesse bounty. What one *Kingdome*, yeelds
Through *Europe*, in barnes, granards, stalls, and fields,
Of Cattell and of Corne, in ev'ry kind,
More plenty, then among us, yet we find ?
Where do their Gardens or their Orchards beare,
More fruits, for food or physick then are here ?
Our Sheep, fine wools enough afford us do,
To cloath ourselves, and other nations too.
And by their golden fleeces, bring in fums
As large, as any that from *India* comes.
Our Bees do gather honey from our flowers ;
Our Meads are fruitfull by our Aprill showers.
Within the *Land* rich *Minerals* do lie ;
Our Ayre hath *Fowle*, in great variety.

In

In stately *Pallaces*, we doe abound ;
With many *Townes*, our hills and dales are crown'd :
In woods, and groves, this Kingdome hath excelled,
(And some yet stand though most of thē are felled)
Faire *Ports* we have, sweet Rivers, and the Seas
Surrounding us ; and wealth comes in by these.
Our fruitfull waters fish enough doth yeeld
To feed us, though we had nor Grove, nor Field.
Yea, did we riot lesse, and labour more,
Our Fish alone, would feed us all at shore.

If yet, this *Kingdome* needy seeme to be,
Goe looke upon her Cities, and there see
And marke, their costly Piles, their precious wares,
What choice, and store of rarities appears
Within their *Magazines*. Observe their state ;
Their clothes, their jewels, furniture and plate ;
And tell me, if they doe not signifie
That there is farre more Pride, then Poverty.
Gold, silver, pearles and diamonds doe glare
And glitter in your eye-sight, ev'ry where.
Himselfe disgrac'd the meanest Cobler thinks,
Vnlesse his Beere and Wine in Plate he drinkes,
And eates in silver. Yea, the poorest ones
Must of that mettall have their bowles or spoones :
On every thing, almost, pure gold is spilt.
The meanest instruments are hatcht, or gilt.
Their *Servants*, in their garments are as gay,
As if that all the weeke were *Holy day*.
Their *Feastings* are abundant, and their pleasure,
Maintained is not, with a little Treasure.

But, *Cities* are the *Treasuries* you'll say,
Wherein the Kingdomes riches up we lay
Survey the Country then, and tell me where
The rusticke villages replenisht are

With

With such faire booties. Other Kingdomes have
 Their Cities, peradventure rich and brave ;
 But in their scattred Villages, we see
 That few or none, fave Peasants dwelling be,
 Possessing nor good house, nor household stufte,
 Nor comely Clothes, nor wholesome food enough.
 Our *Farmes* are stor'd with usefull implements
 Enough to purchase all the tenements,
 And Lands in many forraigne *Realms*, that are
 As large as this our Country doth appeare.
 Of yron, and of brasse enough have we
 To buy their gold. Our pewter should not be
 Exchanged for their silver ; if all were
 Summ'd up, that's found with ev'ry Cottager :
 Nay, there be many houses in this Land
 That in remote obscurity doe stand,
 Which to the Foe would yeeld a richer prize
 Then many Townships which they might surprize
 On other shores : And yet, some doe not shame
 With poverty, this *Iland* to defame,
 W A R threatens us ; and we of want complaine,
 Not knowing how our safeties to maintaine :
 Yet we doe nothing want that may conduce
 In warre or peace, to serve a needfull use.
 Armes, victualls, men, and money we have store ;
 Yet, still, we falsly cry that we are poore.
 We are so greedy, that we will not spare,
 To save the hogge, one farthing worth of tarre.
 Gods blessings we so long time have abused
 That now we know not how they should be used.
 Or else we thinke each other so unjust,
 That no man knows with whom the meanes to trust.
 Oh ! pray to God, to take away the cause
 Of these distempers ; and to breake the *Maze*

In

In which we wander. For, like those we fare,
Who sitting at a banquet, starved are.
If we had peace with God, and could agree,
This Kingdome which so needy seemes to be,
Might with her superfluities maintaine
Far greater armies, then the King of *Spaine*,
With all his *Indies*. We might begger him,
And make all those who feare him, to contemne
His winning projects ; if we had but eyes
To see and take the course that open lies.
It is his gold encreasing his ambition,
Which to the Christian world will bring perdition :
And if prevention longer we delay,
(Or if we do not find a better way
Then yet is trod) the current of his pow'r
Will grow so strong, that it will all devoure.
For, where a streame runs broad, and swift, to stop
His fury there, I see but little hope.
Materials both for war and peace, must come
To him from divers quarters ; for at home
His Country yeelds him little. But the yeare
As it renewes, with us, reneweth here
Our food and rayment ; and though no supplies
Come in, a staple of Commodities
Our *Island* is, which both in war and peace
Will still be in request, and still encrease.
Let therefore those who on the *Continent*
Doe feare him, use their utmost to prevent
His greatnesse there ; and let our Sea-girt *Ile*
(Forbearing on Land forces for a while,
To spend their strength) intirely bend their pow'r,
(As in preceding times) the Seas to scoure :
For, with more profit, and a lesser charge,
That shall our lost advantages enlarge,

And

And, make his *Armies*, which are now so strong,
Draw back, decay, and mutiny e're long.

Were we resolv'd our course this way to bend,
Of our *maine stock* we needed not to spend
One moitie. For, halfe of what is lost,
Within this Kingdome (fav'd) would quit that cost.
Let all, according to the port they beare,
Forbeare but one vaine Feast in ev'ry yeare :
Let ev'ry household, for the publike wealth,
(Which also would advance the bodies health)
Fast but one meale aweek, and separate
The price thereof, for service of the State :
Or spare from their full boards of flesh or fish,
The dressing or the sawce, but of one dish :
Let us but lay one lace or gard the lesse
Vpon our Clokes ; or save the costlinesse
In our apparell, which we well might spare,
Yet, no defect upon the same appeare :
Let us reserve but halfe the tithe of those
Expences, trifled out in games and shoves ;
Which do not only needlesse charge encrease,
But fill the kingdome full of idlenesse :
Of these, and many other such expences,
(Which wast our wealth, and multiply offences)
If we but part would give ; perhaps, that cost
Would save our lives, and all, from being lost.

Tobacco (which the age that went before,
Nor knew, nor needed) doth expend us more
Then would maintaine an army ; for few think
How much there is consum'd in smoke and stink.

Pride is so costly, that if ev'ry *Girl*
Should give the worth but of one lace or purle,
Which trims her Croffecloth, it would failes provide
For halfe the ships which now at *Plimouth* ride.

X

Had

Had we but ev'ry forfeiture that's due,
 From those of our notorious drunken crue ;
 Or, if the value were together got,
 Although but of their twentieth needlesse pot,
 I am perswaded it aflote would set
 A greater Fleet then we have armed yet.

The very *Oaths* which we may daily heare,
 (The men, the women, and the children sweare)
 If thundred forth together ; would rore louder,
 Then all our Cannons : and great shot and powder,
 Much more then would at sea and land suffice,
 Might purchast be, by halfe the penalties
 Which might be justly taken ; if we had
 Regard to execute the *Laws* we made.

God grant that of his honor, and of what
 Concernes the gen'rall safaty of the State,
 We may more zealous grow ; and that some course
 May stop that mischief, which yet waxeth worfe.
 And that from this, or from some better light,
 The meanes of reformation take we might :
 Of which I hopefull am, and that e're long,
 Our *Commonwealth* shall sing a sweeter song.

When such a time I see, I shall be sure
 These Lines, oh ! *England*, will thy love procure ;
 And, I who for thy weale this paines bestow,
 Shall find more favour then I look for now :
 Yea, then shall I, that yet have beene despis'd,
 Bewailed dye ; or, live much better priz'd.
 But not till then : Nor shall I live to view
 Thy sorrowes ended, if thou doe not rue
 Thy sins with speed. Oh ! therefore, speedy be
 To turne to God, that he may turne to thee.
 Befeech him, *England*, to unclothe thine eyes,
 And let thee see in what thy sicknesse lies.

Emplore

Employe thou him to mollifie thy heart,
 Thy Children from their follies to divert,
 And, break those chaines of ignorance and sin,
 Which at this present thou ly'st fettered in.
 Endeavor to be friends with God againe :
 And, he will all thy furious foes restraine.
 Thy faulty members, who doe now disturb
 Thy peace ; he either will remove or curb.
 Those *Graces* thou perceivedst heretofore
 Adorne thy *Soveraigne*, shall be hid no more
 By those darke fogs which from thy sins do rise,
 For, God will take the skales from off thine eyes.
 On thee, his countenance againe shall shine ;
 That thou maist laud him in a Song divine :
 And, they who now lament thy sad estate,
 In *Hymnes* of joy shall praise thy happy *Fate*.

The eighth *Canto*.

Our Poet having toucht againe
What frailties in himselfe remaine,
Declares, that many Plagues doe steale,
As well on Church, as Commonweale :
Relates what crotchets doe possesse
Some, who Religiousnesse professe :
What noysome plants, what tares, and weeds,
Are sprung, to choake the holy seeds :
What fained zeale, and affectation,
Hath fool'd this formall Generation :
And, how from some, great scandall growes,
Who beare the keyes, that bind and loose.
Next, he delivereth Predictions
Of plagues, of sorrowes, and afflictions,
Which on this Iland will descend,

X 2

Vnlesse

*Vnlesse our manners we amend,
 And, whensoever civill jars,
 Or mischiefes, by the rage of wars,
 Oppresse this Realme; his Muse doth show,
 Who shall occasion it; and how,
 Which fearfull Iudgement to prevent,
 He calls upon her to repent :
 By ten apparant signes, hath showne,
 Gods patience nigh expir'd is growne :
 Then, for the Publike-weale, he prays :
 Then, for himselfe ; and, there he staves.*

I Doe not wonder, as I erst have done,
 That when the Prophet *Jonas* should have gone
 To *Niniveh*, Gods word he disobey'd,
 And would himselfe to *Tharsus* have convey'd :
 For, I have now a sense how flesh and blood
 The motions of the *Holy Ghost* withstood,
 And feele (me thinks) how many a likely doubt
 The Devill, and his frailty, found him out.

He was a man (though he a *Prophet* were)
 In whom no little weaknesse did appeare :
 And, thus he thought, perchance, *What shall I doe ?*
A strange attempt my heart is urged to :
And, there is somewhat, earnestly incites
That I should hasten to the Ninivites,
And, preach, that if they alter not their wayes,
Their time of standing, is but forty dayes,

My soule perswadeth God injoynes me to it ;
And, sleepe in peace, I cannot, till I doe it :
But common Reason striveth to restraine
This motion, and perswades me tis in vaine.
It saith, I am a sinner, and so fraile,
That, many times, my best endeavors faile

To

*To rectifie my selfe. How shall I then
Be hopefull of reclaiming other men ?*

*To Iſr'el I have threatned many yeares
Gods judgements : yet, no fruit thereof appeares
Although they have some knowledge of the Lord,
And are within his League, they sleight his word :
What hope then is there, that a heathen Nation
Will prove regardfull of my exhortation ?
The stile of Prophet, in this land I cary,
And such a Calling, here, is ordinary ;
But, in a forraigne State, what warrantie
Have I, to publish such a Prophſie ?
How may the King and People take the same,
If I shall in the open streets defame
So great a City ? and, condemne for sin,
A place wherein I never yet have bin ?*

*If I shall say, the Lord commanded me :
Then, they perhaps, will answer : What is he ?
For, they professe him not. Nay, some suspition
They may conceive, that I to move sedition
Am sent among them. Or, if otherwise
They shall suppose ; how can they but despise
My person, and my counsell, who shall from
So far a place, so meere a stranger come,
That no man knowes, or what, or who I am,
Or, from what Country, or from whom I come ?*

*Such thoughts (belike) delay'd, and fear'd him so ;
And, so the Spirit urg'd him still to go
For Niniveh ; that nor to goe, nor stay,
Could he resolve ; but, fled another way.
From which rebellious course, God fetcht him back
With such a vengeance, that he did not lack
Sufficient proofes, how Reason did betray him,
And, in his Calling, causlesly affray him.*

X 3

Yea,

Yea (mark heav'ns providence) though *Jonas* went
 Another way, it crost not God's intent,
 But furthred it. For, doubtlesse, e're he came
 To *Niniveh*, the miracle and fame
 Of his *Deliverance*, was sent before ;
 And, made his preaching worke on them the more.

Now, though I doe nor arrogate, nor dare
 My selfe (except in frailties) to compare
 With blessed *Jonas* : yet, I may be bold
 To say, our *Causés* a resemblance hold.
 My heart (and when that moves, as one averres,
 It more prevailes then many Counsellers)
 My heart (I say) perswaded me e'rewhile
 To reade a warning Lecture to this *Ile*.
 And in such manner moved ; that, to say
 It came from God, methinks, be bold I may.
 Yet, my owne nat'rall frailty, and the world,
 Among my thoughts so many doubtings hurld,
 That ev'ry step had rubs. I levell'd some
 In my last *Canto*. Yet I could not come
 To eaven ground, till I had overtopt
 Some other Mountaines which my passage stopt.

Beware, said *Reason*, how thou undertake
 This hazardous adventure, which to make
 Thou hast resolv'd. For, this wise age denies
 That God vouchsafed any *Prophecies*
 Concerning them ; or, that the application
 Of ought foretold, pertaineth to this Nation.
 She faith, my *Constancy* is no true signe
 That God first moved this intent of mine ;
 Since Hereticks, and Traytors, oft are seene
 As bold in all their causes to have beene
 As *Martyrs* be. And, that for what they doe,
 They can pretend the holy Spirit too.

And

And she perswades, tis likely I shall passe
(At best) for one that much deluded was.

She sayes, moreover, that if these times be
Indeed, so wicked, as they seeme to me,
I shall in stead of moving to repent,
Nought else but stir their fury, and be rent
Perhaps in pieces, by their hasty rage.
For, what's more likely in a wicked age?

When people in their sins grow hardned once,
She sayes I may as well go talke to stones,
As tell them ought. For, they are in the dark ;
And, what they see and heare, they do not mark.

She urged that the Prophets in old times
Did speak in vaine against the peoples crimes ;
And if in them their words begat no faith,
Much lesse with such as mine, my *Reason* faith.

She tells me also that this *Ile* hath flore
Of *Prophets*, and of *Preachers* never more :
She sayes, that though their calling none suspect,
Their paines appeare to take but small effect :
And, if such men authorized as they,
Doe cast their words, without successe, away ;
In vaine my *Muse* (whose warrant most contemne)
Doth seeke to work more piety in them.

A thousand things unto the like effect ;
Yea, all and more then any can object,
(Who shall peruse this Book) my Reason brought
Before me, and objected to my thought.
And, as a *Pilgrim* (who occasions hath
To take some extraordinary path)
Arivall making at a double way,
Is doubtfull whether to proceed or stay :
So fared I ; I was nigh tired quite,
Before I could be certaine of the right.

X 4

Yea,

Yea, twixt my doubts, and all those replies
 Which in my meditations did arise;
 I so amazed grew, I could not know
 Which way it best befitted me to goe.
 But, at the last, God brought me thorow all
 My doubts and feares, as through the *Storm & Whale*,
 Once *Jonas* came: That so, all they, who are
 Ordained for their good, these Lines to heare,
 The more may profit, when they think upon
 What straits I passed, e're this work was done.
 To that intent my frailties I have so
 Insisted on, as in this book I do.
 Yea, I am hopefull also, they that read
 These lines of mine (and mark with how much heed
 And Christian awfulnesse, my heart was won
 To censure and reprove as I have done)
 Will plainly see, these *Numbers* flow not from
 Fantastick rashnesse; nor from envy come.
 Nor spring from faction; neither were begot
 By their distracted zeale, who (knowing not
 What *Spirit* guides them) often are beguiled
 With shewes of truth; and madly have reviled
 Both good and ill; and whose unsavory *Rimes*
 Defame mens persons more then check their crimes.
 Dishonour Kings; their sacred names blaspheme;
 And having gain'd some notions in a dreame,
 Or by report (of what they know not well)
 Desire their giddy thoughts abroad to tell:
 In hope to merit: as in deed they doe,
 Sometime the pillory, and gallowes too.
 I trust, I say, these lines will seeme no such;
 Or, if they doe, truth is I care not much,
 Because I certaine am what pow'r infused
 Those matters, whereupon I now have mused:

And

And know, that none will these or me condemne,
But they whose rage and follies I contemne.

Yet, that they may be sure I neither care
Who censures me, nor what their censures are,
(When honest things I doe) here, somewhat more
I'll adde to what is mentioned before :

And give thee, *Britaine*, a more perfect sight
Of thy distempers, and thy sickly plight.

Yea, thou shalt know, I have not seene alone
A bodily *Consumption* stealing on,
And wasting of thy *Temporalities* ; but, that
I also have discovered of late,

A *Lethargy* upon thy foule to steale :
And that as well the *Church* as *Commonweale*
Doth need a cure. Oh ! doe not quite neglect
The good of both : but, one (at least) respect.

Though *Iudahs* sicknesses unheeded be,
(Although thy temporall wounds afflict not thee)

Yet, looke on *Syon* : yea, behold and see
Thy Spiritualties, how much empair'd they be.
The *Churches* Patrimony is decay'd ;

And many a one is in her spoiles araid :
Those *Patrons* (as we terme them in this age)

Who of her Dowries have the patronage,
Doe rob and cheat her, many times of all ;
And, their *Donations* basely set to sale.

Those *Cananites*, whom thou preservest here,
(And by thy lawes to be expelled were)

Are in thy borders now so multiply'd,
That they are thornes and thistles in thy side.

They are become a *Serpent* in thy path,
Which bites unseene ; and nigh unhorsed hath

Some able *Riders*. On thy *Places-high*
Thy people doe commit Idolatry,

X 5

And

And reare strange *Altars*. In thy Fields are found
 Those cunning harmfull *Foxes* to abound,
 That spoile thy *Vines*. And, some I have espy'd,
 Twixt whose opposed tales, are firebrands ty'd,
 Which waste thy fruits. Thy *Harvest* seemeth faire ;
 But secret blastings do foe much impaire
 And blite the Corne ; that when it comes to bread,
 Thy Children oft unwholfomly are fed.

Men use *Religion* as a stalking-horse
 To catch preferment ; yea, sometime to worfe
 And baser uses they employ the same :
 Like that bold *Harlot*, who quite void of shame,
 Did of her *Vowes*, and her *Peace-offrings* make
 A Ginn, lascivious customers to take.
 Yea, some (resembling him, from whom was cast
 One Devill) when one sin they have displac't,
 Of which the world took notice, sweep and cleanse
 Themselves (in show) from all their other sins ;
 Yet, secretly, let *Sathan* repofseffe,
 And foule them with a seven-fold wickednesse.

An univerfall dulnesse will benum
 Thy senses, if thou doe not soone become
 More heedfull of thy state, then thou art yet :
 For, ev'ry part hath felt an ague-fit.

Thy *Academs*, which are the famous places
 In which all pious knowledges and graces
 Should nourisht be ; and whence thy chiefe supply
 Of *Teachers*, come, (as from a Nursery)
 Ev'n those faire *Fountaines* are much tainted grown,
 With doctrines hardly found, which thence are blown
 Through ev'ry quarter. In their *Schooles* are heard
 Vaine jiggs and janglings, worthlesse of regard.
 Their very *Pulpits*, and their *Oratories*,
 Are Stages, whereupon their owne vainglories

Men

Men often act. Yea, many a vaine conceit,
Is brought in stead of arguments of weight :
And (which is worfe) disorder is so rife
Among them ; and the weeds of evill life
Have so o'regrowne those *Gardens*, that (unlesse
Good government shall speedily redresse
That spreading mischief) it will over top
The plants of *Syon*, and destroy her crop.

To be thy *Shepherds*, Wolves are stolen in ;
And, thou hast those who ev'n by day begin
To sow their Tares among thy purest Seed ;
And, with mixt *Graines* thy Lands pollution breed.
For hire, and money, prophesies the *Prophet* :
The *Priest* doth preach, to make a living of it,
Ev'n meerly for a living ; and, but few
Their *holy-charge*, for conscience sake pursue :
Which I by many signes could make apparent,
But that it is not yet within my *Warrant*.
Loquuntur Curæ leves ; little *Cures*
Doe make men preach, whilst poverty endures.
Ingentes stupent ; but, large livings make
Our *Doctors* dumb : condemne not my mistake :
For, though I doe the Latine sentence wrong,
That's true I tell you in the *English* tongue.

Our Nation, which of late Prophanenesse hated,
Is in that sin almost *Italionated*.
The *Scriptures* without reverence are used :
The holy phrase, in jestings, is abused :
To flout, or praise, or curse, we can apply
Gods holy word, most irreligioufly :
In stead of *Emblemes*, moving thoughts divine,
The filthy pictures of lewd *Areune*,
Are found in many Cloffets. Foolish lies,
Prophane and most lascivious *Elegies*

Are

Are publike made. Yea, those whom heretofore
 A heathen Emperour did so abhor,
 That he, for them, their wanton *Author* sent
 To undergoe perpetuall banishment :
 Ev'n these we reade ; and worse than those, by far,
 Allowed passe, and unreprieved are.
 Nay, their vaine *Authors* often cherish'd be :
 At least, they have the favour to goe free.
 But, if a graver *Muse* reprove their sin,
Lord, with what hasty zeale they call it in !
 How libellous they make it ! and how vile,
 Thou know'st ; and at their folly thou dost smile.

Full warily, the politick *Divine*,
 (Who should allow it) scanneth ev'ry Line
 Before it passe ; each phrase he doth suspect ;
 Although he findeth nothing to be chekt,
 He feares to Licence it. And if by chance
 It passe abroad, forthwith doth ignorance
 Mistake or misapply ; and false and bade
 Constructions are, of good expressions made :
 Yea, they who on the seats of *Judgement* sit,
 Are oft, most ready to miscensure it.

I would they were as forward to disgrace
 Those *Authors*, who have fill'd ev'ry place
 With fruitlesse Volumes. For disperfed are
 Ev'n quite throughout this *Island* ev'ry yeare,
 Ev'n many thousand *Reames* of scurrile toyes,
 Songs, Rymes and Ballads, whose vaine use destroyes
 Or hinders Vertuous knowledge, and Devotion.
 And this we doe to further the promotion
 Of our *Diana*. Yet, behold, if we
 To publish some few sheets required be,
 Containing pyous *Hymns*, or Christian *Songs*,
 Or ought which to the praise of God belongs :

We

We doe so feare the hindrance of our gaine,
 That like th'*Ephesian* Silver-smiths, we faine
 A great complaint. As if to have enlarged
 A little Booke, had grievously o'recharged
 The Common-wealth. Whereas if it were weigh'd,
 How much of late this Land is overlaid
 With triviall Volumes: or, how much they doe
 Corrupt our *Manners*, and *Religion* too,
 By that abusive matter they containe;
 I should not seeme unjustly to complaine.
 These times do swarme with *Pamphlets* which be far
 More dangerous, then mortall poysons are
 Ev'n in those bookes, whereby the simple thought
 To find true knowledge, they their bane have caught:
 For, thence, strong *Heresies* (there being hid
 Amid some doubtlesse Truths, a while unspid)
 Steal out among the people, by degrees;
 More mischief working then each *Reader* sees.
 And, so, to ruine knowledge, that is made
 An instrument; whereby it raising had
 For (by their lucre, who the Churches peace
 Disturb, their private profit to increase)
 Those *Doctrines* which are unauthorized,
 Are so promiscuously divulg'd, and spread,
 Among approved *Vanities*; that some
 Are in those *Labyrinths* amaz'd become:
 And, such a Contradiction is in that
 Which their Confused *Pamphlets* doe relate;
 That, Common Readers, know not which to leave,
 Nor, which the *Church of England* doth receive.
 And, from this mischief many others flow,
 Which will, in future times, more harmfull grow.
 This, spins vaine *Controversies* to their length;
 By this, most *Heresies* receive their strength.

And

And what distraction it already makes,
 Our griev'd *Mother* wofull notice takes.
 In stead of active knowledge, and her fruit ;
 This filleth men with itchings of *dispute*,
 And empty words ; whereby are set abroad
 A thousand quarrells, to the *Truths* reproach.
 The *Seſtaries*, the *Munkeyes*, and the *Apes*,
 The *Cubs* and *Foxes*, which do mar our Grapes ;
 The *Wolves* in ſheep-skins, and our frantick rable
 Of *Worſhip-mongers*, are innumerable.
 And, as the *Churches* quiet they moleſt,
 So they each other ſpightfully infeſt.
 We have ſome *Papiſts* : ſome that halfe way goe :
 Some *Semi-puritans* ; ſome, wholly ſo ;
 Some *Anabaptiſts* ; ſome, who doe reſuſe
 Black puddings ; and good porke, like arrant *Jewes* :
 Some alſo term'd *Arminians* are among
 Our *Prieſts* and *People*, very lately ſprung.
 What moſt, ſo call'd, profeſſe, I ſtand not for :
 And what ſome ſay they teach, I doe abhor.
 But, what ſome other, ſo miſnam'd, beleeve,
 Is that whereto beſt Chriſtians credit give.
 For, as we ſee the moſt reformed man,
 By *Libertines*, is term'd a *Puritan* :
 So (by our publiſh'd *Formaliſts*) all thoſe
 Who new fantaſtick crotchets doe oppoſe,
 Begin to be miſ-term'd *Arminians* now.
 And, hence e're long will greater miſchieves grow
 Then moſt imagine. For, the fooliſh feare,
 Left they to be *Arminians* may appeare,
 Or elſe be termed *Puritans*, will make
 Great multitudes *Religion* quite forſake.
 And, I am half perſwaded, this will one
 Of thoſe great *Schiſmes* (or earthquakes) cauſe which
(John
Fore-

Foretold in his *Apocalyps* ; and they
Are blest, who shall not thereby fall away.
Some *Brownists*, and some *Familists* have we ;
And some, that no man can tell what they be ;
Nor they themselves. Some, seeme so wondrous pure
They no mens conversations can endure,
Vnlesse they use their plaistrings ; and appeare
In ev'ry formall garbe which they shall weare.
There be of those, who in their words deny,
And hate the practice of *Idolatry*,
Yet make an *Idol* of their formall zeale,
And underneath strict holinesse, conceale
A mystery of evill, which deceives them,
And, when they think all safe, in danger leaves them.
Their whole *Religion*, some doe place in hearing :
Some, in the outward action of *forbearing*
Ill deeds ; or in *wel doing*, though the heart
In that performance beare no reall part.
Some others, of their morall actions make
Small conscience : and, affirme that God doth take
No notice how in body they transgresse,
If him they in their inward man confesse :
As if a soule beloved could reside
Within a body quite un sanctified.

Some, not contented in the act of sin,
Are growne so impudent, that they begin
To justifie themselves in wickednesse ;
Or, by quaint arguments, to make it lesse :
And, by such Monsters, to such ends as this,
The *Christian-liberty* defamed is.

Newfanglednesse, *Religion* hath o'rethrowne ;
And, many as fantastickall are growne
In that, as in apparell. Some, delight
In nothing more then to be opposite

To

To other men : Their zeal they wholly spend
 The present Government to reprehend ;
 The Churches discipline to vilifie ;
 And raile, at all, which pleads Antiquitie.

They love not peace : and therefore have suspition
 Of Truth it selfe, if out of persecution :
 And are so thanklesse, or so heedlesse be
 Of Gods great love, in giving such a free
 And plenteous meanes of publishing his word,
 That, what his Prophets of the *Iewes* record,
 Some veresie in us. Much praise is given
 To that blinde age, wherein the *Queene of heav'n*
 Was worshipt here. And, falsly, we extoll
 Those Dayes, as being much more plentifull.

Some, at the frequency of *Preaching* grutch,
 And, tyred with it, thinke wee have too much :
 Nay, impudently practice to suppress
 That Exercise, and make our plenty lesse.
 And, that their doings may not want some fayre
 Or goodly coulour, they doe call for Pray'r,
 In stead thereof ; as if we could not pray,
 Vntill our *Preaching* we had sent away.

As these are foolishly, or lewdly, wise ;
 We have some others wantonly precise.
 So waywardly dispos'd, amidst our plenty,
 And through their curiositie, so dainty ;
 That, very many cannot well digest
 The Bread of life, but in their manner drest.
 Nor will Gods *Manna*, or that measure serve
 Which he provides ; But, they cry out they starve,
 Vnlesse they feed upon their owne opinions,
 (VWhich are like *Egypt's* Garlicke and her Onions)
 Some like not Prayer that's extemporary ;
 Some love not any that set forme doth cary :

Some

Some thinke there's no devotion, but in those
 That howle, or whine, or snuffle in the nose;
 As if that God vouchsafed all his Graces
 For fained gestures, or for fower faces.
 Some think not that the man, who gravely teacheth;
 Or hath a sober gesture when he preacheth,
 Or gentle voyce : hath any zeal in him,
 And therefore, such like *Preachers* they contemne.
 Yea, they suppose that no mans doctrine saves
 The soule of any one, unlesse he raves,
 And rores aloud, and flings, and hurleth so
 As if his armes he quite away would throw;
 Or over-leap the *Pulpit*; or els breake it:
 And this (if their opinion true may make it)
 Is to advance their voyces *Trumpet-like*,
 As God commands : yea, this (they say) doth strike
 Sinne dead. VVhereas, indeed, God seldome goes
 In whirlwinds : but is in the voyce of those
 VVho speake in meeknes. And it is not in
 The pow'r of noyse to shake the walls of sinne :
 For clamors, antique actions, writhed lookes
 And such like mimmicke Rhetoricke none brookes
 That hath discretion : neyther doth it move
 The heart of any, when we so reprove;
 Except it be in some contrary motion,
 Which interrupts the hearers good devotion.
 The well affected Christian pitties it;
 It makes prophane men at naught to set
 Gods Ordinance. Meere morall men despise
 Such affectation : much it terrifies
 The ignorant : but very few from thence
 Receive sound knowledge, or true penitence.
 Some relish nothing, but those points that are
 In controverfie : some would nothing heare

But

But songs of Mercy ; some, delight in none
 But *Sons of Thunder* ; and scarce any one
 Is pleas'd in what he heares. Nay, of their Preachers,
 Mechanicks arrogate to be the teachers.
 Yea most of us, what e're our *Pastor* sayes,
 Keepe still our owne opinions and our wayes.
 To heare and know Gods word, to sorne among
 Our Nation, seemeth only to belong
 To *Clergymen* ; and, their implicate *Faith*
 Is built on what the common rumour saith.
 Some others fill'd with curiosity
 Affirme that ev'ry sev'rall mystery
 Within Gods *Book* included, doth concerne
 Ev'n each particular Christian man to learne :
 Whereas they might as well affirme, each guest
 That is invited to a publike Feast,
 Is bound the sev'rall dishes there to heed,
 And upon ev'ry meat before him feed.
 Nay, some have almost this imagination,
 That there is hardly hope of their salvation
 Who speake not *Hebrew*. And, this now adayes,
 Makes foolish women, and young Prentises
 To learne that holy Tongue ; in which they grow
 As cunning as doe those who nothing know,
 Save to be arrogant, and to contemne
 Those *Pastors*, who have taken charge of them.
 The appetite of some growes dull, and failes,
 Vnlesse it may be pampered with Quailles ;
 High flying crotchets, which we see do fill
 Not halfe so many foules as they do kill.
 We cannot be content to make our flights,
 For that which God exposeth to our sights,
 And search for that which he is pleas'd to show,
 But, we must also pry, what God doth know.

Which

Which was indeed an ancient fallacy
Of *Sathans* ; and the very same whereby
He cheated *Eve*. From seeking to disclose
Beyond our warrant, what God only knowes,
Proceedeth many errors. Thence doth come
Most questions that have troubled *Christendome*.
Yea, searching things conceal'd, hath overthrowne
The comfortable use of what is knowne.

Hence flowes their fruitlesse fond asseveration,
Who blundered on *Eternall Reprobation*,
And many groundlesse whimsies have invented,
Whereby much better muzings are prevented.

Of *Reprobation* I no doubt have made ;
Yet, those vaine quarrellings which we have had,
Concerning her, and her antiquity,
(But that the world hath wiser fooles then I)
Appeares to me to bring so little fruits,
That I suppose it fitter for disputes
In hell (among the reprobated crue)
Then for a Church of *Christians* to pursue :
At least to braule about with such hot rage,
As hath possest some Spirits of this age.
For, some have urg'd this point of *Reprobation*,
As if the chiefeest ground-work of salvation
Depended on beleiving, just, as they
(Deluded by their fancies) please to say.
And, though they never found God's holy word
Did any mention of the same afford,
But, as of that which did begin since *Time* ;
And with respect to some committed crime :
They, nathelesse, their strengths together gather,
To prove the *Child* is older then the *Father*.
And, since that fatall thred, there, finds her spinning,
But from of *Old* ; at farthest from *Beginning* :
They

They *Reprobation*, otherwhile confound
 With our *Predestination* : which is found
 No where in all the Scripture, to respect
 The *Reprobates*, but onely God's Elect.

And then they are compeld to prove the sense
 Of their darke *Tenet*, by an inference ;
 And to affirme (from reason) that *Election*
 Eternall, doth infer the like rejection.

(As if an action of *Eternity*,
 Were fit to square our shallow reasons, by)
 Which Argument becaufe it hath not taken
 True faith, to ground on, may with ease be shaken.

Their tottering structure, therefore, up to keep,
 They into Gods foreknowledge boldly peep,
 Beyond his warrant ; searching for *Decrees*
 And *secrets*, farther then an *Angell* sees :
 Presuming then, as if all things they knew,
 And had *Eternity* within their view.
 But, that hath such an infinite extension,
 Beyond their narrow-bounded comprehension,
 That, there they wander on, till they are madd :
 And loose that little knowledge, which they had.

For what are they but mad men who maintaine
 The giddie fancies of their owne weake braine,
 For *Thefes* of *Religion*, which we must
 Beleeve as they affirme them : or be thrust
 Among the *Reprobates* ? What lesse, I pray,
 Are they then madd, who foole their wits away
 In wheeling Arguments which have no end ?
 In Straines which man shall never apprehend ?
 In seeking what their knowledge doth exceed ?
 In vaine disputings, which contentions breed.
 In strange *Chymers*, and fantastick notions,
 That neither stirre us up to good devotions,

Nor

Nor mend our manners? But our *wayes* pervert,
Distract the *Judgment*, or puff up the heart.
If this I may not madnes call, or folly,
Tis (at the best) religious melancholly.
What shal we iudg of those who strive to make (stake
Gods word (whose *Termes* and *Scope* they much mi-
Their proofes for that whereof no proofes they are,
And sleight those *Truths*, for which the text is clear :
What shall we deeme of those, who quite mistaking
Good Authors, (and their Volumes guilty making
Of what they never meant) do preach and write
Against those Bookes, with rancorous despight,
Which being well examin'd say the same
Which they affirme, and check what they do blame.
Such men there be, and they great noise haue made
By fighting furiously with their owne shade.

What may be thought of them, who likely, ever,
In their perverse opinions to persevere,
Take knowledge up on trust : and follow those
Who leade them on, as wild geese fly in rows ?
And when their multitude is waxen great,
Do then so wilfully prejudicate,
Become so confident of that they hold,
And in their blind assurance, so are bold,
That they can brook no tryall, neither see
Their oversights, how plaine so ere they be ?
But fondly think (though we beleeeve it not)
That they infallibilitie have got ?

Some pious men ; Yea, some great Doctors tread,
Such *Laborinths* ; and often are misled
By holding that which they at first were taught,
Without due proving all things as they ought :
And vulgar men are often led awry,
By their examples, and for company.

For,

For, as a Traveller, that is to come
 From some far Country, through large defarts, home ;
 (Not knowing well the way) is glad to take
 His course with such who shoves of cunning make,
 And walks along, depending still on them,
 Through many a wood, and over many a streame,
 Till he and they are lost : there to remaine
 He finds no safety, nor meanes back againe,
 Nor list to leave his company ; because
 He hopes that nearer homeward still he drawes,
 And that his guides full-sure of passage are,
 Although they cannot well describe it, there.
 So, when plaine men doe first attempt the way
 Of knowledge, by their guides, they walk astray,
 Without distrust ; and when arriv'd they be
 Where many troublesome windings they do see,
 And where no certaintie they can behold,
 Yet, on their leaders knowledge they are bold,
 Or on their multitude : yea, though they know,
 And, see them erre, and turne, and stagger so,
 (In darksome paths) that well suppose they may,
 They rove and wander in an uncouth way ;
 Yet, still they are unwilling to suspect
 The wisdom of the *Fathers* of their Sect.
 Yea, though no satisfaction they can find,
 Though feares and doubtings do afflict their mind,
 They still impute it rather to their owne
 Infirmities, or to the depths unknowne
 Of those mysterious points, to mention brought ;
 But never call in question what is taught :
 Lest being by those Teachers terrifide,
 They might forsaken in despaire abide.
 Their *Doctors*, also, failing to devise
 Strong Arguments, their hearers to suffice ;

This

This course, to false their credits, late have got ;
They say (forsooth) *Faiths* doctrine settles not
With naturall capacities ; and that
The *Spirit* must those men illuminate
Who shall receive them. And, indeed in this,
They doe both say the truth, and say amisse :
This is a Iesuitish juggling trick,
And, if allow'd it be, each lunatick,
And ev'ry brain-sick *Dreamer*, by that way,
May foist upon us all that he can say.

For, though Gods holy *Spirit* must create
New hearts within us, and regenerate
Depraved nature, ere it can be able
To make our outward healings profitable ;
We must not think that all which fancy faith
(In termes obscure) are mysteries of Faith.
Nor make the hearers want of pow'r to reach
Their meanings, to be proofes of what they teach.

There is twixt men, & that which they are taught,
Some naturall proportion ; or tis naught.
The deepest mystery of our profession,
Is capable of literall expreffion,
As well to *Reprobates*, as men *elected* ;
Or else it may of error be suspected.
Yea wicked men a power granted have
To understand, although they misconceive.
And can of darkeſt points make plaine relations,
Though to themselves they faile in applications.

God never yet did bid us take in hand
To publish that which none can understand :
Much lesse affecteth he a man should mutter
Rude sounds of that, whose depth he cannot utter ;
Or in uncertaine termes, as many doe,
Who preach Non-sense, and oft *non entia* too.

For

For those which man to man is bound to show,
Are such plaine Truths, as we by word may know ;
Which when the hearer can expresse againe,
The fruit hath equalled the Teachers paine.

Then, though the foule doth many times conceive
(By Faith, and by that Word which we receive)
Deep mysteries, and that which farre transcends
A carnall knowledge : though she apprehends
Some glimmerings of those *Objects*, that are higher
Then humane Reason ever shall aspire ;
Though she hath tastings of that blessednes,
Which mortall tongue could never yet expresse ;
And though the foule may have some earnest given
On earth, of what it shall enjoy in heauen ;
Though God may when he list (and now and then
For cause not ordinary) to some men
Vouchsafeth (for their secret satisfactions)
A few reflections from eternall actions :
Though this be so, let no man arrogate
That he such secrets can by word relate.
For, they are things, of which no voyce can preach ;
High flights, to which no mortall wing can reach ;
Tis Gods owne worke, such raptures to convey,
To compasse them there is no other way,
But by his blessed *Spirit*. And, of those
Most can we not ; some must we not disclose.
For, if they onely touch out private state,
They were not sent, that we should them relate ;
But daigned that the foule they strengthen might
Amid the perills of some secret fight ;
When men to honor God, or for their sinn,
The terrors of this life are plunged in.
And, as it is reputed of those things,
Which foolish people thinke some *Fairy* brings,

So,

So, of *Enthusiasmes* speake I may ;
 Discover them, and straight they flye away.
 For, thus they fare who boast of *Revelations*,
 Or of the certainty of their *Salvations*,
 Or any ghostly gift, at times or places,
 Which warrant not the mention of such graces :
 Yea, by revealing things which they should hide,
 They entrance make for over-weening pride :
 And that quite marres the blessing they possesse,
 Or, for awhile obscureth it, at best :

And yet, if any man shall climbe so high,
 That they attaine unto a *Mystery*,
 Conceiv'd by few ; they may, if they be able,
 Disclose it where it may be profitable.
 But, they must know, that (if it be, indeed,
 Of such transcendency, as doth exceed
 Meere naturall reaches) it should be declar'd
 To none, save unto those who are prepar'd
 For such conceptions ; and more apt to know them
 By their owne thoughts, then are our words to show
 Else, all they utter will in clouds appeare, (them.
 And, errors men for truths, away will beare.

Would this had beene observ'd a little more,
 By some, who in our *Congregations* roare
 Of Gods unknowne *Decrees*, *Eternall-Callings*,
 Of *Perseverance*, and of *Finall Fallings*,
 And such like *Mysteries*. Or else, I would
 That they their meanings better utter could,
 (If well they meant.) For, though those points afford
 Much comfort and instruction (as Gods word
 Hath mention'd them) and may applyed be,
 And opened, when we just occasion see ;
 Yet, as most handle them, who now adayes
 Do passe for Preachers, with a vulgar praise,

Y

They

They profit not : for, this ripe age hath young
 And forward wits, who by their fluent tongue,
 And able memories, a way have found
 To build a house, e're they have laid the ground.
 With common places, and with notes purloin'd,
 (Not well applyed, and as ill conjoyn'd)
 A garb of preaching these have soone attained,
 Which hath, with many, approbation gained
 Beyond their merit. For, they take in hand
 Those mysteries they neither understand,
 Nor studied on. And, they have much distracted
 Some hearers, by their doctrines ill compacted :
 Yea, by enquiring out what God *fore-sees*,
 And medling much with his unknowne Decrees,
 The *Churches* peace so much disturb'd have they ;
 So foule and crooked made *Faiths* plainest way ;
 Such scandals rais'd ; and interrupted so,
 By doubts impertinent, what men should do ;
 And, their endeavors nullifide, so far,
 That many of them at a nonplus are.

I am not of their minds, who take from this
 And other things, that are perform'd amisse,
 Occasion to disparage frequent preaching ;
 Or, to abate our plenteousnesse of teaching :
 For, of our *Harvest*, Lord, I humbly pray,
 The store of *Labourers* continue may.
 And, I could also wish, that none were chose
 To be a seed-man, till he truly knowes
 The Wheat from Tares ; and is indu'd with reason,
 And grace, to sow in order, and in season.
 And that those artlesse workmen may be staid,
 Who build before foundations they have laid :
 Lest, when our *Church* well built, suppose we shall,
 It sink, and overwhelme us in the fall.

It

It pities me to marke what rents appeare
 Within our *Syon* ; and what daubings are
 To hide the ruines ; and I feare the frame
 Will totter, if we long neglect the same.
 Our *Watchmen*, for the greater part, are growne
 Lesse mindfull of Gods honor, then their owne :
 For either almost wholly we omit
 That worke, or undifcreetly follow it.

Some, speak the truth, without sincere intention,
 As they who preach the *Gospell* for contention.
 Some, by their wicked lives do give offence,
 And harden men in their impenitence.
 As if nor hell nor heav'n they did beleeve,
 They riot, game, drink drunk, and whore, and theewe.
 For avarice, and envy, none are worse ;
 They are malicious, and blaspheme, and curse,
 As much as any others. None are more
 Regardlesse of the foule that's meane and poore ;
 Among their neighbours, none more quarrellsome.
 Or, that more hardly reconcil'd become,
 Then many *Clergie-men*. And as we see
 They are the best of men, when good they be ;
 So there are none that wander more astray,
 When they have left a sanctified way.

Some Pastors are too hot ; and some too cold ;
 And, very few the golden temper hold.
 Some, at the *Papist* with such madnesse fling,
 As if they could not utter any thing
 Of them too vile ; though ne're so false it were :
 And, we so used by their *Jesuits* are.
 Some others at the *Puritan* do strike,
 So furiously, that they are often like
 To wrong the *Protestants*: for, men impose
 That name, sometimes, upon the best of those.

Y 2

Yea,

Yea, they who are profane, that name mis-lay
 On all who make a conscience of their way.
 Some *Shepherds* on their flocks are gorg'd at full,
 And sumptuously arrayed in their wooll.
 But, those that are diseas'd, they make not strong ;
 Their sickliest sheepe they feldome come among ;
 They take no care, the broken up to bind,
 The Sheep that's lost, they doe not seeke to find ;
 They let such wander as will run astray ;
 And, many times their fury so doth fray
 The tender conscience ; that their indiscretion
 Doth fright their hearers headlong to perdition.

Gods bounty hath large pastorage provided ;
 But, they have not his flocks with wisedome guided :
 For, in the midst of plenty, some be ready
 To starve in ignorance. Some sheep are headdy ;
 Some get the staggers ; some the scab ; and they
 Infect their fellowes. Some the wantons play
 Among the thornes and bryers, which have torne
 The marks and fleeces, which they should have worn.
 Some straggle from the flock ; and they are straight
 Surpriz'd by Wolves, which lye for them in wait.
 Some, sought large feeding, and ranck pastures got,
 Which prov'd not wholesome ; & they caught the Rot.

For, many preach themselves, and fancies broach,
 That scandall preaching, to the Truths reproach.
 Yea, some terme that (forfooth) Gods word divine,
 Which would halfe shame me, should they terme it
 And they we see, that longest pray and speak (mine.
 Are priz'd of most (though head nor foot they make)
 Because the common hearers of this land,
 Think best of that, which least they understand.

Some, also, by their feet disturb the Springs ;
 Or trample and defile Gods pasturings ;

And

And they are either such who make obscure
Faiths principles; or, such whose lives impure
 Prophane their Doctrines. Other some have we,
 Who (like the beasts that over gamefome be)
 Doe push their weaker brethren with their hornes;
 And hunt them from the flock, by wrongs, or scorns.

Gods *houses*, also, much neglected are;
 And of his *Sanctuaries*, few have care.
 A barne, or any common house or roome,
 Is thought as well Gods worship to become,
 As in the *Churches* infancy; or there,
 Where wants, and wars, and persecutions are.
 Amidst our peace and plenties, we do grutch
 Our *Oratories* should be trimm'd as much
 As are our vulgar dwellings; and repine
 That exercises which are most divine,
 Should with more *Rites*, or *Ornaments*, be done,
 Then when the troublous times afforded none.
 As if a *Garden*, when the flow'rs are blowne,
 Were still to look as when it first was sowne.

To worship so in spirit, we pretend
 That, in our bodies, we doe scarcely bend
 A leg, or move a cap, when there we be,
 Where Gods most holy *Mysteries* we see.
 Yea, many seeme so carefull to have bin,
 To let no *Superstition* enter in,
 That they have, almost, wholly banisht hence,
 All *Decency*, and pious *Reverence*.

The *Church*, by *Lukewarme Christians*, is neglect
 By brutish *Atheists* it is disrespected;
 By greedy *Worldlings*, robbed of her fleeces;
 By selfe-will'd *Schismatics*, nigh torne in pieces;
 By *Tyrants*, and by *Infidels* opposed;
 By her *blind Guides*, to hazard oft exposed;

Y 3

By

By *Hypocrites*, injuriously defamed ;
And, by the frailties of the best, oft shamed.

A pow'r ecclesiasticall is granted
To them, full often, who those minds have wanted
Becoming such Authority : and they
Play fast and loose, ev'n with the *Churches* Key.
They censure and absolve, as best shall make
For their advantage ; not for conscience sake.
As they shall please, they punish or connive ;
And, by the peoples follies they do thrive.
Of evill customes, many are we see
Insinuated, and so strict are we
To keep them, that we fottishly deny
To leave them, for what more would edifie :
And we so much do *Innovations* feare,
That needfull *Reformations* none appeare.

We have prophaned ev'ry holy thing ;
Ev'n our most Christian *Feasts*, which are to bring
Gods *Mercies* to our thoughts ; and memorize
Of *Saving-Grace*, the sacred *Mysteries* :
Some have ev'n those gain-sayed ; and, in that
Have evill spoken, of they know not what.
Some others keep them ; but, as heathnishly,
As *Feasts* of *Bacchus* ; and impiety
Is then so rife, that God is rarely nam'd
Or thought upon, except to be blasphem'd.

By these, and other wayes, the *Church* doth lose
Much honor, to the glory of her foes,
And our great shame and losse : for, her decays
Shall be this *Realmes* disprofit, and dispraife.

God hath a controverfie with our *Lord* ;
And, in an evill plight affaires do stand.
Already we doe smart for doing ill ;
Yet, us the hand of God afflicteth still,

And

And many see it not ; as many be
 So wilfull, that his hand they will not see.
 Some, plainly view the fame, but nothing care :
 Some, at the sight thereof amazed are
 Like *Balthazar* ; and have a trembling heart,
 Yet, will not from their vanities depart.

About fuch matters, other fome are loth
 Their thoughts to bufie (meerly out of floth)
 Like him, who rather would in hazard put
 His life, then rife from bed the doore to fhut.
 Some, dreame that all things doe by chance fucceed,
 And that I prate more of them then I need.
 But, Heav'n and Earth, to witneffe I invoke,
 That, cauflefly, I nothing here have fpoke.

If this, oh fickly *Iland*, thou beleeve,
 And for thy great infirmity fhalt grieve,
 And, grieving of thy follies make confeffions ;
 And fo confeffe thine infinite transgreffions,
 That thou amend thofe errors : God fhall then
 Thy manifold diftempers cure agen ;
 Make all thy skarlet fins as white as fnow,
 And caft his threatned judgement on thy foe.
 But, if thou (fondly thinking thou art well)
 Shalt fteight this *Message*, which my *Mufe* doth tell,
 And fcorne her counfell ; If thou fhalt not rue
 Thy former wayes ; but, frowardly purfue
 Thy wilfull courfe : then, harke what I am bold,
 (In fpight of all thy madneffe) to unfold.
 For, I will tell thy *Fortune* ; which, when they
 That are unborne, fhall read, another day ;
 They will beleeve Gods mercy did infufe
 Thy *Poets* brest with a prophetick *Mufe*.
 And know, that he this *Author* did prefer,
 To be from him, this *Iles* REMEMBRANCER.

Y 4

If

If thou, I say, oh *Britaine* ! shalt retaine
 Thy crying finnes, thou dost presume in vaine,
 Of Gods protection. If thou stop thine eare,
 Or burne this *Rowle*, in which recorded are
 Thy just *Inditements*; it shall written be
 With new additions, deeply stamp't on thee
 With such *Characters*, that no time shall race
 Their fatall image, from thy scarred face.
 Though haughtily thou dost thy selfe dispose,
 Because the Sea thy borders doth enclose.
 Although upon the Rocks thy neast is plac'd;
 Though thou among the Stars thy dwelling hast;
 Though thou encrease thy ships; and unto that
 Which is thine owne, with King *Iehosaphat*,
 Ioyne *Ahabs* forces. Though thou watch and ward,
 And all thy Ports and Havens strongly guard;
 Although thou multiply thy inland forces,
 And muster up large troupes of men and horses;
 Though like an *Eagle*, thou thy wings display'ft,
 And (high thy selfe advancing) proudly say'ft;
I sit aloft, and am so high, that none
Can fetch me from the place I rest upon.
 Yea, though thou no advantages didst want,
 Of which the gloriousst *Emperies* did vaunt;
 Yet, sure, thou shalt be humbled and brought low;
 Ev'n then, perhaps, when least thou fear'ft it so.
 Till thou repent, provisions which are made
 For thy defence, or others to invade,
 Shall be in vaine; and still, the greater cost
 Thou shalt bestow, the honor that is lost
 Shall be the greater; and thy wasted strength,
 Be sick of a *Consumption*, at the length.
 Thy *Treaties*, which for peace or profit be,
 Shall neither peace, nor profit, bring to thee.

Or

Or, if thy Counfels prosper for a while,
 God will permit it, onely to beguile
 Thy foolifhneffe ; and tempt thee on, to run
 Some courfes, that will bring his Iudgement on.
 Yea, all thy winnings fhall but fewell be,
 To feed thofe follies that now fpring in thee ;
 And make (with vengeance) thofe the more enrag'
 Who fhall for thy correction be engag'd.
 What ever threatned in Gods Book hath bin,
 Againft a wicked people for their fin,
 Shall come on thee : His hand fhall be for ill,
 On ev'ry Mountaine, and high-raifed Hill.
 Thy lofty *Cedars*, and thy flurdy *Oakes*,
 Shall feele the fury of his thunder-ftroakes.
 Vpon thy Ships, thy Havens, and thy Ports,
 Vpon thy Armes, thy Armies, and thy Forts,
 Vpon thy pleasures and commodities,
 Thy Crafts mechanick, and thy Merchandize ;
 On all the fruits, and cattell in thy fields,
 On what the Ayre, or what the Water yeelds,
 On Prince, and People ; on both weak, and ftrong,
 On Priest, and Prophet ; on both old and yong ;
 Yea, on each perfon, place, and ev'rything,
 The plague it hath deferved God fhall bring.

What ever thou doft hope, he frustrate fhall ;
 And, make what e're thou feareft, on thee fall.
 This pleafant foyle, wherein fuch plenty growes ;
 And where both milke and honey overflowes,
 Shall for thy peoples wickedneffe be made
 A Land as barren, as what never had
 Such plenty in it. God fhall drive away
 Thy pleafant Fowles, and all thofe Fish that play
 Within thy waters ; and for whose great flore
 Some other Nations would have prais'd him more.

Y 5

Thofe

Those Rivers, that have made thy Vallies rich,
Shall be like streames of ever-burning Pitch.
Thy dust as Brimstone ; fields as hard and dry
As iron is ; the Firmament, on high,
(Like braffe) shall yeeld thee neither rain nor dew,
The hope of waisted blessings to renew.
A leanneffe, shall thy fatneffe quite devoure ;
Thy Wheat shall in the place of wholsome flowre,
Yeeld nought but bran. In stead of grasse and corne,
Thou shalt in times of harvest, reap the thorne,
The thistle, and the bryar. Of their shadowes
Thy *Groves* shall robbed be. Thy flow'ry *Meadows*
Shall sterile waxe. There shall be seldome seene
Sheep on thy Downes ; or *Shepherds* on the greene.
Thy walks, thy gardens, and each pleasant plot,
Shall be as those where men inhabit not.
Thy *Villages*, where goodly dwellings are,
Shall stand as if they unfrequented were.
Thy *Cities*, and thy *Palaces*, wherein
Most neatneffe and magnificence hath bin,
Shall heaps of rubbish be ; and (as in those
Demolisht *Abbies*, wherein Dawes, and Crowes,
Now make their nests) the bramble, and the nettle,
Shall in their halls, and parlours, root, and settle.
Thy Princes houses, and thy wealthy Ports,
Now fill'd with men of all degrees and forts,
Shall no inhabitants in them retaine,
But some poore Fisherman, or country Swaine,
Who of thy glories, when the marks they see,
Shall wonder what those mighty ruines be ;
As now they doe, who old foundations find,
Of Townes and Cities, perisht out of mind.
The places where much people meetings had,
Shall vermine holes, and dens for beasts be made.

Or

Or walks for *Sprights*, who from those uncouth rooms
 Shall fright the passenger, which that way comes.
 In stead of *mirth* and *laughter*, *lamentation*
 Shall there abide : and, loathsome *desolation*,
 In stead of *company*. Where once was heard
 Sweet melody, men shall be made afeard
 With hideous cries, and howlings of despaire.
 Thy very *Climate*, and thy temp'rate ayre,
 Shall lose their wholfomnesse, for thy offences :
 And breed hot *Fevers*, *Murraines*, *Pestilences*,
 And all diseases. They that now are trained
 In ease, and with soft pleasures entertained ;
 In stead of idle games, and wanton dances,
 Shall practise how to handle guns, and launces :
 And be compell'd to leave their friends embraces,
 To end their lives in divers uncouth places ;
 Or else, thy face, with their owne blood defile,
 In hope to keep themselves, and thee, from spoile.

Thy beautilous *Women* (whose great pride is more
 Then theirs, whom *Esay* blamed heretofore)
 In stead of paintings, and of costly fents,
 Of glittering gems, and precious ornaments,
 Shall weare deformity about their faces ;
 And, being rob'd of all their tempting graces,
 Feele wants, diseases, and all such like things,
 Which to a wanton *Lover* lothing brings.

Thy God, shall for thy overflowing vices,
 Scourge thee with *Scorpions*, *Serpents*, *Cockatrices*,
 And other such ; whose tailes with stings are armed,
 That neither can be plucked forth, nor charmed.
 Thou shalt not be suffiz'd when thou art fed ;
 Nor shalt thou suffer scarcity of bread
 And temp'rall food alone ; but, of that meat,
 Whereof the faithfull soule desires to eate.

That

That curse of *ravenous beasts*, which God had said,
 Vpon a wicked kingdome shall be laid,
 He will inflict on thee. For, though there be
 No Tygers, Lyons, Wolves, or Beares in thee,
 By beastly minded men (that shall be farre
 More cruell then those bloody spoilers are)
 Thou shalt be torne : For, each man shall assay
 His fellow to deuoure as lawfull prey.

In stead of *Lyons*, *Tyrants* thou shalt breed ;
 Who nor of Conscience, nor of Law take heed ;
 But, on the weak mans portion lay their paw,
 And, make their *Pleasures*, to become their *Law*.
 In stead of *Tigers*, men of no compassion,
 A furious, and a wilfull generation,
 Shall fill thy borders. Theeves, and outlawes vile,
 Shall hunt the wayes, and haunt the woods for spoile,
 As *Beares*, and *Wolves*. A subtile cheating crew
 (That will with tricks and counsages pursue
 The simpler fort) shall here encrease their breed ;
 And, in their subtleties the *Fox* exceed.
 That hoggish herd, which alwayes rooting are
 Within the ground, and never upward reare
 Their grunting snouts ; nor fix their eyes on heav'n,
 To look from whence their daily food is giv'n :
 Those filthy swinish livers, who desire
 To feed on draffe, and wallow in the mire ;
 Those, who affect ranke puddles, more then springs ;
 To trample and despise most precious things ;
 The holy to prophane ; Gods herbs of *grace*
 To nouzle up ; his Vineyard to deface ;
 And such like harmes to doe : these shall thy fields,
 Marre worse, then those wilde *Bores* the desert yeelds.

If thou remaine impenitent, thou art
 Like *Egypt* ; and, so stony is thy heart.

For which obduratenesse, those plagues will all
 Descend on thee, which did on *Egypt* fall.
Blood, Frogs, and *Lice*, great swarms of uncouth *Flies*,
 Th' infectious *Murraine*, whereof Cattle dyes ;
Boiles, Scabs, and *Blaines*; fierce *Hail*, & *Thunder-forms*;
 The *Locust*, and all fruit devouring *Wormes*.
 Grosse *Darknesse*, and the *Death* of those that be
 Thy Darlings ; all those *Plagues* shall fall on thee,
 According as the *Letter* doth imply,
 Or, as in *mystick* sense they signifie.

Thy purest Rivers God shall turne to blood ;
 With ev'ry Lake, that hath beene sweet and good.
 Ev'n in thy nostrils he shall make it stinke ;
 For, nothing shall thy people eate or drinke,
 Vntill their owne, or others blood it cost ;
 Or, put their lives in hazard to be lost.

Most loathsome *Frogs* ; that is, a race impure,
 Of base condition, and of birth obscure,
 (Ev'n in unwholfome fens, and ditches, bred)
 Shall with a clownish rudenesse over-spread
 Thy pleasant't fields ; thy fairest roomes possesse ;
 And make unwholfome (by their sluttishnesse)
 Thy kneading troughs, thy ovens, and that meat,
 Whereof thy people, and thy Princes eat.
 This hatefull brood, shall climbe to croak and sing,
 Within the lodging chambers of the *King*.
 Yea, there make practice of those naturall notes,
 Which issue from their evil-sounding throats :
 To wit, vaine brags, revilings, ribaldries,
 Vile slanders, and unchristian blasphemies.

The *Land*, shall breed a nasty *Generation*,
 Vnworthy either of the reputation
 Or name of men. For, they as *Lice* shall feed
 Ev'n on the body whence they did proceed ;

Till

Till poverty, and slovenry, and sloth,
Have quite disgrac'd them, and consum'd them, both.

There shall, moreover, swarmes of divers *Flies*,
Engendred be in thy prosperities,
To be a plague : the *Flesh-flye* shall corrupt
Thy savory meats ; *Musketoes* interrupt
The weary traveller ; thou shalt have *Drones*,
Dores, *Hornets*, *Wasps*, and such like angry-ones,
Who represent that swarme whose buzzing tongues
(Like flings) are used in their neighbours wrongs :
And, still are flying, and still humming so,
As if they meant some weighty works to do,
When as, upon the common stock they spend ;
And nought performe of that which they pretend.
Thy *Butter-flies* shall plague thee too ; ev'n those,
Who waste their Lands and Rents, in gawdy clothes,
Or idle flutterings ; and then spawne their seed,
Vpon thy goodly'st flow'rs, and herbs to feed.

As *Beasts* destroyed by the *Marraine* be,
So, they that are of beastly life in thee,
By lewd example shall infect each other ;
And in their foule diseases rot together.

On all thy people, of what sort so'ere,
Shall *scabs*, and *biles*, and running *sores* appeare,
The fruits of their corruption. Yea, with paines
(Within their conscience, and with scars and blaines
Of outward infamy) they shall be grieved ;
And, in their tortures perish, unrelieved.

Tempestuous *stormes*, upon this *Ile* shall fall,
Hot *Thunder-bolts*, and *Haile-stones* therewithall ;
Men, either too too hot, or too too cold ;
Or else lukewarme. But, few or none shall hold
A rightfull temper : and, these *meteors* will
Thy borders with a thousand mischieves fill.

The

The *Locust* also and the *Palmer wromes*,
Shall prey on what escapeth from the *Stormes* :
Not they alone, which on the grasse do breed ;
But, also, they who from the *Pit* proceed
Which hath no bottome : and, when any thing
Doth by the dew of heav'n begin to spring,
They shall devour the same, till they have left thee,
Nor leafe, nor blossome ; but, of all bereft thee.

Then, shall a *darknesse* follow, far more black,
Then when the light corporeall thou dost lack.
For, grossest *Ignorance*, o'reshadowing all,
Shall in so thick a darknesse thee intrall,
That, thou a blockish people shalt be made,
Still wandering on in a deceiving shade ;
Mistrusting those that safest paths are showing ;
Most trusting them, who counsell thy undoing ;
And aye tormented be with doubts and feares,
As one that outcries, in darke places heares.

Nor shall the hand of God from thee returne,
Till he hath also smote thine *eldest-borne*.
That is, till he hath taken from thee quite,
Ev'n that whereon thou sett'st thy whole delight ;
And filled ev'ry house throughout this Nation,
With deaths unlooked for, and lamentation.

So great shall be thy ruine, and thy shame,
That when the neighb'ring kingdoms hear the same
Their eares shall tingle. And when that day comes,
In which thy follies must receive their doomes ;
A day of clouds, a day of gloominesse,
A day of black despaire, and heavinesse,
It will appeare. And, then thy vanities,
Thy gold, thy silver, thy confederacies,
And all those reeds on which thou hast depended,
Will faile thy trust, and leave thee unbefriended.

Thy

Thy *King*, thy *Priests* & *Prophets*, then shal mourn ;
 And, peradventure, fainedly returne
 To beg of God to succour them : but, they
 Who will not harken to his voice to-day,
 Shall cry unheeded : and he will despise
 Their vowes, their prayers, and their sacrifice :

A fea of troubles, all thy hopes shall swallow :
 As waves on waves, so plague on plague shall follow.
 And, ev'rything that was a blessing to thee,
 Shall turne to be a curse, and helpe undo thee.

Thy *Sov'raignes* have to thee thy *Fathers* bin ;
 By meanes of them hath peace beene kept within
 Thy sea-girt limits : they, thy weale befriended,
 The blessed Faith they stoutly have defended :
 And, thou hast cause of goodly hopes in him,
 Who hath, of late, put on thy *Diadem*.
 But know, that (till thou shalt repent) no part
 Belongs to thee of what is his desert.

His princely vertues, to his owne availe,
 Shall profit much : but, they to thee shall faile.
 To thee his clemency shall seeme severe,
 His favours all, shall injuries appeare ;
 And when thy sin is fully ripe in thee,
 Thy Prince and People, then, alike shall be.
 Thou shalt have *Babes* to be thy *Kings* ; or worfe,
 Those *Tyrants* who by cruelty and force
 Shall take away thy ancient *freedomes* quite,
 From all their *Subjects* ; yea themselves delight
 In their vexations : and, all those that are
 Made slaves thereby, shall murmur, yet not dare
 To stir against them. By degrees, they shall
 Deprive thee of thy patrimonies all ;
 Compell thee (as in other Lands, this day)
 For thine owne meat, and thine owne drink to pay.

And,

And, at the last, begin to exercise
 Vpon thy sonnes, all heathnish tyrannies,
 As iust *Prerogatives*. To these intents,
 Thy Nobles shall become their instruments.
 For, they who had their birth from noble races,
 Shall (some and some) be brought into disgraces :
 From offices they shall excluded stand :
 And all their vertuous off-spring, from the Land,
 Shall quite be worne : in stead of whom shall rise
 A brood advanced by impieties,
 By flattery, by purchase, and by that
 Which ev'ry truly-noble one doth hate.
 From stems obscure, and out of meane professions,
 They shall ascend and mount by their ambitions,
 To seats of *Iustice* ; and those *Names* to beare,
 Which honor'd most within these Kingdomes are.
 And being thither got, shall make more strong
 Their new-built *Greatnesse*, by encreasing wrong :
 To those, will some of these themselves unite,
 Who by their births to Lordly *Stiles* have right ;
 But, viciously consuming their estate,
 Did from their fathers worths degenerate.
 By this *Confederacy*, their nobler bloods
 Shall countenance the others ill got goods ;
 The others wealth againe, shall keep from scorne
 Their beggery, who have beene nobly borne :
 And, both together, being else unable,
 (In their ill course to make their standing stable)
 Shall seek how they more great, and strong, may grow
 By compassing the publike over-throw.
 They shall abuse thy *Kings*, with tales, and lyes ;
 With seeming love, and servile flatteries.
 They shall perswade them they have pow'r to make
 Their *Wils*, their *Law* ; and as they please to take
 Their

Their peoples goods, their children, and their lives,
Ev'n by their just and due *Prerogatives*.

When thus much they have made them to beleeve,
Then, they shall teach them practices to grieve
Their subjects by ; and, instruments become
To helpe the screwing up, by some and some,
Of *Monarchies* to *Tyrannies*. They shall
Abuse *Religion*, *Honesty*, and all,
To compasse their designs. They shall devise
Strange projects ; and with impudence, and lyes,
Proceed in setting them. They shall forget
Those reverent usages, which do besit
The majesty of *State* ; and raile, and storme,
When they pretend disorders to reforme.
In their high *Counsels*, and where man should have
Kind admonitions, and reprovings grave,
When they offend ; they shall be threatned there,
Or scoft, or taunted, though no cause appeare.

It is unseemly for a *Judge* to fit
And exercise a jibing Schoole-boyes wit
Vpon their trades, or names, who stand before
Their judgement seats : but, who doth not abhor
To heare it, when a Magistrate objects,
Birth, poverty, or personall defects
In an upbraiding wife ? Or, who with me
Derides it not, when in our *Courts* we see
Those men, whose bodies are both old and weake,
(Forgetting grave and usefull things to speake)
Vent Giants words, and bristle up, as tho
Their very breath could armies overthrow :
Whereas (poore weaklings) were there in their *places*
No more authority, then in their faces,
Their persons, or their language, all their chafing,
And threatning, nothing would effect but laughing.
For,

For, unto me big looks, and crying *hoh*,
As dreadfull seemes, as when a child cries *boh*
To fright his Nurse : yea, such a bug-beare fashion
Effecteth nought but scornfull indignation.

But in those times (which nearer are then some
Suppose perhaps) such Rhetorick will come
To be in use ; and arguments of *Reason*,
And just proceedings, will be out of season.
Their *wisdom* shall be folly ; and, goe nigh
To bring contempt on their Authority.
Their *Counsell-Table* shall a snare be made,
And those 'gainst whom they no just matter had,
At first appearance, shall be urg'd to say
Some word or other, e're they part away,
Which will betray their innocence to blame,
And bring upon them detriment and shame :
Yea, many times (as *David* hath of old,
Concerning such oppressors, well foretold)
To humble crouchings, and to fained shoves,
Descend they shall, to worke mens overthrowes :
And, what their subtlety doth faile to gaine,
They shall by rigour, and by force obtaine.

What ever from thy people they can teare
Or borrow, they shall keep, as if it were
A prize which had beene taken from the Foe :
And, they shall make no conscience what they do
To prejudice *Posterity*. For, they
To gaine their lust, but for the present day,
Shall with such love unto themselves endeavor,
That (though they knew it would undoe for ever
Their owne posterity) it shall not make
Those *Monsters* any better course to take.

Nay, God shall give them up for their offences,
To such uncomely reprobated senses :

And,

And, blinde them so, that (when the axe they fee
 Ev'n hewing at the root of their owne tree,
 By their owne handy strokes) they shall not grieve
 For their approaching fall : no, nor beleeve
 Their fall approacheth ; nor assume that heed
 Which might prevent it, till they fall indeed.

Thy *Princes, Brittain*, in those dayes, will be
 Like roaring *Lyons*, making prey of thee.
 God shall deliver thee into their hand,
 And they shall act their pleasure in the Land ;
 As once his *Prophet* threatned to that Nation,
 Which doth exemplifie thy *Defolation*.

Thy *Kings* (as thou hast wallowed in excesse)
 Shall take delight in drinke, and wantonnesse.
 And, those whom thou dost call thy *Noble-ones*
 Shall to the very marrow, gnaw thy bones.
 Thy *Lawyers* wilfully shall wrest thy *Lawes*,
 And (to the ruine of the common Cause)
 Shall mis-interpret them, in hope of grace
 From those, who may dispoile them of their place.
 Yea, that whereto they are obliged, both
 By *Conscience*, by their *Calling*, and their *Oath*
 To put in execution, they shall feare,
 And, leave them helpleffe, who oppressed are.
 Thy *Prelats* in the spoyle of thee shall share ;
 Thy *Priests*, as light shall be, as those that are
 The meanest persons. All their Prophecies,
 Or preachings, shall be heresies and lyes.
 The word of truth in them shall not remaine,
 Their lips no wholesome knowledge shall retaine ;
 And all his outward meanes of *Saving-Grace*,
 Thy God shall cary to another place.

Mark well oh *Brittain* ! what I now shall say,
 And doe not sleightly passe these words away ;

But

But, be assured that when God beginnes,
 To bring that vengeance on thee, for thy finnes,
 Which hazzard with thy total overthrow,
 Thy *Prophets* and thy *Priests* shall sliely sow
 The seeds of that dissention, and sedition,
 Which Time will ripen for thy sad perdition.
 Ev'n they, who formerly, were of thy peace
 The happy instruments, shall then increafe
 Thy troubles most. And, ev'n as when the *Jewes* -
 Gods truth-prefaging *Prophets* did abuse,
 He suffed those who preached in his *Name*,
 Such falsehoods as the chiefeft cause became
 Of their destruction : so if thou go on
 To make a scorne (as thou hast often done)
 Of them who seeke thy welfare, hee will send
 False *prophets*, that shall bring thee to thine end,
 By saying all things thou would have them say :
 And lulling thee asleep in thine owne way.
 If any brain-sick *Fellow*, whom the Devill
 Seduceth to inflict on thee some evill,
 Shall coyne false Doctrines, or perswade thee to
 Some foolish course that will, at length, undoe
 The *Common-weal* : his counsell thou shalt follow ;
 Thou, cover'd with his bait, a hooke shalt swallow
 To rend thine entrailles : and thine ignorance
 Shall, also for that mischief, him advance.

But if that any lover of thy weale,
 Inspir'd with truth, and with an honest zeale,
 Shall tell thee ought pertaining to thy good,
 His *Messages* shall stiffly be withstood :
 That *Seer* shall be charged not to see ;
 His word shall sleighted as a potsherd be ;
 His life shall be traduced, to disgrace
 His Counsells ; or, his errant to debase :

In

In stead of recompence, he shall be sure,
 Imprisonments or threatenings to procure :
 And, peradventure (as those Prophets were,
 Who did among the *Jewish* Peers declare
 Their States enormities) his good intention
 May be so wrong'd, that he, by some invention,
 May lose his life, with publike shame and hate,
 As one that is a troubler of the *State*.

But, not unlesse the *Priest* thereto consent :
 For in those dayes shall few men innocent
 Be griev'd (through any quarter of the Land)
 In which thy *Clergie* shall not have some hand.
 If ever in thy Fields (as God forbid)
 The blood of thine own *children* shall be shed
 By civill discord, they shall blow the flame,
 That will become thy ruine, and thy shame.
 And thus it shall be kindled. When the times,
 Are nigh at worst ; and thy increasing crimes
 Almost compleat ; the Devill shall begin
 To bring strange crotchets, and opinions in
 Among thy *Teachers* ; which will breed disunion,
 And interrupt the visible communion
 Of thy establish'd *Church*. And, in the stead
 Of zealous *Pastors*, (who Gods flock did feed)
 There shall arise within thee, by degrees,
 A *Clegry*, that shall more desire to fleece,
 Then feed the flock. A *Clegry* it shall be,
 Divided in it selfe : and they shall thee
 Divide among them, into sev'ral factions,
 Which rend thee will, and fill thee with distractions :
 They all in outward seeming shall pretend
 Gods glory, and to have one pious end :
 But, under colour of sincere devotion,
 Their study shall be temporal promotion ;

Which

Which will among themselves strange quarrels make
Wherein thy other Children shall partake
As to the *Persons*, or the *Cause*, they stand
Affected, even quite throughout the *Land*.

One part of these will for preferment strive,
By lifting up the *King's* prerogative
Above it selfe. They shall perswade him to
Much more then *Law* or *Conscience* bids him do,
And say, God warrants it. His holy *Lawes*
They shall pervert, to justifie their cause ;
And, impudently wrest, to prove their ends,
What God to better purposes, intends,
They shall not blush to say, that ev'ry *King*,
May doe like *Solomon*, in ev'ry thing,
As if they had his warrant : and shall dare
Ascribe to *Monarchs*, rights that proper are
To none but *Christ* ; and mixe their flatteries,
With no lesse grosse and wicked blasphemies,
Then *Heathens* did : yea, make their *Kings* beleieve,
That whomsoever they oppresse or grieve,
It is no wrong ; nor fit for men oppressed,
To seeke by their owne *Lawes* to be redressed.

Such counsell shall thy *Princes* then provoke,
To cast upon thee *Rehoboams* yoke.
And, they not caring, or not taking heed
How ill that ill-advised *King* did speed,
Shall multiply thy causes of distraction.
For, then, will of thy *Priests*, the other faction
Bestir themselves. They will in outward shoves,
Those whom I last have mentioned, oppose.
But, in thy ruine, they will both agree,
As in one *Center*, though far oft they be
In their *Diameter*. With lowly zeale,
An envious pride they slyly shall conceale :

And,

And, as the former to thy *Kings* will teach
 Meere *Tyranny*: so shall these other preach
 Rebellion to the People; and shall straine
 The word of God, Sedition to maintaine.

They shall not feare to say, that if thy *King*
 Become a *Tyrant*, thou maist also sling
 Obedience off; or from his Crowne divorce him;
 Or, by the terror of drawne swords enforce him.
 Which false *Divinitie*, shall to the Devill
 Send many soules, and bring on thee much evill.

Oh! be thou therefore watchfull; and when e're
 These *Lambs* with *Dragons* voyces doe appeare,
 Repent thy sinne, or take it for a token,
 That some great *Bulwarke* of thy peace is broken,
 Which must be soone repaired; or els, all
 The greatnes of thy glory, downe will fall.

Take heed of those *false prophets*, who will strive
 Betwixt thy *Prince* and *People* to contrive
 A disagreement. And, what euer come,
 Thy due *Allegeance* never start thou from.
 For, (their oppreffions though we may withstand
 By pleading *Lawes*, or *Customes*) not a hand
 Must move against them, save the hand of God,
 Who makes a *King*, a *Bulwark*, or a *Rod*,
 As pleaseth him. Oh take ye therefore heed
 Yee *People*, and yee *Kings* (that shall succeed)
 Of these *Impostors*. Of the last beware
 Yee *Subjects*: for, their Doctrines hellish are.
 And though they promise *Liberty* and *peace*,
 Your Thraldome, and your Troubles they'll increase.
 Shun oh! yee *Kings* the first; for, they advise
 What will your Crownes and honors prejudice.
 When you doe thinke their *Prophecies* befriend you,
 They doe but unto *Ramoth-Gilead* send you,

Where

Where you shall perish ; and poore *Micahs* word,
 Though lesse esteem'd, more safety will afford.
 They will abuse your *piety*, and all
 Your *virtues*. To their wicked ends they shall
 Apply the Sacred Story ; or what ever
 May seeme to further their unjust endeavor.
 Ev'n what the son of *Hannah* told the *Jewes*,
 Should be their scourge (because they did refuse
 The sov'raignty of God, and were so vaine
 To aske a *King* which over them might raigne
 As heathen *Princes* did) that curse they shall
 Affirme to be a Law *Monarchicall*
 Which God himselve established to stand
 Throughout all ages, and in ev'ry land.
 Which is as good *Divinity*, as they
 Have also taught, who doe not blush to say
 That Kings may have both *Wives* and *Concubines* ;
 And, by that Rule whereby these great Divines
 Shall prove their *Tenet*, I dare undertake
 (If found it hold) that I like prooffe will make
 Of any *Jewish* Custome, and devise
 Authority for all absurdities.
 But, false it is. For, might all Kings at pleasure
 (As by the right of royaltie) make ceasure
 Of any mans possessions : why I pray
 Did *Ahab* grieve, that *Naboth* said him nay ?
 Why made he not this answer thereunto,
 (If what the *Prophet* said some *Kings* would do,
 Were justly to be done) *Thy Vineyard's mine* ;
 And, at my pleasure, *Naboth, all that's thine*
Affume I may. Why, like a *Turky* chick,
 Did he so foolishly grow fullen sick,
 And get possession by a wicked fact
 Of what might have beene his by royall act ?

Z

If

If such Divinity, as this were true,
 The *Queene* should not have needed to pursue
 Poore *Naboth*, as she did ; or, so contrive
 His death ; since by the Kings *Prerogative*,
 She might have got his *Vineyard*. Nor would God
 Have scourg'd that murther with so keene a rod,
 On *Ahab*, had he asked but his due.
 For, he did neither plot, nor yet pursue
 The murther ; nor (for ought that we can tell)
 Had knowledge of the deed of *Iezabel*,
 Till God reveal'd it by the Prophet to him.
 Nor is it said, that *Naboth* wrong did do him,
 Or disrespect ; in that he did not yeeld,
 To sell, or give, or to exchange his Field.

The Iewish *Commonwealth* did so instate,
 That, their possessions none could alienate,
 But for a time ; who ever, for his mony,
 Or in exchange, desir'd their patrimony.
 And, doubtlesse, we offend, who at this day
 Those *Freedomes* give, or lose, or sell away
 Which were in common right posses'd of old,
 By our Forefathers ; and, continue should
 To all their *after-commers*. For, altho
 We may dispose of what pertaines unto
 Our persons : yet, those dues which former ages
 Have left unto us for our heritages,
 (And whereunto, the child that borne must be,
 Hath ev'ry whit as good a right as we)
 Those dues we should preserve with all our might,
 By pleading of our just and ancient right,
 In humble wise ; if so the Sov'raigne state
 Our *Freedomes* shall attempt to violate.
 But, when by peacefull meanes we cannot save it,
 We to the pleasure of the King must leave it,

And

And unto God our Iudge : For all the pow'r
In us, confists in faying, *This is our.*

A King is for a blessing, or a curse :
And therefore (though a *Foole* he were, or worfe,
A *Tyrant*, or an *Ethnick*) no man may
So much as in their private cloffets, pray
Against his perfon ; though they may petition
Against the wickednesse of his condition.

Nor, is this suffrance due to those alone,
Who subject are unto a *Monarchs* throne,
But, from all those who either subjects are
'To mixed Governments, or popular.
For, though irregularities appeare
In ev'ry State ; because but men they are
Whom God exalts to rule : yet, it is he
By whom all Governments ordained be.
And ev'ry *Government* (although the *Name*
Be different) is in effect the same.

In *Monarchies*, the *Counsell* (as it were
An *Aristocracy*) one while doth beare
The sway of all ; and though they name the *King*,
Yet him they over-rule in ev'ry thing.
Sometime againe, the pop'lar voice we see,
Doth awe the *Counsell*, when in them there be
Some pop'lar *Spirits*. *Aristocracies*
Are otherwhile the same with *Monarchies*.
For, one great man among them gets the pow'r,
From all the rest, and like an *Emperour*,
Doth act his pleasure. And, we know tis common
To have some foolish *Favorite*, or *Woman*,
To govern him. So in a pop'lar State,
Affaires are manag'd by the selfe same fate ;
And, either one or moe, away to steale
The peoples hearts, and sway the Commonweale.

Z 2

Thus,

Thus God is pleas'd, to humble and to raise :
 Thus, he by sev'rall *names*, and sev'rall *ways*,
 The world doth govern. Yea, thus, ev'n in one nation,
 And in one State, he makes much alteration
 In formes of *Government* ; oft changing that
 Which is but accidentall to a *State*.
 And, such his *Iustice*, and his *Wisdome* is,
 That he preserveth by the meanes of this,
 Those things which do essentially pertaine
 To that great *Power*, which over all doth raigne.

Nor is he pleas'd thus it should be done
 In *States* that meerely civill are alone ;
 But, also, in the *Churches* governments,
 Allowes the change of outward accidents.
 Yea, they to whom he gives the oversights
 Of some particular *Church*, may change old *Rites*,
 The *Custumes*, *Formes*, or *Titles* as occasions
 Are offred them ; or, as the Times, or Nations,
 Require a change : provided so, that they
 Take nothing which essentiall is, away ;
 Nor adde what shall repugne or prejudice
Gods Lawes, his *Kingdome*, or the *Liberties*
 Of them that are his people. For, in what
 Hath any *Church* a pow'r, if not in that
 Which is indifferent ? Or, in what I pray
 Will men the *Church* authority obey,
 If not in such like things ? Or, who should be
 The *Judge* what is indifferent, if not she ?
 A private *Spirit* knowes what best agrees
 With his own fancy ; but, the *Church* best see
 What fits the *Congregation*. From what gives
 Offence to one ; another man receives
 Much comfort : and, his conscience edifies,
 By disciplines, which many doe despise.

A

A *Parish* is a little *Diocesse* ;
 And, as of Cities, Townes, and Villages,
 A *Bishoprick* consists : so, that doth rise
 By sythings, Hamlets, and by Families.
 And little difference would be in the same,
 (Excepting in the largeness and the name)
 If their opinions were allow'd of all,
 Who favour not the stile *Episcopall* :
 For, ev'ry *Priest* would then usurp the same
 Authority, whereof some hate the name.
 Yea, many a one would then his Parish make
 A little *Popedome*, and upon him take
 (Considering his meane pow'r) as much as he
 That *Vniversall Bishop* claimes to be :
 And, prove more proud, and troublesome, then they
 Against whose *Lordlinesse* they now inveigh.

This therefore is my *Rule* ; that *Government*
 (What e're it be) in which to me God lent
 My birth and breeding ; that, until my end,
 I will obey, and to my pow'r defend.
 Yea, though it tyrannize, I will denay
 No more obedience, then by Law I may :
 Ev'n by those *Lawes* and *Customes* which do stand
 In force, and unrepealed in that Land.

What right another had, e're I was borne,
 Or how, or for what sinne, Gods hand hath torne
 His Kingdome from him, I will never care,
 Let them go answer that who *Subjects* were
 (When lost it was) and had that meanes, and calling,
 And yeares, which might prevented have his falling.

Or should another *Country* take me home
 As one of hers ; when thither I did come
 I would nor seek, nor wish to innovate
 The *Titles*, or the *Customes* of that *State*,

Z 3

To

To what some other Countries better thought :
But, leave such things to those to whom I ought.

And, there, if any *Faction* shall constraine
That I one part must take, I will maintaine
What bore the Sov'raignty when I came thither ;
And, I and that will stand and fall together.
The same obedience, also, keep I shall,
To governments *Ecclesiasticall*

Where e're I come ; if nothing they command
Which doth Gods word, essentially, withstand :
Or, indirectly, or directly, thwart
His glory, or the purity pervert
Of Christian Principles ; nor further strife,
Nor cause, nor countenance an evill life.

The *Hierarchy*, here, I will obey,
And reverence, while I in *England* stay.
In *Scotland* if I liv'd, I would deny
No due respect to their *Presbyterie*.
Geneva should I visit, I would there
Submit my selfe to what their customes were.
Yea, wherefoe're I am, I will suppose
The *Spirit* in that *Church* much better knowes
What best that place besitteth, then I do :
And, I will live conformed thereunto,
In ev'rything that's merely politick,
And injures not the Doctrines *Catholick*.

To ev'ry temp'rall pow'r I'll be the same,
By whatsoever cognizance, or name,
Men please to call it. If I should be sent
To *Poland*, where a mixed government
Establisht is ; I would not tell them, there,
That any other Custome better were.
Were I in *Switzerland*, I would maintaine
Democrity ; and, think to make it plaine,

That

That for these *Times*, those *Cantons*, and that *Nation*,
There could not be a better *Domination*.

In *Venice*, far before a *Monarchy*

I would prefer an *Aristocracie*.

In *Spain*, and *France*, and in Great *Britaine* here,

I hold no Governments more perfect are

Then *Monarchies*. And, if Gods will should be,

Beneath a *Tyrant* to envassaille me,

I would perswade my selfe, that heavy yoake

Were best, for some respects ; and, to the stroke

Ev'n of an iron Mace would subject be,

In *body* : with a *minde* that should be free

From his inforcement, (if he did withstand,

Or bid me what Gods *Law* doth countermand.)

There is, I know, a *middle-way* that lyes,

Ev'n just betwixt the two extremities,

Which to *sedition*, and to *faction* tend.

To find which tract, my whole desire I bend ;

And with it follow'd more. For, if we tread

That harmlesse path, we cannot be mis-led ;

Nor sham'd, though blam'd we be. To ev'ry man

I faine would give his due ; and all I can

I doe endeavor it. I would not wrong

My *Country* ; neither take what doth belong

To *Cesar* : nor infringe, or prejudice,

The Univerfall *Churches* liberties ;

Nor for her outward *Discipline* prefer

Or censure, any *Church* particular ;

Or any *State*, but as besit it may

His *Muse*, which nought but needfull truths doth say.

Nor have I any purpose to withdraw

Obedience, or respect from any *Law*

That's positive ; or, to dishearten from

Those *Customes*, which a Christian state become.

Z 4

Nor

Nor have I any thought to scandalize,
 Or speake amisse of Principalities ;
 Or, to traduce mens persons : but, I fall
 On errors of men's lives in generall,
 And, on those great *Abuses*, which I see
 To blemish ev'ry *Calling* and *Degree*.

Of *Dignities* and *Persons*, I observe
 All meanes I can, their honors to preserve,
 When I reprove their faults. And, ev'n as he
 That hunteth *Foxes*, where *Lambes* feeding be,
 May fright that harmlesse flock, and suffer blame
 Of some *By-slanders*, (knowing not his Game)
 When from his Dogs, those Innocents are free,
 And none but their devourers bitten be.
 So though my reprehensions, often are
 Mistook by foolish *Readers* ; they are far
 From reprehending those, or taxing that
 Which is unfitting for my shooting at.
 I speake those things which will advantage rather
 Then harme : and hence this blinded age may gather
 Much light. This little *Volume* doth relate
 Nought else but what is like to be our *Fate* ;
 If sin encrease ; and what in former times
 Did fall on other *Nations* for their crimes.
 I utter what our welfare may encrease,
 And helpe confirme us in a happy peace ;
 Which they will never compasse, who pursue
 To speake what's pleasing, rather then what's true.
 How ever, here my thoughts deliv'ed be :
 Let God, as he shall please, deliver me.
 And if what here is mention'd, thou dost heed
 (Oh *Britaine* !) in those rimes that shall succeed,
 It may prevent much losse, and make thee shun
 Those mischiefes, whereby Kingdomes are undone.

But,

But, to thy other fins, if thou shalt adde
 Rebellions (as false *Prophets* will perswade)
 Which likely are to follow, when thou shalt
 In thy profession of *Religion* halt :
 Then, will thy *Kings* and *People* scourge each other,
 For their offences, till both fall together :
 By weakning of your pow'rs, to make them way,
 Who seeke and look for that unhappy day.

Then, shall disorder ev'rywhere abound,
 And neither just nor pious man be found.
 The best shall be a *Bryer* or a *Thorne*,
 By whom their neighbours shall be scratcht & torne.
 Thy *Princes* shall to nothing condescend
 For any merit, just, or pious end ;
 But either for encreasing of their treasure,
 Or for accomplishing their willful pleasure :
 And unto what they sell or daigne for meed,
 There shall be given little trust or heed.
 For, that which by their words confirme they shall,
 (The royall Seales uniting therewithall)
 A toy shall frustrate ; and a gift shall make
 The strictest *Orders* no effect to take.

The *Judge*, without a bribe, no *Cause* shall end :
 No man shall trust his brother, or his friend :
 The parents and the children shall despise
 And hate and spoile each other : she that lies
 Within her husbands bosome, shall betray him :
 They who thy people should protect, shal slay them :
 The aged shall regarded be of none :
 The poore shall by the rich be trodden on :
 Such grievous infolencies, everywhere
 Shall acted be ; that good and bad shall feare
 In thee to dwell ; and, men discreet shall hate
 To be a *Ruler* or a *Magistrate* ;

Z 5

When

When they behold (without impenitence)
So much injustice, and such violence.

And when thy wickednesse this height shall gain,
To which (no doubt) it will e're long attaine,
If thou proceed : Then, from the bow that's bent
(And halfe way drawne already) shall be sent
A mortall arrow ; and it pierce thee shall
Quite through the head, the liver, and the gall.

The Lord shall call, and whistle from afarre,
For those thy enemies that fiercest are :
For those thou fearest most ; and they shall from
Their Countries, like a whirlwind hither come.
They shall not sleep, nor stumble, nor untie
Their garments, till within thy fields they lye.
Sharp shall their arrowes be, and strong their bow.
Their faces shall as full of horror show
As doth a Lions. Like a bolt of thunder,
Their troops of horse shall come, & tread thee under
Their iron feet. Thy foes shall eate thy bread,
And with thy flocks both clothed be, and fed.
Thy *Dwellers*, they shall cary from their owne,
To *Countries* which their fathers have not knowne.
And, thither shall such mischiefes them pursue,
That they who seeke the pit-fall to eschew,
Shall in a snare be taken. If they shall
Escape the sword, a Serpent in the wall
To death shall sling them : yea (although they hap
To shun a hundred plagues) they shall not scape ;
But, with new dangers, still be chac'd about,
Vntill that they are wholly rooted out.

The *Plowman*, then, shall be afraid to sow ;
Artificers their labour shall foregoe ;
The *Merchant* man shall crosse the Seas no more,
(Except to flye and seeke some other shore)

Thy

Thy *ablest-men* shall faint : thy *wife-ones*, then,
 Shall know themselves to be but foolish men.
 And they who built and planted by oppression,
 Shall leave their gettings to the foes possession.
 Yea, God wil scourge thee, *England*, seven times more
 With seven times greater *Plagues* then heretofore.
 Then, thy *Allies* their friendship shall withdraw ;
 And, they that of thy greatnesse stood in awe,
 Shall say (in scorn) is this the valiant Nation,
 That had throughout the world such reputation,
 By *victories* upon the shore ? Are these
 That people which were masters of the seas,
 And grew so mighty ? yea that petty Nation,
 That were not worthy of thy indignation,
 Shall mock thee too ; and all thy former fame,
 Forgot shall be, or mention'd to thy shame.

Mark how God's *plagues* were doubled on the *Iews*
 When they his mild corrections did abuse :
 Marke what, at last, upon their Land he sent ;
 And, look thou for the selfe same punishment,
 If them thou imitatest. For their sin,
 At first, but eight years *Bondage* they were in.
 Their wickednesse grew more ; and God did then,
 To *Eglon*, make them slaves, eight years and ten.
 They disobeying, still, the God of heaven ;
 Their yeares of *Servitude* were twenty seven,
 To *Iabin* and to *Midian*. Then, prevailed
Philistia forty yeares ; and, when that failed,
 To make them of their evill wayes repent,
 There was, among themselves, a fatall rent ;
 And, they oft scourg'd each other. Still, they trod
 The selfe same path ; and, then the hand of God
 Brought *Ashur* on them ; and did make them beare
 His heavy yoke, untill the seventieth yeare.

And

And last of all the *Romane* Empire came,
 Which from their *Country* rooted out their *Name*.
 That foolish project which they did embrace,
 To keep in them possession of their *place*,
 Did lose it. And, like *Cain*, that vagrant *Nation*,
 Hath now remain'd in fearful *Desolation*
 Nigh sixteene hundred yeares : and, (whatfoe're
 Some lately dreame) in vaine, they look for here
 A temp'rall *Kingdome*. For, as long agoe
 Their *Psalmist* said ; *No Prophet doth foreshow*
This thraldomes end. Nor shall it end untill
 The *Gentiles* their just number doe fulfill :
 Which is unlike to be untill that houre,
 In which there shall be no more temporall pow'r,
 Or temporall *Kingdome*. Therefore, gather them
 (Oh Lord !) unto thy new *Ierusalem*,
 In thy due time. For, yet, unto that place,
 They have a promise right, by thy meere grace.
 To those who shall repent, thy firme *Election*
 Continues in this temporall rejection.
 Oh ! shew thy mercy in their desolation,
 That thou maist honor'd be in their salvation.
 Yea, teach us also, by their fearfull fall,
 To hearken to thy voice, when thou dost call ;
 (Lest thou in anger, unto us protest,
 That we shall never come into thy rest)
 For we have follow'd them in all their sin :
 Such, and so many, have our warnings bin :
 And, if thou still prolong not thy compassion,
 To us belongs the selfe same *Desolation*.
 And it will shortly come, with all those terrors
 That were on them inflicted, for their errors.
 Then, woe shall be to them, that heretofore
 By joyning house to house, expell'd the poore ;

And

And field have into field incorporated,
 Vntill their *Towneships* were depopulated.
 For, desolate their dwelling shall be made :
 Ev'n in their blood the Lord shall bathe his blade :
 And they that have by avarice, and wiles,
 Erected Pallaces and costly Piles ;
 Shall think, the stones and timbers, in the wall,
 Aloud, to God, for vengeance on them call.

Then, woe shall be to them who early rise
 To eate, and drinke, and play, and wantonize ;
 Still adding sin to sin : for, they the paine
 Of cold, and thirst, and hunger, shall sustaine ;
 And be the servile slaves of them that are
 Their Foes ; as to their Lusts they captives were.

Then, wo to them who darknesse more have lov'd
 Then light ; and good advice have disapprov'd :
 For, they shall wander in a crooked path,
 Which neither light nor end, nor comfort hath.
 And, when for *Guides*, and *Counsell* they do cry,
 Not one shall pity them, who passeth by.

Then, wo to them that have corrupted bin,
 To justifie the *wicked* in his sin ;
 Or, for a bribe, the *righteous* to condemne :
 For, flames (as on the chaffe) shall seize on them :
 Their bodies to the dunghill shall be cast ;
 Their flowre shall turn to dust ; their stock shall waist ;
 And all the glorious titles they have worne,
 Shall but encrease their infamy and scorne.

Then, wo to them that have beene rais'd aloft
 By good mens ruines ; and by laying soft
 And easie pillowes, under great mens armes,
 To make them pleas'd in their alluring charmes.

Then, wo to them, who being growne afraid
 Of some nigh perill, fought unlawfull aid ;

And

And, setting God's protection quite aside,
 Vpon their owne inventions have rely'd.
 For, God their foolish hopes will bring to nought ;
 On them, their feared mischief shall be brought ;
 And, all their wit and strength, shall not suffice,
 To heave that sorrow off, which on them lies.
 Yea, then, oh *Britaine* ! woe to ev'ry one,
 That hath without repentance evill done :
 For, those who doe nor heed, nor beare in mind
 His visitings, Gods reaching hand will find ;
 And they with howling cries and lamentation,
 Shall sue and seeke, in vaine, for his compassion.
 Because they carelesse of his Mercies were,
 Till in consuming wrath he did appeare.

But, still, we set far off that evill day ;
 In dull *security* we passe away
 Our pretious time ; and with vaine hopes and toyes,
 Build up a trust which ev'ry puffe destroyes.
 And therefore, still when healing is expected,
 New and unlookt for troubles are effected.
 We gather *Armies*, and we *Fleets* prepare ;
 And, then, both strong and safe we think we are.
 But, when we look for victories and glory,
 What followes, but events that make us sory ?
 And tis Gods mercy that we turne our faces
 With so few losses, and no more disgraces.
 For, what are most of those whom we commend
 Such actions to ; and whom we forth do send
 To fight those *Battels*, which the *Lords* we call,
 But such as never fight for him at all ?
 Whom dost thou make thy *Captaines*, and dispose
 Such *Offices* unto, but unto those
 (Some few excepted) who procure by friends,
 Command and pay, to serve their private ends ?

Their

Their *language*, and their *practices* declare,
That entertained by Gods *Foe* they were.
Their whoring, fwearing, and their drunkenness,
Do far more plainly to the world expresse
What *Generall* they doe belong unto,
Then all their *Feathers* and their *Ensignes* doe.
These, by their unrepented sins, betray
Thy *Cause*. By these, the honor, and the day
Is lost : and when thou hopest that thy trouble
Shall have an end, thy danger waxeth double.

We wish for *Parliaments* ; and them we made
Our God : for, all the hope that many had
To remedy the publike discontent,
Was by the wisdom of a *Parliament*.
Well ; *Parliaments* we had ; and what in being,
Succeedeth yet, but greater disagreement,
With greater *grievances* then heretofore ?
And reason good : for, we depended more
On outward means, then on Gods will that sends
All punishments ; and all afflictions ends.

Beleeve it should our *Parliaments* agree
In ev'ry *nation* : should our *Sov'raigne* be
So gracious, as to condescend to all
Which for his weale and ours, propose we shall ;
Ev'n that *Agreement*, till our sins we leave,
Shall make us but secure ; and helpe to weave
A snare, by whose fine threads we shall be caught,
Before we see the mischief that is wrought.

Whilst we by *Parliaments* do chiefly seek
Meere temp'rall ends, the King shall do the like :
Yea, till in them we mutually agree
To helpe each other ; and unfained be
In lab'ring for a Christian *Reformation* ;
Each Meeting shall beget a new vexation.

This

This *Iland* hath some sense of what she ayles,
And very much, these evill times bewayles ;
But, not so much our sinnes, doe we lament,
Or mourne that God for them is discontent,
As that the *Plagues* they bring disturb our pleasures,
Encrease our dangers, and exhaust our treasures.
And, for these causes, now and then we *fast*,
And *pray*, as long as halfe a day doth last.
For, if the Sunne doe but a liitle cleare
That cloud, from which a tempest we doe feare,
What kind of griefe we took, we plainly shew
By those rejoycings which thereon ensue :
For, in the stead of such due thankfulnessse,
As Christian zeale obligeth to expresse ;
To Pleasure (not to God) we sacrifice ;
Renue our sins ; revive our vanities ;
And, all our vowed gratitude expires,
In Games, in Guns, in Bels, in Healths, or Fires.

We faine would be at peace ; but few men go
That way, as yet, whereby it may be so.
We have not that humility which must
Effect it : we are false and cannot trust
Each other ; no nor God with true confessions :
Which shewes that we abhor not our transgressions.
It proves, that of our errors, we in heart
Repent not, neither purpose to depart
From any folly. For all they that are
Sincerely penitent, doe nothing feare
So much as their owne guilt ; nor seeke to gaine
Ought more, then to be reconcil'd againe :
And, they that are thus minded, never can
Be long unreconcil'd to God, or man.

When we should sloop, we most our selves exalt ;
And (though we be) would not be thought in fault.

Nay,

Nay, though we faulty be, and thought, & known,
And proved so ; and see that we are throwne
By our apparant errors, into straits,
From which we cannot get by all our sleights :
Yet, still our selves we vaunt and justifie,
And struggle, till the snare we faster tye.
We sin, and we to boast it have no shame,
Yet storme when others doe our follies name :
And rather then we will so much as fay
We did amisse (though that might wipe away
The staine of all) I think that some of us
So wilfull are, so proud, and mischievous,
That we our selves would ruine, and our *Nation*,
To keep our shadow of a *Reputation*.

Oh ! if we are thus headstrong, tis unlike
We any part of our proud sailes will strike
Till they have funke our *Veffell* in the Sea,
Or by the furious windes, are torne away.
Twere better, tho, we did confesse our wound,
Then hide it till our state grew more unsound.
Twere better we some wealth, or office lost,
Then keep them, till our lives, and all, it cost :
And therefore, let us wisely be advised,
Before we by a tempest be surpris'd.
Downe first with our *Top-gallants*, and our *Flags* ;
In stormes, the skilfull'st Pilots make no brags.
Let us (if that be not enough) let fall
Our *Misne-yard*, and strike our top-sailes all.
If this we find be not enough to doe,
Strike Fore-faile, Sprit-faile, yea and Maine-faile too.
And, rather then our *Ship* should sink or rend ;
Let's overboard, goods, mast, and tackling send.
Save but the *Hull*, the *Master*, and the *Men* ;
And we may live to scoure the seas agen.

Beleeve

Beleeve it *England*, howsoever some
 (Who should foresee thy *plagues* before they come)
 Endeavor to perswade thee that thou hast
 A hopefull time, and that the worst is past.
 Yet I dare boldly tell thee, thou hast nigh
 Worne out Gods patience by impiety.
 And, that unlesse the same we doe renue
 By penitence, our folly we shall rue.

But, what am I, that me thou should'st beleeve?
 Or, unto what I tell thee, credit give?
 It may be this adulous *Generation*
 Expecteth tokens of her desolation;
 And therefore I will give them signes of that
 Which they are almost now arrived at.

Not *signes*, so mysticall as most of those
 Which did the ruine of the *Iewes* disclose;
 But, *signes* as evident as are the day.
 For, know ye *Britanies*, that what God did say,
*Ierusalem*s destruction should foreshew,
 He spake to ev'ry *State* that should ensue.
 And, that he nought of her, or to her spake,
 For hers alone, but also for our sake.

One *signe* that Gods long-suffering we have tired,
 And that his *patience* is almost expired,
 Is this; that many Iudgements he hath sent,
 And still remov'd them e're we did repent.
 For, God (ev'n by his *Holineffe*) did sweare,
 (Saith *Amos*) such a Nation he will teare
 With Bryers, and with Fish-hookes rend away
 The whole posterity of such as they.

Cleane teeth (saith God) *I gave them; and with bread*
In many places, them I scanty fed;
And yet they fought me not: Then I restrained
The dewes of heav'n; upon this Field I rained,

And

*And not on that; yea, to one City came
Some two or three, to quench their thirsty flame;
Yet, to returne to me, no care they tooke;
With Blastings then, and Mildewes, I them strook;
And mixt among their Fruits the Palmer-worme;
Yet, they their lives did not a jot reforme:
Then did I send the Pestilence (saide he)
Devoured by the Sword, their youngmen be;
Their Horse are slaine, and up to heaven ascends
Their sinke; yet I discover no amends.*

The selfe same things thy God in thee hath done,
Oh *England*! yet, here follows thereupon
So small amendment, that they are a *signe*
To thee; and their sharp Iudgement, will be thine.

The second *Token* which doth fore declare
When *Cities, States, and Realmes*, declining are,
Ev'n *Christ* himselfe hath left us: For, (saith he)
*When Defolation shall approaching be,
Of wars, and warlike rumors ye shall heare;
Rare signes and tokens will in heaven appeare;
Downe from the Firmament the Stars shall fall;
The hearts of many men, then, faile them shall;
There will be many scandals and offences;
Great Earth quakes, Schismes, Deaths, and Pestilences;
Realme, Realme; and Nation, Nation shall oppose;
The nearest friends, shall be the greatest foes.
Against the Church shall many tyrannize;
Deceivers, and false Prophets, shall arise;
In ev'ry place shall wickednesse abound;
And, Charity shall very cold be found.*

This, *Christ* himselfe did prophecy: And we
Are doubtlesse blind, unlesse confest it be,
That at this houre, upon this Kingdome here,
These marks of Defolation viewed are.

How

How often have we seene prodigious *lights*,
O'respread the face of heav'n in moonlesse nights ?
How many dreadfull *Meteors* have there beene
In this our *Climate*, lately heard and seene ?
Who knoweth not that but awhile agoe
A *Blazing Star* did threat, if not foreshow
Gods Iudgements ? In what age, tofore, did here
So many, who did *Saints* and *Stars* appeare,
Fall (as it were) from heav'n ? Or who hath heard
Of greater *Earth-quakes*, then have lately scar'd
These quarters of the world ? How oft, the touch
Of *Famine* have we had ? But, when so much
Devoured by the *Pestilence* were we,
As in this present yeare our people be ?
Of *Wars*, and martiall rumors, never more
Were heard within these confines heretofore ;
When were all Kingdomes, and all Nations through
The world, so opposite as they are now ?
We know no Country, whether nigh or far,
But is engag'd or threatned with some *War*.
All places, either present woes bewaile ;
Or else things feared make mens hearts to faile.
False *Prophets*, and *Deceivers* we have many ;
We scarcely find integrity in any :
The Name of *Christ*, begins in ev'ry place
To suffer persecution and disgrace ;
And, we the greatest jeopardies are in,
Among our neighbours, and our nearest kin.
Strange *Heresies* do ev'rywhere encrease,
Disturbing *Sion*, and exiling peace.
Impietie doth multiply. True love
Growes cold. And, if these *tokens* doe not prove
Our fall drawes on, unlesse we doe amend :
I know not when our folly shall have end.

A

A third apparant *signe* which doth declare
 When some devouring *Plague* approacheth neare,
 Is when a Nation doth anew begin
 To let Idolatry to enter in ;
 And openly, or secretly give place
 To *Hereſie*, where *Truth* eſtabliſht was :
 Or when like *Ieroboam*, to poſſeſſe
 An outward profit, or a temporall peace,
 They either change *Religions*, or deviſe
 A worſhip which doth mixe Idolatries
 With truth. For this, ev'n for this very crime,
 The King of *Aſhur*, in *Hoſhea's* time
 Led *Iſr'el* captive. And, both from the fight
 Of God ; and from the houſe of *David* quite,
 They were cut off for ever, and did neither
 Serve *God* or *Idols* ; but ev'n both together ;
 In ſuch a mixt *Religion* as is that
 Which ſome among us, now, have aymed at.

Marke, *England* ; and I prethee marke it well,
 If this offence which ruin'd *Iſrael*,
 On thee appeare not : and, if ſo it be,
 Amend ; or looke for what it threatens thee.

The fourth true *token* which doth fore expreſſe
 The ruine of a Land for wickedneſſe,
 Is when the *Prieſts* and Magiſtrates begin,
 To grow extreamly impudent in ſin.
 This *Signe*, the Prophet *Micah* giveth us ;
 And he (not I) to you cryes loudly thus :
Heare, oh ye houſe of Iacob, and all ye
That Princes of the houſe of Iſrael be :
Ye Juſtice hate ; and ye pervert what's good ;
Ye build the walls of Sion up with blood ;
Ieruſalem with ſin ye up have rear'd ;
Your Judges paſſe their cenſures for reward ;

Your

*Your Priests doe preach for hire, your Prophets doe
Like them; and prophecy for mony too.
And, for this cause stall Sion mount (faith he)
Ev'n like a plowed field become to be;
And like a Forrest hill where bushes grow,
The City of Ierusalem shall show.*

Change but the names, oh *Britain*, and that token
Of desolation, unto thee is spoken.
For, what this day thy *Priests* and *Princes* are,
Their actions, and the peoples cries declare.

A fifth sure *evidence* that God among
Thy ruins will entomb thy fame e're long,
(If thou repent not) is ev'n this, that thou
Dost ev'ry day the more ungodly grow,
By how much more the blessed meanes of grace
Doth multiply it selfe in ev'ry place.
God sends unto thee many learned Preachers,
Apostles, Pastors, and all kind of teachers;
His *Visions*, and his *Prophecies* upon thee
He multiplies. And (that he might have won thee
To more sincerity) on all occasions,
By counsell, by entreatie, and perswasions,
He hath advi'd, allured, and befought thee:
With precept upon precept, he hath taught thee;
By line on line; by miracle; by reason;
In ev'ry place; in season, out of season;
By little and by little; and by much
(Sometime) at once: yet is thy nature such,
That still thou waxest worse; and in the roome
Of pleasant Grapes, more Thistles daily come:
And, thou that art so haughty, and so proud,
For this, shalt vanish like an empty cloud;
And, as a Lion, Leopard, or a Beare,
Thy God, for this, shall thee in pieces teare.

If

If thou suppose my *Muse* did this devise,
Goe take it from *Hosea's* propheties

The sixth undoubted *signal* when the last
Good dayes of sinfull *Realmes* are almost past,
Is when the people neere to God shall draw
In word, to make profession of his *Law* :
And, by their tongues his praises forth declare ;
Yet, in their hearts from him continue far.

To such a *Land*, their destiny displays
Isaiah : for even thus the Prophet sayes :
God will produce a marvell in that State,
And doe a worke that men shall wonder at ;
The wisdom of their wisest Counsellor,
Shall perish, and their prudent men shall erre.
On their deepe Counsels, sorrow shall attend ;
Their secret plots shall have a dismal end ;
Their giddy projects which they have devised,
Shall as the Potters clay be quite despised.
Like Carmel, Lebanon shall seeme ; and be
Like Lebanon, shall make mount Carmel be.
Their pleasant Fields like Defarts shall appeare ;
And, there shall Gardens be, where Defarts are.

God keep (thou *Brittish Ile*) this plague from thee ;
For, signes thereof upon thy Body be,
Thou of the purest worship mak'st profession ;
Yet, waxest more impure in thy condition.
Thou boastest of the knowledge of God's word,
Yet, thereunto in manners to accord
Thou dost refuse. Thou makest protestation
Of pietie ; yet hatest reformation.
Yea, when thy tongue doth sing of praise divine,
Thy heart doth plot some temporall designe.
And, some of those, who in this wise are holy,
Begin to shew their wisdom will be folly.

For

For, when from fight their snares they deepest hide,
By God Almightyes eyes they are espide.

The teaventh *Symptome* of a dreadfull blow,
(If not of a perpetuall overthrow)

Is when a slumbring *Spirit* doth surprize
A nation ; and hath closed up their eyes :

Or when the *Prophets* and the *Seers* are
So clouded, that plaine truths do not appeare :

Or when the *Visions* evidently seene
Are passed by, as if they had not beene :

Or when, to Nations who can reade, God gives
His *Booke* ; and thereof doth unseale the leaves,
And bids them reade the same, which they do do
Deny ; or plead unablenesse thereto.

Black *signes* are these. For if that *Book* to them,
Still darke ; or as a *Book* unsealed seeme ;

Or, if they heed no more what here is said,
Then they that have the *Booke*, and cannot reade ;
The *Iudgements*, last repeated, are the doome,
That shall on such a stupid *Nation* come.

This *Signe* is come on us ; for, loe, unsealed
Gods *Book* is now among us ; and revealed
Are all the *Mysteries* which doe concerne
The children of this present age to learne.
So well hath he instructed this our Land,
That we not only reade, but understand
The secrets of his *Word*. The prophecies
Of his chiefe *Seers*, are before our eyes,
Vnveiled : true interpretations.

Are made, and many proper applications
Ev'n to our selves ; yet is our heart so blind,
That what we know and see, we do not mind.
We heare, and speake, and much adoe we keepe ;
But we as senselesse are as men asleep

What

What then we doe. Yea, while that we are talking,
 What snares are in the way where we are walking,
 We heed not what we say, but passe along ;
 And, many times, are fast enfnar'd among
 Those mischiefes, and those faults we did condemne,
 Before our tongues have left to mention them.

For our neglect of God in former times,
 (Or for some present unrepented crimes)
 A slumbring *Spirit* so possesseth us,
 That our estate is wondrous dangerous.
 We see and heare, and tell to one another
 Our perils, yet we headlong hast together
 To wilfull ruine : and are growne so mad,
 That when our friends a better course perswade,
 Or seeke to stop us (when they see we run
 That way in which we cannot ruine shun)
 We persecute those men with all our soule,
 That we may damn our selves without controule.

The eight plaine *Signe*, by which I understand
 That some devouring mischiefe is at hand,
 Is that maliciousnesse which I doe see
 Among *Professors* of one Faith, to be.

We that have but one *Father*, and one *Mother*,
 Doe persecute and torture one another.
 So hotly, we oppose not *Antichrist*,
 As we our fellow brethren doe resist.
 The *Protestant*, the *Protestant* defies ;
 And, we our selves, our selves doe scandalize.
 Our *Church* we have exposed to more scorne ;
 And her faire seamlesse *Vestment* rent, and torne,
 By our owne fury, more then by their spight
 Who are to us directly opposite.
 To save an Aple, we the Tree destroy ;
 And, quarrels make for ev'ry needlesse toy :

&

From

From us, if any brother differ shall
 But in a crotchet, we upon him fall
 As eagerly, and with as bitter hate,
 As if we knew him for a *Reprobate*.
 And, what event all this doth signifie,
 Saint *Paul* (by way of caveat) doth imply.
Take heed (saith he) *lest while ye bite each other,*
You, of your selves, consumed be together.

Another *Signe* which causeth me to feare
 That our confusion is approaching neere,
 Are those *Disunions* which I have espide,
 In *Church* and *Commonwealth* this present tide.
 We cannot hide these rents ; for they doe gape,
 So wide, that some their Iawes can hardly scape.
 Would God, the way to close them up we knew,
 Else what they threaten, time will shortly shew :
 For, all men know, a *City* or a *Land*,
Within it selfe divided, cannot stand.

The last black *signe* that here I will repeat,
 (Which doth to kingdomes desolation threat)
 Is when the hand of God Almighty, brings
 The people, into bondage, to their Kings.
 I say, when their owne *King* shall take delight,
 Those whom he should protect, to rob, and smite.
 When they who fed the Sheep, the Sheep shall kill,
 And eate them ; and suppose they doe no ill.
 When God gives up a Nation unto those
 That are their neighbours, that they may, as foes,
 Devoure them. When (oh *England*) thou shalt see
 This come to passe, a signe it is to thee
 That God is angry ; and a certaine token
 That into pieces thou shalt quite be broken :
 If not by forraine strength, by force at home ;
 And, that thy greater torment will become.

This

This *Vengeance*, and this fearfull preparation,
 Of bringing ruine on a finfull Nation,
 (If they remaine impenitent) the Lord
 Doth menace ; and, by *Zachary* record,
 To make us wise. Oh ! let us therefore learne,
 What now is comming on us, to discern.
 For, (well considered if all things were)
 From this *Captivity* we seeme not farre.
 It now already seemes to be projected ;
 Nay, little wants of being quite effected.
 For, they that are our *Shepheards*, now, are they
 That fleece us, and endeavor to betray
 Our lives and freedoms. Those great men that be
 Our neighbours (and can claime no more then we)
 Would fell us : and, attempt to gaine a pow'r,
 Whereby they may, at pleasure, us devoure :
 And, had not we a King, as loth to make
 His people slaves, as from himfelfe to take
 His lawfull right ; (or, were there not some lett
 Vnheeded, which is unremoved yet)
 E're this (and justly too) the hand of heaven
 Into perpetuall bondage us had given.
 And, if we do not more Gods will regard,
 That mischief is but for a time deferr'd.

Our *King* is just and mercifull ; and tho
 Some may (with loyall, and a gilded shew
 Of pious equity) a while assay
 To lead his judgement in his youth astray ;
 Yet, God (I hope) will keep him so, that he
 Shall still be just, (though we ungodly be)
 And, make him in the fittest houre expresse
 His royall *Judgement*, and his *Righteousnesse* :

But, if God should from us, (as God forbid)
 Take him, as once he good *Iosiah* did,

& 2

He

He also will (unlesse we mend) perchance,
 In times to come, a *Shepherd* here advance,
 Who shall not plead for what his *Youngmen* say
 Is just ; but, take the same, perforce, away.
 An *Idoll Shepherd*, who shall neither care
 To find or seek, for those that strayed are ;
 Nor guard the *Lambs* ; nor cure what hath a wound ;
 Nor cherish those that firme to him are found ;
 But, take the fat, and rob them of their fleeces ;
 And eate their flesh ; and break their bones in peeces.

More *Signes* I might, as yet, commemorate,
 To shew Gods *patience* is nigh out of date.
 But, these are signes enough, and so apparant,
 That twenty more will give no better warrant
 To what I speake. Yet, if these false appeare,
 That's one signe more, our *fall* approacheth neere.

Be mindfull, therefore, while it is *to Day* ;
 And, let no good occasion slip away.
 Now rend your hearts, ye *Britains*, wash & rinse them
 From all corruption : from all evill cleanse them.
 Goe offer up the pleasing sacrifice
 Of *Righteousnesse* : from folly turne your eyes.
 Seeke peace, and follow it, with strict pursuit :
 Relieve the needy ; Iudgement execute :
 Refresh the weary ; right the fatherlesse :
 The strangers, and the widowes wants redresse :
 Give praise to God ; depend with lowly faith,
 On him ; and what his holy *Spirit* faith :
 Remember what a price thy ransome cost ;
 And, now redeeme the time that thou hast lost.

Returne, returne thou (oh back-sliding Nation)
 And, let thy teares prevent thy desolation.
 As yet, thou maist returne ; for, Gods embrace
 Is open for thee, if thou hast the grace,

To

To give it meeting. Yet, repentance may
Prevent the mischiefs of that evill day,
Which here is menace'd: yet, thou maist have peace,
And by discreet endeavoring, encrease
Each outward grace, and ev'ry inward thing,
Which will additions to thy comfort bring.

If this thou doe; these fearfull threatnings all,
(Repeated here) to mercies change he shall.
We cannot say, it will excuse thee from
All chastisement; or that no blow shall come.
For, peradventure, thou so long hast bin
Vnpenitent, that some *loud-ering-sin*
Hath wak'd that *Vengeance*, which upon thy crimes
Must fall (as once in *Jeremiahs* times)
Without prevention; to exemplifie
Gods hate of sin to all posterity.

But, sure we are, that if he doth not stay
His threatned hand, the stroke that he doth lay
Will fall the lighter; and become a blessing,
Thy future joyes, and vertues more encreasing,
Then all that large prosperity and rest
Which thou, so long together, hast possesst.

God (with a *writers inke horne*) one hath sent,
To set a *marke* on them that shall repent;
And bids him promise in his *Name*, that they
Who shall (recanting) leave their evill way,
And in their hearts, bewaile the grievous crimes,
And miseries of *Sion*, in their times;
That they shall be secure, and saved from
The hand of these *Destroyers*, which must come:
Or else by their destruction find a way
To that repairing which will ne're decay.

Yea thou, oh *Britaine!* if thou couldst reforme
Thy manners, might'st expell the dreadfull storme

& 3

Now

Now threatned ; and thy foes (who triumph would,
 The ruine of thy glory to behold.
 And jeere thee when thou fallest) soone shall see
 Thy God returning, and avenging thee
 On their insultings : yea, with angry blowes
 He would effect their shamefull overthrowes,
 Or turne their hearts. For when from sin men cease,
 God makes their enemies, and them, at peace.

Moreover, thou shalt have in thy possessing,
 Each inward grace, and ev'ry outward blessing ;
 Thy fruitfull *Herds* shall in rich pastures feed ;
 Thy foile shall plentifully encrease thy feed ;
 Thy Flock, shall neither Shepherds want, nor meate ;
 Cleane provander, thy stabled beast shall eate ;
 There shall be Rivers in thy Dales ; and Fountaines
 Vpon the tops of all thy noblest Mountaines :
 The *Moone* shall cast upon thee beames as bright
 As now the *Sunne* ; and with a sevenfold light
 The *Sun* shall blesse thee. He that reignes in thee,
 To all his people reconcil'd shall be ;
 And they shall find themselves no whit deceived,
 In those good hopes which are of him conceived :
 But he, (and they, who shall his throne possesse
 When he is gone) shall reigne in righteousnesse ;
 And be more carefull of thy weale (by far)
 Then parents of their childrens profits are.

Thy *Magistrates*, with wifdome shall proceed
 In all that shall be counsell'd or decreed.
 As *Harbours*, when it blows tempestuously ;
 As *Rivers*, unto places over dry ;
 As *Shadowes* are to men oppress'd with heat ;
 As to a hungry stomach, wholsome meat ;
 To thee, so welcome, and as much contenting,
 Thy *Nobles* will become, on thy repenting.

Thy

Thy *Priests* shal preach true doctrine in thy *Tēples* ;
 And make it fruitfull by their good examples.
 Thy God, with righteousnesse shall them aray,
 And heare and answer them, when they do pray.
 Thy eyes, that much are blinded, shall be cleare ;
 Thy eares, that yet are deafned, then shall heare ;
 Thy tongue, that stāmers now, shall then speak plain ;
 Thy heart shall perfect understanding gaine ;
 The preaching of the *Gospell* shall encrease ;
 Thy God shall make thy comforts and thy peace,
 To flow as doth a River ; they who plant,
 The blessing of their labour shall not want ;
 Thy poorest people shall at full be fed ;
 The meek, shall of no tyrant stand in dread ;
 Thou shalt have grace and knowledge, to avoid
 Those things, whereby thy rest may be annoyd ;
 Thou shalt possesse thy wished blessings all ;
 And, God shall heare thee still before thou call.

But, as a *Chime*, whose frets disord'red grow,
 Can never cause it selfe in tune to goe,
 Nor chime at all, untill some cunning hand
 Doth make the same againe in order stand :
 Or, as the *Clock*, whose plummets are not weight,
 Strikes sometimes one for three, and fixe for eight ;
 So fareth it with men and kingdomes all,
 When once from their integrity they fall.
 They may their *motion* hurry out of frame,
 But have no pow'r to rectifie the same.
 That curious hand which first those pieces wrought,
 Must mend them still ; or they will still be nought.

To thee I therefore now my speech convert,
 Thou famous *Artist*, who Creator art
 Of heav'n and earth, and of those goodly *sphæares*,
 That now have whirled many thousand yeares,

& 4

(And

(And shall untill thy pleasure gives it ending)
 In their perpetuall *motion*, without mending.
 Oh ! be thou pleased, by thy pow'rfull hand,
 To set in order this depraved *Land*.

Our whole *foundation*, *Lord*, is out of course ;
 And ev'ry thing still groweth worse and worse ;
 The way that leads quite from thee, we have tooke ;
 Thy *Covenant*, and all thy *Lawes* are broke ;
 In mischiefs, and in folly, is our pleasure ;
 Our crying sins have almost fill'd their measure ;
 Yet, ev'ry day we adde a new transgression,
 And still abuse thy favour and compassion.

Our *Governors*, our *Prelats*, and our *Nobles*,
 Have by their sins encrease, encreast our troubles.
 Our *Priests*, and all the *People*, have misgone ;
 All kind of evill deeds, we all have done.
 We have not lived as those meanes of grace
 Require, which thou hast granted to this place :
 But rather worse then many who have had
 Lesse helps then we, of being better made.
 No Nation under heav'n so lewd hath bin,
 That had so many warnings for their sin,
 And such perpetuall *callings* on, as we,
 To leave our wickednesse, and turne to thee.
 Yet, we in stead of turning, further went ;
 And when thy *Mercies* and thy *Plagues* were sent
 To pull us backe ; they feldome wrought our stay,
 Or moved to repentance one whole day.
 No blessing, no affliction, hath a pow'r
 To move compunction in us, for one houre,
 Vnlesse thou worke it. All that I can speake
 (And all that I have spoken) till thou breake
 And mollifie the heart, will fruitlesse be,
 Not onely in my hearers, but in me.

If

If thou prepare not way for more esteeme
 All these *Remembrances* will foolish seeme.
 Nay these, in stead of moving to repent,
 Will indignation move and discontent ;
 Which will mens hardned hearts obdurate more,
 And make their fault much greater then before.

Vnlesse thou give a blessing, I may strive
 As well to make a marble stone alive,
 As to effect my purpose : yea, all this
 Like wholesome counsell to a mad man is,
 And, I for my good meaning shall be torne
 In pieces, or exposed be to scorne.
 For, they against thy word doe stop their eare ;
 And, wilde in disobedience, will not heare.

In this, we all confesse our selves to blame,
 And that we therefore have deserved shame.
 Yea, Lord we doe acknowledge, that for this
 There nothing else to us pertaining is,
 (Respecting our owne worth) but desolation,
 And finall footing out, without compassion.

But gracious God, though such our merit be,
 Yet, mercy still pertaineth unto thee.
 To thee the act of pard'ning and forgiving,
 As much belongs (oh Father everliving)
 As plagues to us : and it were better far
 Our sinnes had lesse then their deservings are,
 Then that thy Clemency should be outgone,
 By all the wickednesse that can be done.

As well as theirs whose lives now left them have,
 Thou canst command those bodies from the grave,
 Who stink, and putrifie, and buried be
 In their corruption. Such, oh Lord ! are we.
 Oh ! call us from this grave ; and shew thy pow'r
 Vpon this much polluted *Land* of our,

& 5

Which

Which is not only sick of works unholy,
But almost dead and buried in her folly.

Forgive us all our slips, our negligences,
Our sins of knowledge, and our ignorances ;
Our daring wickednesse ; our bloody crimes ;
And all the fault of past and present times.
Permit not thy just wrath to burne for ever ;
In thy displeasure doe not still persevere ;
But, call us from that pit of *Death*, and *Sin*,
And from that path of Hell which we are in.

Remember, that this *Vineyard* hath a *Vine*,
Which had her planting by that hand of thine.
Remember, when from *Egypt* thou remov'dst it,
With what entire affection, then, thou lov'dst it.
How thou didst weed and dresse it heretofore ;
How thou didst fence it from the Forrest Bore ;
And think, how sweet a vintage then it brought,
When thy first worke upon her thou hadst wrought :

Remember, that without thy daily care,
The choicest plants, soone wilde and fruitlesse are ;
And, that as long as thou dost prune and dresse,
The sowrest *Vine* shall bring a sweet encrease.

Remember, also *Lord*, how still that *Foe*,
Who first pursued us, doth seek to sow
His tares among thy wheat ; and to his pow'r,
Break downe thy fence, and trample, and devour
The feeds of grace, as soone as they doe sprout ;
And is too strong, for us to keep him out.

Oh ! let not him prevaile, such harme to do us,
As he desires, but, Lord, returne unto us
Returne in mercy. Though thou find us slack
To come our selves, fetch, draw, and pull us back
From our owne courses, by thy grace divine,
And set, and keep us, in each way of thine.

W

We from our foes have saved beene by thee ;
And in thy love, oh Lord ! triumphed we.
But now behold, disgrac'd thou throw'st us by,
And we before our adversaries flye.
At us our neighb'ring Nations laugh and jeere,
And, us they scorne, whom late we made to feare.
Oh God arise, reject us not for aye ;
No longer hide from us thy face away :
But, come, oh come with speed to give us aid,
And let us not be lost though we have straid.

Vouchsafe that ev'ry one in his degree,
The secret errors of his life may see ;
And, in his lawfull calling, all his dayes,
Performe his Christian duty, to thy praise.
Give peace this troublous age ; for, perilous
The times are growne, and no man fights for us
But thou oh God ! nor do we seek or crave,
That any other *Champion* we may have.
Nay give us troubles, if thy will be so,
That we may have thy strength to beare them too ;
And in affliction thee more glorifie,
Then heretofore in our prosperity.

For when thy countenance on us did shine,
Those Lands that boasted of their corne and wine,
Had not that joy which thou didst then inspire,
When we were boyld and fryde, in blood and fire.

Oh ! give againe that joy, although it cost us
Our lives. Restore thou what our sin hath lost us.
Thy *Church*, in these Dominions Lord preserve
In purity : and teach us thee to serve
In holinesse and righteousnesse, untill
We shall the number of our dayes fulfill.
Defend these *Kingdomes* from all overthrowes,
By forraine enemies, or home-bred foes.

Our *King* with ev'ry grace and vertue bleſſe,
 Which may thine honour and his owne encrease.
 Inflame our *Nobles* with more love and zeale,
 To thy true *Spouſe*, and to this *Common-weale*.
 Inſpire our *Clergie* in their ſeverall places,
 With knowledge, and all ſanctifying graces;
 That by their lives and doctrines they may reare
 Thoſe parts of *Syon*, which decayed are.
 Awake this *People*, give them ſoules that may
 Beleeve thy word, and thy commands obey.
 The *Plagues* deſerv'd already, ſave them from.
 More watchfull make them, in all times to come.
 For bleſſings paſt, let hearty thanks be given.
 For preſent ones, let ſacrifice to heav'n
 Be daily offred up. For what is needing
 (Or may be uſeſull in the time ſucceeding)
 Let faithfull prayers to thy throne be ſent,
 With hearts and hands upright and innocent:
 And let all this the better furthred be,
 Through theſe *Remembrances*, now brought by me.

For which high favour, and emboldning thus
 My ſpirit, in a time ſo dangerous;
 For chuſing me, that am ſo deſpicable,
 To be employed in this honorable
 And great employment (which I more eſteeme,
 Then to be crowned with a *Diadem*)
 For thy enabling me in this *Embaffage*;
 For bringing to concluſion this my *Meſſage*;
 For ſparing of my life, when thouſands dy'd,
 Before, behind me, and on ev'ry ſide;
 For ſaving of me many a time ſince then,
 When I had forfeited my ſoule agen:
 For all thoſe griefes and poverties, by which
 I am in better things made great, and rich,

Then

Then all that wealth and honor brings man to,
 Wherewith the world doth keepe so much adoe :
 For all which thou to me on earth hast given ;
 For all, which doth concerne my hopes of heaven ;
 For these, and those innumerable graces,
 Vouchsafed me, at sundry times, and places,
 (Vnthought upon) unfained praise I render :
 And, for a living sacrifice, I tender
 To thee (oh God) my body, foule, and all,
 Which mine I may, by thy donation, call.

Accept it blessed *Maker*, for his sake
 Who did this offering acceptable make,
 By giving up himselfe. Oh ! looke thou not
 Vpon those blemishes which I have got
 By naturall corruption ; or by those
 Polluted acts which from that ulcer flowes.
 According to my skill, I have enroll'd
 Thy *Mercies* ; and thy *Iustice* I have told.
 I have not hid thy workings in my brest ;
 But as I could, their pow'r I have exprest.
 Among our great assemblies, to declare
 Thy will and pleasure, loe, I doe not feare :
 And though by Princes I am checkt and blamed ;
 To speake the truth, I am no whit ashamed.
 Oh ! shew thou, Lord, thy mercy so to me,
 And let thy Love and Truth, my guardians be.

Forgive me all the follies of my youth ;
 My faulty deeds ; the errors of my mouth ;
 The wandrings of my heart, and ev'ry one
 Of those good workes that I have left undone.
 Forgive me all wherein I did amiffe,
 Since thou employd'st me in performing this :
 My *doubtings* of thy calling me unto it ;
 My *feares*, which oft disheartned me to doe it ;

My

BRITTAN'S

My *sloth*, my *negligences*, my *evasions*,
 And my deferring it, on vaine occasions,
 When I had vowed that no worke of mine,
 Should take me up, till I had finisht thine.
 Lord, pardon this ; and let no future sin,
 Nor what already hath committed bin,
 Prophane this *Worke* ; or caufe the fame to be
 The leffe effectual to this land, or me.
 But to my selfe (oh Lord) and others, let it
 So moving be, that we may ne're forget it.
 Let not the evill, nor the good effect
 It takes, or puffe me up, or me deject :
 Or make me thinke that I the better am,
 Because I tell how others are to blame :
 But, let it keep me in a Christian feare,
 Still humbly heedfull what my actions are.
 Let all those *observations* I have had,
 Of others errors, be occasions made
 To mind me of mine owne. And, lest I erre,
 Let ev'ry man be my *Remembrancer* ;
 With so much charity, as I have fought
 To bring their duties more into their thought.
 And, if in any sin I linger long,
 Without repentance ; Lord, let ev'ry tongue
 That names me, check me for it : and, to me
 Become, what I to others faine would be.
 Oh ! let me not be like those busie *broomes*,
 Which having clenfed many nasty roomes,
 Doe make themselves the fouller : but sweet *Father*,
 Let me be like the precious *Diamond* rather,
 Which doth by polishing another stone,
 The better shape and lustre, set upon
 His owne rough body. Let my life be such,
 As that mans ought to be, who knoweth much

Of

Of thy good pleasure. And, most awfull God,
 Let none of those, who spread of me abroad
 Vnjust reports, the Devills purpose gaine,
 By making these my warnings prove in vaine
 To those that heare them : but let such disgraces,
 Reflect with shame upon their Authors faces,
 Till they repent. And let their scandall serve
 Within my heart true *meeknesse* to preserve ;
 And that *humility*, which else, perchance,
Vaine glory, or some naturall arrogance
 Might overthrow, if I should think upon
 (With carnal thoughts) some good my lines have done

Restraine, moreover, them who out of pride,
 Or ignorance, this Labour shall deride
 Make them perceive, who shall prefer a story
 Composd for some temporall friends glory,
 Before those Poems which thy works declare,
 That vaine and witleffe their opinions are :
 And if by thee I was appointed, Lord,
 Thy *Iudgements* and thy *Mercies* to record,
 (As here I do) for thou thy mark on those ;
 Who shall despightfully the same oppose :
 And let it publicly be seene of all,
 Till of their malice they repent them shall.

As I my conscience have discharged here,
 Without concealing ought for love, or feare ;
 From furious men let me preserved be,
 And from the scorne of fooles, deliver me.
 Vouchsafe at length some comforting refection,
 According to the yeares of my affliction.
 On me, for good, some *token* please to show,
 That they who see it, may thy bounty know ;
 Rejoyce, with fellow-feeling of the same,
 And joyne with me, in praising of thy *Name*.

And

And left (oh Lord!) some weake ones may despise
 My words, because of such necessities,
 As they have brought upon me, by their spight,
 Who to my *Studies* have beene opposite :
 Oh ! give me that which may sufficient be,
 To make them know that I have served thee.
 And that my labours are by thee regarded,
 Although they seeme not outwardly rewarded.

Those *Honors*, or that *Wealth*, I doe not crave,
 Which they affect, who most endeavored have
 To please the *World*. I onely aske to gaine
 But *food* and *rayment*, Lord, for all my paine ;
 And that the slaunders, and the poverties,
 Wherewith my patience thou shalt exercise,
 Make not these *Lines*, or me, become a scorne,
 Nor leave me to the world-ward, quite forlorne.

Yet, in preferring of this humble *Suit*,
 I make not my request so absolute,
 As that I will capitulate, or tye
 To such conditions, thy dread *Majesty*.
 For, if to honour but an earthly *Prince*
 My *Muse* had sung ; it had beene impudence
 To prompt his bounty ; or, to doubt he might
 Forget to doe my honest Labours right.

Doe therefore as thou pleasest : only give
 Thy *Servant* grace contentedly to live,
 And to be thankfull, whatsoever shall
 In this my weary *Pilgrimage* befall.

Such things thou dost command me to require,
 With earnest, and an absolute desire :
 With which I come : beseeching I may finde
 Thy love continue, though none else be kinde ;
 That blessednesse eternall I may get,
 Though all I lose on earth, to compasse it ;

And

And that, at last, when my accompt is eaven,
 My payment may be fummon'd up in heaven.
Lord, this will please me : call me quickly thither,
 And pay me there my wages all together :
 Not that which mine by merit seemes to be ;
 But, what by thy meere *grace* is due to me.

The Conclusion.

*S*O now (though not so fully as I ought)
 My Vow is paid ; and to an end is brought
 This worke, for which God pleas'd my life to spare,
 When thousands round about me slaughter'd were.
 Now, live or dye I care not : for I see
 But little usefullnesse, or need of me.

Because none knowes what God may call him to ;
 I will not say precisely what I'll doe :
 But, in this kind of musing, to endeavor,
 Or be employ'd againe, I purpose never.
 For, if this profit not, it will be vaine
 For me to strike upon this string againe.
 If these doe not prevaile, I shall suppose,
 Words are not wanting here so much as blowes :
 And that the filthy will be filthy still,
 Till they the measure of their sin fulfill :
 Or, that God will to free us from pollution,
 Put some unusuall Plague in execution.

Which to prevent, to him I'll humbly pray,
 And, whilst I live, endeavor what I may
 My Countries welfare ; seeking meanes to finde,
 To spend for her availe, my dayes behinde ;
 And lab'ring so, my Talent to employ,
 That I may come into my Masters joy.
 And, though (when all is done which I am able)
 My service will be but unprofitable :

Yet,

The Conclusion.

*Yet, still I will be doing, that, when he
Shall come, I be not idle found to be.*

*If any blame what is or shall be done ;
My Conscience knoweth I would injure none ;
And that I doe not meddle further, than
Becommeth me that am a private man.
Though otherwise it seeme to those who weigh not
When private men may speake, and when they may not.*

*The building of a Towne we doe preferre
Vnto the Mafon and the Carpenter ;
But, when it is on fire, we care not who
Doth come to quench it, so the same he doe.
And, though in settled times, the Statutes awe
The ruder sort, sometime there's Martiall-Law.*

*'Tis true indeed, that ordinary times,
And those that are but ordinary crimes,
May by the Common Iustice be amended,
And should not be by others reprehended ;
Except it be in termes, respecting all
States, persons, times, and sin in generall.
Yet (as King David sayes) If overthrowne
Foundations be ; what then amisse is done,
By honest men, if God to shew our fall,
Shall some, in extraordinary, call ?*

*We now have those that neither stand in awe
Of ordinary Magistrate, or Law.
Nay, Law is made a mockage, and a scorne,
And, they who have appointed beene, and sworne
To judge us by the Lawes, deny their pow'r,
Except, when they may serve them to deuoure.
We now have sinners, who are got above
The reach of men appointed to reprove
In ordinary course. Yea, sins have we,
Which brook not, toucht, or mentioned to be :*

*No not so much as pray'd against, through feare
Of angring those that their wel willers are.
And, this great impudency daily growes
So strong, that all our freedoms we shall lose,
And Natures Lawes e're long will all be broken,
If none should speake; and therefore I have spoken.*

*And, if for this I may not live as free
As I was borne (and as I ought to be)
I hope to dye, doe malice what it can,
An honest and a constant Englishman,
Whose fall shall be no blemish to his Name;
But, infamy to those, who caus'd the same.*

*But, suffer this (will Politicians dreame)
And, such a president will hearten them
To libellize, who wanting grace, and reason,
Divulge their sharp-fang'd Poems out of season:
And they who Write for nothing but to show
Their spleens, or that the world may come to know
Their Faculty, mens persons may abuse,
And brave it thus, their boldnesse to excuse.*

*But, what is this to me? (If others will
Because I have done well, be doing ill)
Let them and those, whom thereby they offend
About that matter, by themselves contend.
Tis fit for sober men their swords to weare,
Although by drunkards they abused are.
Which freedom I, have claim'd, and us'd you see;
And from the claime will never beaten be.*

*In ev'ry Worke some passage will discover
To knowing men, what was the chiefeſt moover:
Which they who have the Spirit of discerning,
Should marke; for, tis a matter worth the learning.
And, when they find an Author should be shent,
Let him receive his worthy chastisement.*

But,

The Conclusion.

*But, when his paines deserveth a reward.
Afflict him not, though him you nought regard.
A Libeller is impudently bold,
When he hath Times, or Patrons to uphold
His biting Straines; and foone is he descry'd;
For he, to strike all faults, is terrifi'd:
And feares what perills may his act attend,
If none he knowes save God to be his Friend.
But, they who have my minde, will be so far
From feare to write, although you doe not spare
To punish me, that they will write the more;
Make up the summe that wanteth on my score;
And reprehensions forth so loud will thunder,
That at your follies times to come will wonder.
For, outward hopes, have not my tongue unloof'd,
Nor can my mouth by outward feares be clos'd
What I have done is done: and I am eas'd,
And glad, how ever others will be pleas'd.
Let them who shall peruse it, praise, or laugh,
Revile, or scoffe, or threat, or sweare, or chafe,
All's one to me; So I within be still,
Without me, let men keepe what noise they will.
For, sure I am, though they my flesh confound,
The soule, I seeke to save, shall still be found.
And this I know; that nor the brutish rages
Of this now present, or succeeding Ages,
Shall root this Poeme out; but, that to all
Ensuing times, the same continue shall,
To be perused in this Land, as long
As here they shall retaine the English tongue:
Or, while there shall be Errors, and offences,
Disorders, Discords, Plagues, or Pestilences.
And, if our evils we depart not from,
Before the day of our destruction come,*

This

*This Book shall to the times that follow show,
 What sins they were which caus'd our overthrow :
 And testifie to others (for their learning)
 That Vengeance did not seize us without warning.*

*If they who know the state of this our Land,
 Can justly say that her Affaires doe stand
 In such a posture as was ordinary ;
 Or, that these Times the face doe seeme to cary
 Which they have had : or, if they see not here,
 More wants, more doubts, and terrors, then there were :
 Or, if this Message (whatsoe're succedeth)
 Be more (or more insisted on) then needeth :
 Or, if it giveth any just suspicion
 That thence may spring occasions of sedition ;
 Nay if that all my Readers may not gather
 Good motives thence, to stop sedition, rather ;
 And such like meanes of rectifying that
 Which is, or may be harmfull to the State :
 Let me be strictly questioned, and blamed,
 And censur'd too ; as one that hath defamed
 Or injured his Country. Or, if they
 Who shall peruse this Booke, can truly say,
 That I have caused this REMEMBRANCE
 To speake like ev'ry vulgar Messenger ;
 If any circumstance can prove, I bend
 My purposes, to worke my private end ;
 Or, that I persons scandalize, or flatter ;
 Or that I in the manner, or the matter,
 Resemble such a Pamphleter, as feares
 The losing of his liberties, or eares :
 Or, that I speake like them who railing come,
 They neither care at what, nor yet at whom,
 So they may raile ; Or, if I have not shewed
 My Messages from such a Spirit flow'd,*

As

The Conclusion.

*As is well knowne unto him, and whereby
He can defend them, with good warrantie :
If these, or ought like these things may be said,
(To prove the part of an Impostor plaid)
Let him who thinks he can unmask me, strive
To do it, and as he shall doe, beleve.*

*But if they find (which doubtlesse they shall find)
Who view this Poeme with a single minde)
That I have here delivered things exceeding
My meanes of knowledge, or my helps of breeding,
So far, as that my Readers cannot chuse
But know some pow'r divine did them infuse :
If they shall find, by my confessions here,
That I am subject to the selfe same feare
Which others feelee ; and yet have dared more
In some respects, then others heretofore :
If they perceive, that I did oft desire
Through frailty, from this action to retire ;
And, that I had a supernaturall Will,
My naturall Desires resisting still,
And forcing me, ev'n in my owne despight,
That matter of this Volume to endite :
If they perceive, as well perceive they may,
That I had many lets within my way,
So cumbersome, as made the Work appeare
Scarce possible, to him that willing were ;
And, how God made such hindrances become
More helpfull at the last, then troublesome.*

*If they observe, how when my fortunes all
At hazard lay (and were to stand or fall
According to their wils, who may, with me,
For this, if God forbid not, angry be)
That I, though many did the same condemne,
Did (this to finish) quite give over them,*

Which

*Which then I might have settled; had I thought
Gods kingdome ought not first to have been fought.*

*If they did know how well I know the rage,
The sottishnesse, and malice of this age;
How little conscience some doe make to kill,
Oppresse, or ruinate, to get their will;
Or what small meanes, or hope of friends I have,
My body from their violence to save:*

*If these, and such like things as these were heeded,
All these preventions should not now have needed:
For, they would see, this had not bene effected,
Vnlesse Gods hand had strengthned and directed:
And they who else my person may contemne,
Would feare, that they in me would injure him.*

*I know, some please to say, that thus I vent
Bold words; because I seeke imprisonment:
As if to me thereby there might arise
A profit, by conceal'd Gratuities.*

*Thus many Schismaticks indeed have done,
And honest men and women prey'd upon,
To charities abuse: But, God doth know
That yet with me it never hath bene so:
But that my heart both scornes and hates to be
So false and base, as these doe censure me.*

*I doe, and will confesse unto the praise
Of him, who unto me my friends did raise,
That when I did, in thrall oppressed grow,
With wants, which none but God and I did know;
And was mew'd up so close, that to no friend,
I might a Prayer, or Petition send,
But unto God: he mov'd the hearts of some
To send me succour: And, I vow, to whom,
Except to him, I should my thanks repay,
(For much thereof) I know not to this day.*

It

The Conclusion.

*It was enough to show me, that God will
In all extreames, provide things needfull still.
And decently and well did it suffice
In my restraint, for all necessities.
But, whatsoe're some thinke, I brought not forth
Into the world with me, one farthing worth
Above my charge : but, there just eaven made
Of all which from Gods bountious hand I had.
For, what was more then serv'd to set me free,
I gave to others, as he gave to me.
Which, not in boast, I mention ; but, I speake
The truth, that this the more effect may take.*

*A foolish policie in me it were
(For such a base uncertainty as here
Objected is) to venture as I doe
The losse of that which I had reacht unto
E're now : had this beene left, to settle that
Which doth concerne my temporall estate.*

*The King hath showne me favour : at this houre,
I doe not know that man, of Name, or pow'r
Whose person I envy or disaffect,
Or whom of any malice I suspect
To me or mine : with me they all are friends,
That were at odds ; and to attaine my ends
In my Affaires, I never had a day
So probable as now, if I would stay
This Message : and perchance, this bring me shall
In all my outward hopes unto a fall ;
Yet, this shall first be told, that you may see,
My Hopes are greater, then my Feares can be ;
And that it may be knowne, I doe disclaime
Those ends, at which most thinke I basely aime.
These Arguments, as such like words as may
Anticipate, I here beforehand, say ;*

Not

*Not that I thinke it possible, by them
 To change their mindes that will this Book contemne,
 For, tis not in the pow'r of Argument,
 Or words, to make the wilfull provident.
 It lieth not in honest protestations
 To overthrow malicious combinations ;
 No nor in Miracles, till God shall please
 (Who of all hearts doth keepe the locks and keyes,
 To shut and open them.) For they that heard
 And liv'd to see fulfill'd, what was declar'd
 By Ieremy against Ierusalem ;
 His counsell they did nathelesse contemne,
 When he their flight to Ægypt did oppose ;
 And so became of their owne overthrowes
 The wilfull cause. Nay, when our Saviour spake
 To Iudas, and that Band which came to take
 His person ; to the ground those men he strooke
 Ev'n with his voice : and, on the Crosse, he shooke
 The Earth, and rent the Temple with his cry ;
 Yet, that and all the rest was pass'd by
 Of most beholders, as if they had beene
 Vnsensible of what was heard and seene.*

*I therefore, these Preventions doe insert,
 To aggravate the hardnesse of their heart
 Who shall be obstinate. And here declare
 What may be said or done, e're done they are ;
 That all may know, when such things come to passe
 Nought fals on me, but what expected was ;
 And that the better working this may have
 On those who shall Gods Messages receive
 By this Remembrancer. For, God hath sent,
 Though I (unworthy) am his instrument.*

*Him, unadvisedly compos'd I not,
 Nor was he by a miracle begot.*

*

To

The Conclusion.

*To fit him for this purpose ; I have thrice
Imprisonment endur'd : Clofe-prison twice.
Much trouble I have past which thence ensu'd ;
Through wants and slaunders not a few I scrud ;
And, being guarded by Gods Providence,
I lately walked through the Pestilence,
And saw, and felt, what Nature doth abhor,
To harden me, and to prepare me for
This Worke. And therefore he, who thinks he shall
With his big looks or speeches me appall,
Must look more grim then Death ; more ugly, far,
Then Vizards, or the shapes of Devils are ;
Breathe ranker poison then a plague fill'd grave ;
And stamp, and rore, and teare, and stare, and rave,
More dreadfully, and louder then a man
Infected with six Pestilences can :
Else, I (to play with terrors being borne)
Shall laugh both him and all he doth, to scorne.*

*And, though I may, perchance (as did the best
Of all Gods children when they were oppress'd)
Sometime bewaile my suffrings, or declare
That I doe feele them when their waight I beare ;
Yet murmur will I not, at what is laid
Vpon me, neither seeke to flesh for aid.*

*By what's here done, may trouble come upon me ;
But, not performing it, had quite undone me :
Since, I through feare of what the world may doe,
Neglected had, what God had call'd me to.
For, of his calling me, the meanes and wayes
Whereby my weaknesse he to this did raise,
Vnquestionable evidence doe give.
And, they who doe not, yet, the same beleave,
Will think the same, perhaps, when they shall see
Themselves enclosed with new Plagues to be.*

Thus

*Thus I beleeving, and considering,
 What fearlesnesse this act therewith doth bring,
 (With what assurances, I doe possesse)
 Me thinks it were a matchlesse wickednesse
 To disobey. Yea sure, I more in that
 Wrong'd God, then I shall seeme to wrong the State,
 In uttring what some few are loth to heare.
 However divers thinke ; this is my feare.
 Yea, to my soule, so horrible a thing
 The wilfull disobeying that great King
 Appeared hath ; that, never should I sleepe
 In peace againe, if I did silence keepe.
 And therefore, neither all the royall graces
 Of Kings ; nor gifts, nor honourable places,
 Should stop my mouth. Nor would I smother this,
 Though twenty Kings had sworne that I should kisse
 The Gallowes for it : lest my Conscience should
 Torment me more, then all men living could.*

*Yea, though this minde were but my ignorance,
 Or fancy (as it will be thought, perchance)
 Yet, since this Fancy may present to me
 As hideous feares, as things that reall be,
 I'le hazard rather twenty deaths to dye,
 Then to be tortur'd by my Fantasie.
 For, I had rather in a dungeon dwell
 Five yeares ; then in my soule to feele a hell
 Five minutes : and, so God will be my friend,
 I shall not care how many I offend.*

*And, yet, (now I remember) troubled is
 My heart a little, for one thing amisse
 Which I have done. This Messenger hath bin
 Long time kept out ; and I did thrust him in
 Without a Licence ; lest he comming late,
 Might shew you a Commission out of date.*

I

The Conclusion.

*I could excuse the fact, and lay the crime
Vpon the much disorder of the time :
For, most men know, that in a Watch or Clocke
When it is out of order once or broke,
The wheeles that are unfaultie move awry
As well as they in whom the faults doe lye.
But, that you may not thinke I doe professe
Against the State, as wholly mercilesse,
Or that I thinke it nothing to misdoe
Against good Order, though compell'd thereto ;
For this I aske forgivenesse ; and submit,
My selfe to them, who shall in judgement sit
Vpon the fact. For which if I obtaine
My Pardon, I shall humbly entertaine
Their favours with my thankefullest respects,
And, hope this Message will have good effects.
If otherwise I finde ; my Body shall
Be ready to subject it selfe to all
Their strictest Penalties : and when I am
Enough afflicted for what is to blame
In this, or me : I know, God will release
By Body, or my Soule, againe in peace.
To him alone, for Patronage, I run :
Lord, let thy pleasure, and thy will be done.*

The glory be to God.

THe faults escaped in the printing, wee had not
such meanes to prevent, as we desired ; nor could
we conveniently collect them, by reason of our hast,
or hazard, and other interruptions : wee therefore
leave them to be amended, censured, and winked at,
according to the Readers courtesie or discretion.





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